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MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MRS. HANNAH MORE:

BY WILLIAM ROBERTS, ESQ.

THIRD EDITION ;

REVISED, WITH AN ADDITIONAL PREFACE.

VOL. II.

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MEMOIRS.

PART III.

FROM A. D. 1785 TO A. D. 1802.

VOL. II.

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MEMOIRS.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

THE letter just produced, was the last we find written from Hannah More to her sister, during her visit to Mrs. Garrick, in the spring of 1785. And at this period we observe the genuine characteristics of her mind more fully and forcibly in operation.

We have long been regarding her in the crowded scenes of gaiety and greatness, moving within a fairy circle, where all that could captivate the sensibility and betray the understanding of a trusting heart and a capacious head, were leagued against her.

In the midst of these disturbing influences, an interior guide suggested the duty of religious recollection and self-inquiry; and it was well known to her intimate friends how cordially she welcomed the serious hour and the solitary pause, which let in upon her mind the solemn and substantial purposes for which she was intended and qualified,

and brought before her a brighter world and purer subjects of thought and aspiration.

A candid examiner of her letters will discern in them, as their dates come nearer to the present time, a growing conviction of the unsatisfactoriness of all enjoyments which are not in accordance with scripture, and in unison with prayer. And while many of her friends and companions remained contented where she found them, till their places knew them no more, Hannah More was advancing in religious attainments, and listening to the vocation that summoned her to solid glory. Prayer, the frequent perusal of holy scripture, and the strict observance of the Sabbath, kept her mind in a healthful state, and her feet in "the walk of wisdom."

She began, about this time, to contract the circle of her acquaintance, with a view to carry into execution the resolution she had long cherished, of passing a portion of her time in the retirement of the country. Having become the possessor of a little secluded spot which had acquired the name of 'Cowslip Green,' near Bristol, the occupation of dressing and cultivating her garden brought back the peaceful associations of her early days.

It will not appear extraordinary to those who have observed how domineering an influence the tide of opportunity, habit and solicitation will maintain for a time, over the real and permanent bias of reason and principle, that the seated preferences of Miss More's better judgment should in the sanguine season of youth, have yielded to the world and its flatteries. But that early feeling which prompted

her infant wish for ‘a habitation too low for a clock,’ was still fresh in her bosom.

After the surprise of her sudden elevation and distinction was over, her first love appeared to return. The country, with its ‘green pastures, and its still waters,’ began to call her back to the element in which such exercises and inquiries might be pursued, as were most profitable and least perishable.

Still, however, her sensibility to kindness would not allow her to withhold herself from her friends in London; and those annual visits to Mrs. Garrick brought her frequently, though less frequently, into contact with the world and its crowded resorts. Her mornings, however, were generally her own during her stay in London, and those mornings were not vacant or unconsecrated. Neither did the opportunities which the parties of the evening afforded her, of advocating truth and enforcing duty, pass unimproved.

In polished societies she never forgot her allegiance to truth; and her tongue was bold, where pomp and pleasure made it most unwelcome, to proclaim those principles which her pen afterwards so successfully vindicated, even at the hazard of being discarded and disclaimed.

Many of the reflections and animadversions of a sternly virtuous complexion, but which fell with great weight upon passing events and existing characters, have been withdrawn from those letters which have been already presented to the public, from an apprehension of imparting pain where pain

could no longer conduce to amendment ; of wounding family feelings ; or of reviving sorrowful recollections ; and it is to be remembered, that in her letters to her sisters she was pouring out her heart, on some subjects, under the seal of the strictest confidence. Not to have animadverted with severity upon the prescriptive immoralities of the fashionable scenes which had suddenly opened upon her, would have suggested a doubt of her discernment, or a suspicion of her integrity. Youth, novelty, flattery, kindness, and splendour were conspiring to impede her progress in wisdom ; yet her thoughts revolted against the system in which she was implicated, and often broke out in the language of becoming indignation against the manners of those who were raising altars to her genius.

From Mrs. Kennicott to Miss H. More.

*Mongewell House,*¹ 1786.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

If you have expected to hear from me before, and have been disappointed, it has been your own fault, and your favourite Paley's ; for all the leisure minutes I have had in my own apartment have been devoted to his merit and your recommendation. I like him exceedingly, and our dear bishop likes him, which is more to the purpose. But I agree with you in reprobating some of his Sabbatical notions ; nor do I assent to some of his

¹ The seat of Bishop Barrington, which he obtained in right of his wife, the niece of Sir William Guise.

other assertions. I have, however, read the book, as far as I have gone, with great delight.

This sweet place has abounded with social and solitary pleasures. Charming weather for sauntering and sitting abroad with a book in one's hand; fancying one is reading, but really looking at the sheep, listening to the waterfall, and not turning over three little pages in half an hour; but meditating with marvellous wisdom when one does pick up a sentiment, especially if it be sublime. We have had too much company; in short, there must be a something to find fault with, and I question whether there will not be some little *but*, even at Cowslip Green. Alas! there was a great one the day which you and your friends expected so much pleasure from; but you are a good little bee, and extract sweet honey from bitter herbs; and every mortification strengthens your virtue. Yet I cannot help grieving when these mortifications are the consequence of bad health. Dr. Stonehouse thought it might do you good, and that it certainly would him, if you went to Cheverel for a little time. I wish you could have got quietly to Cowslip Green, out of the way of Prince Galitzin, and all the other *potentates*.

The dean¹ pretends to be very sorry he did not see you when you were at Oxford, but he thought you were come to stay a month. I told him we could not flatter ourselves with having the honour of a visit from the *proud dean*, for so you styled

¹ Dr. Jackson, Dean of Christchurch.

him. He said he thought himself remarkable for his humility. I think you are both right; for he is spiritually one of the humblest, and profanely one of the proudest men I know. I can tell what I mean myself,—can you tell what I mean? Talking of deans, the Dean of Canterbury¹ tells me that he wants to persuade you to write a didactic poem on conversation; I wish he may be successful in his endeavours, but I dread your modesty.

Bless me! I have got almost to the third page, and not a word of my visit to Cowslip Green. I am determined to be rammed, crammed, and jammed there next year; so I desire you will have no schemes that will interfere with my accompanying you from Oxford. I long to be twining honeysuckles, broiling chops, and talking sentiment with you, my dear friend Patty, and our excellent gipsey cook; while governess beholds us with astonishment, and sister Betty is preparing for us in the house, with the vain expectation that we shall, some time or other, come into it, and look like gentlefolks.

I, too, paid a visit to Mrs. Montagu at Sandleford. I like her grounds exceedingly: I like the plan of her house for summer, but I doubt it will want comforts long before that season of the year when London has joys.

You led me into a curious scrape by your intelligence relative to Lord Walsingham. I was regardless of the newspaper paragraphs; but when

¹ Dr. Horne.

I had *your* authority, I wrote to congratulate his lordship upon his appointment; and as I know he loves to have everything according to order, I directed my letter to *his excellency*, you know now, with how much propriety. If he were to go to Spain, I wish at my heart you might indeed be appointed his *secretary*! I should like, as well as poor Johnson would have liked, to read your travels into Spain;¹ but it would give me a thousand times more pleasure to trace your good influences over my lord's mind.

I do not like Soame Jenyns's epigram. I do not love to have one of the most valuable of the human species called a brute and bear. Tell me how you like Dr. Beattie's book. I suppose you know that Miss Burney is appointed dresser to her majesty, in the room of Mrs. —.

We have just been breakfasting most pleasantly under a tree; I suppose you abjure roofs, and enjoy all kinds of gipseying. Pray send me an account of *one* day at Cowslip Green. My kind love to all the sisterhood.

Ever most affectionately yours,

A. KENNICOTT.

We will now take up again the series of her letters to her sister, from the house of her friend Mrs. Garrick.

¹ When Johnson was speaking with censure of some travels to that country, then just published, he turned to Hannah More and said, 'Child, I should like to send you to Spain; you would write just such travels as I should be pleased to read.'

From Hannah More to her sister.

Adelphi, February, 1786.

We are come to town, but Mrs. Garrick talks much of the charms of the country, where I think she has acted her winter pastoral rather too long ; for the cold is so intense, that the best pleasure I have found for a long time, is to sit over a great fire and read Cowper's Poems. I am enchanted with this poet ; his images are so natural and so much his own ! Such an original and philosophic thinker ! such genuine Christianity ! and such a divine simplicity ! but very rambling, and the order not very lucid. He seems to put down every thought as it arises, and never to retrench or alter anything. I have hardly the courage to stir, and have refused several invitations out of pity to man and beast ; I dined, however, the other day with Mrs. Montagu.

A previous engagement will prevent my dining at Lord Mount Edgcombe's to-morrow, which, as there will be a great many of my friends there, I should have liked very well, but I have laid it down as an act of moral turpitude to break any engagement, because something happens to present itself which you like rather better. I have just been debating, till I am out of breath, with a very great and wise lady on this subject. She laughed and said, it was a ridiculous scruple, but that once she had been as good as I. I told her I wished I had known her in those days.

From the same to the same.

London, Feb. 17, 1786.

I really have not found a moment's time to write since I came here, one is so hurried and bustled about ; and has so many nothings to do which yet must be done, and so many foolish notes to write, which yet must be written. I had, however, yesterday a comfortable solitary Sunday. I am here alone. I have not yet seen a great many of my friends. 'Tis true I have dined out nearly every day with some kind people, who have fetched me and brought me home, but I have not gone to evening parties. I want a little time to break myself in, so as to take to it kindly. I made poor Vesey go with me, on Saturday, to see Mr. Walpole, who has had a long illness. Notwithstanding his sufferings, I never found him so pleasant, so witty, and so entertaining. He said a thousand diverting things about Florio,¹ but accused me of having imposed on the world by a dedication full of falsehood, meaning the compliment to himself. I never knew a man suffer pain with such entire patience. This submission is certainly a most valuable part of religion, and yet, alas ! he is not religious. I must, however, do him the justice to say, that except the delight he has in teasing me for what he calls over-strictness, I have never heard a sentence from him which savoured of infidelity.

¹ This poetical tale had been lately published with the *Bas Bleu*.

I was at a small party the other night, of which Mr. Burke was one. He appeared to be very low in health and spirits. He talked to me with a kindness which revived my old affection for him. We had several other opposition wits that evening; among others, Lord North, who was delightfully entertaining, and told some excellent stories, at which he has a very good talent; possessing in perfection the art of grave humour. Mrs. Fielding and I, like pretty little Misses, diverted ourselves with teaching Sir Joshua and Lord Palmerston the play of twenty questions, and thoroughly did we puzzle them by picking out little obscure insignificant things which we collected from ancient history. Lord North overhearing us, desired to be initiated into this mysterious game, and it was proposed that I should question him: I did so, but his twenty questions were exhausted before he came near the truth. As he at length gave up the point, I told him my thought was the earthen lamp of Epictetus. I am quite provoked at my own stupidity, said his lordship, for I quoted that very lamp last night in the House of Commons.

I was the other day at Lady Mount Edgcombe's who repeated her invitation for the Mount Edgcombe visit next summer with the most earnest politeness. I gave her to understand that I was afraid it must be left for another year; the truth is, I intend to get off all summer invitations, that I may have the more time for Cowslip Green, which place, I hope, will favour my escape from the world gradually.

I dined the other day with Mrs. Walsingham, and went in the evening to Lady Middleton's to meet Lord and Lady Dartmouth. He is the nobleman, who, you know, Cowper says—'wears a coronet and prays.' The Attorney-General and Lady Louisa Macdonald wait to convey me to Sir Robert Herries,' where we dine together. And now I hope to receive due praise for my implicit obedience in gratifying your insatiable curiosity with an account of almost every dinner I have eaten, and every person to whom I have spoken.

To the same.

London, March 1786.

When I sent word last night to poor Mrs. Vesey that I was coming to her, she was so afraid she should not make it agreeable, that she immediately sent for Mr. Burke to meet me. He was engaged, but his son came with Mr. Windham, an accomplished man, but too warm a politician. We took to each other mightily, and renewed our old acquaintance made in the gay days of Hampton; for we used then to meet there with the Sheridan party. Richard Burke is an amiable young man, but not an adequate substitute for such a father.

Mr. Walpole tells me that there is a very curious work now in the press; 'Private Letters written in the reign of Henry IV.' These, as they are undoubtedly genuine, are in themselves a great curiosity, as they are above a hundred years older than any letters we have in the English language. Their

literary merit, I suppose, is not great: they are family letters about domestic concerns, with the news of the then day, and the politics of the times during the Lancasterian wars. They are to be printed in the old spelling on one page, and modernized on the other. I fancy we shall not meet with any quotations from Rowley. To the lovers of antiquities and anecdotes they will be very amusing: as for me, I have no great appetite for anything merely as being curious, unless it has other merits. These letters have been preserved in the family of the Pastons of Norfolk.

We are going for a few days to Hampton. I shall delight in a little quiet, and fresh air, two commodities not to be had in any of the London markets.

To the same.

London, April 1786.

I invite myself to dine with poor Mrs. Vesey (whose spirits are still terribly depressed) whenever I have a vacant day. She is only cheerful when she has one or two friends about her, and there are a little set who generally go to her in turn every day. Yesterday Mrs. Carter and I met there, and I had made an assignation with Mr. Walpole in the evening; we had likewise Mr. Burke. The vivacity of this wonderfully great man is much diminished; business and politics have impaired his agreeableness; but neither years nor sufferings can abate the entertaining powers of the pleasant

Horace, which rather improve than decay ; though he himself says he is only fit to be a milk-woman ; as the chalk-stones at his fingers' ends qualify him for nothing but *scoring* ; but he declares he will not be a *Bristol milk-woman*. I was obliged to recount to him all that odious tale.

I was the other day at a most agreeable party at Lady Galway's. Mrs. Fielding, Mrs. Carter, Lord North, Lord Macartney and myself, were in one little set ; and they were very entertaining. Lord Macartney is one of the most agreeable men I know, of polished mind and fine taste ; besides the rare merit which he possesses, of having brought clean hands and a pure fame from India. To meet these gentlemen in assemblies, and in crowds, where the most stupid and illiterate make just as good a figure, is not seeing them at all ; but it is pleasant to come at them in these select societies, which we are to have often of a Saturday, it being the only day the Houses do not sit.

Mrs. Piozzi's book is much in fashion. It is indeed entertaining ; but there are two or three passages exceedingly unkind to Garrick, which filled me with indignation. If Johnson had been envious enough to utter them, she might have been prudent enough to suppress them. Johnson with all his genius had no taste for Garrick's acting ; and with all his virtues, was envious of his riches : this led him very unjustly to say severe things, which Garrick not unfrequently retorted ; but why must these things be recorded ? The speaker, perhaps, had forgotten them, or was sorry for them, or did

not mean them ; but this new-fashioned biography seems to value itself upon perpetuating every thing that is injurious and detracting.

I perfectly recollect the candid answer Garrick once made to my inquiry why Johnson was so often harsh and unkind in his speeches, both to and of him ; Why, *Nine*, he replied, it is very natural ; is it not to be expected he should be angry, that I who have so much less merit than he, should have had so much greater success ?

The book, however, *in general*, places Johnson's character very high. I expressed myself with some warmth to Lælius against these passages, saying, however, that I was glad she had done justice to my *living* friends at least. *His* learning in particular is very highly commended.

To the same.

London, April, 1786.

The Bozzi, &c. subjects are not yet exhausted, though every body seems heartily sick of them. Everybody, however, conspires not to let them drop. That, and the 'Cagliostro,' and the 'Cardinal's Necklace,' spoil all conversation, and destroyed a very good evening at Mr. Pepys's last night. The party was snug, and of my own bespeaking, consisting only of Mr. Walpole, Mrs. Montagu, the Burneys, and Cambridge.

I have had a very long and entertaining letter from Girard.¹ He gives such an account of the

¹ One of the French academicians, with whom she corresponded some years.

pedantry and précieuxeté of the ladies of Paris as is quite ridiculous. There is a new Lyceum, under the inspection of Marmontel and the other scavans : there he says, the *femmes de qualité*, the *petites maitres*, and the *bourgeoiserie meme en robe de chambre*, run to study philosophy, and neglect their families to be present at lectures of anatomy. I hope we shall never have any of these sort of institutions here, which would be only multiplying public places, and add to dissipation instead of increasing knowledge.

It was my lot the other day at dinner to sit between two travellers, famous for making geography their whole subject : the one is as fond of talking of the east as the other is of the north ; the former poured the Ganges into one of my ears, and the latter the Danube into the other, and the confluence of these two mighty rivers deluged all my ideas, till I did not know what they were talking about, especially as I like *things*, much better than *words*.

I am this day in the full enjoyment of a most complete holiday—Mrs. Garrick is gone to Hampton. I have refused all invitations, and have ordered that nobody should be let in, that I may have the luxury of one quiet uninterrupted day. I woke with great delight in the very anticipation of it.

The Bishop of Chester brought me home from Soame Jenyns's the other night. We had there almost all I know that is wise, learned and witty ; but there were too many, and we all complained

of a superfluity of good things. Cambridge said we should have made eight of the best parties in London. He gave us a specimen of Johnson's manner. 'Poetry, Madam, is like brown bread; those who make it at home, never approve of what they meet with elsewhere.'

I was asked lately to a great assembly, where I should have met all the *corps diplomatique*, but it was not worth while to lose an evening and get the headache, only to see a few ambassadors and envoys make low bows, drink orangeade, and play at whist. I have kept my resolution to avoid these great crowds, except when I have been snared into an assembly under the alluring name of a little private party, into which trap I have fallen several times.

I spent quite a rational sober country day on Thursday, with the wise and virtuous Langton and Lady Rothes; so peaceful, I could not persuade myself I was in London; dined at three; sat and worked while he read to us, or talked of books till late at night. I really begin to hope we are reforming; for on Saturday I got another such sober day at Mrs. Montagu's, with only the Smelts; and we all agreed we had not been more comfortable for a long time; and yet people have rarely the sense or courage to do these things, but still must meet in herds and flocks.

To the same.

London, May, 1786.

We have had a great but pleasant dinner at the Bishop of Salisbury's, which was the more valuable, as we had so much difficulty to achieve it ; and a good old *bas bleu* dinner at Mrs. Vesey's, such as she used to give in her happier days, and which put her in spirits, as it brought back those days to her mind. I sat next my Lord Macartney, who never fails to furnish abundance of lively matter for interesting conversation. Lady Mount Edgecombe made another very kind attack upon my constancy, to prevail upon me to come to her in the summer, but I remained impenetrable to her eloquence, great and obliging as it was. I could have parodied Ulysses' speech in *Telemaque*, 'Pour moi, je préfère ma pauvre petite isle, ses choux et ses rochers, à toute votre magnificence.'

I have naturally but a small appetite for grandeur, which is always satisfied even to indigestion, before I leave this town ; and I require a long abstinence to get any relish for it again ; yet I repeat, these are very agreeable people, but there is dress, there is restraint, there is want of leisure, to which I find it difficult to conform for any length of time,—and life is short.

I sometimes get an interesting morning visitor ; of two or three I have entertained some hope that they were beginning to think seriously. Lady B. and I had a long discourse yesterday ; she seems

anxious for religious information. I told her much plain truth, and she bore it so well, that I ventured to give her Doddridge. If she should not stumble at the threshold, from the strong manner in which the book opens, I trust she will read it with good effect. Miss —— has been also with me several times—beautiful and accomplished; surrounded with flatterers, and sunk in dissipation. I asked her why she continued to live so much below, not only her principles, but her understanding—what pleasure she derived from crowds of persons so inferior to herself—did it make her happy? Happy! she said, no; she was miserable. She despised the society she lived in, and had no enjoyment of the pleasures in which her life was consumed; but what could she do? She could not be singular—she must do as her acquaintance did. I pushed it so home on her conscience, that she wept bitterly, and embraced me. I conjured her to read her Bible, with which she is utterly unacquainted. These fine creatures are, I hope, sincere, when they promise to be better; but the very next temptation that comes across them puts all their good intentions to flight, and they go on, as if they had never formed them; nay, all the worse for having formed and not realized them. They shall have my prayers, which are the most effectual part of our endeavours.

From the same to the same.

London, May 10, 1786.

I hope our engagements are now pretty well drawing to a close. I was engaged the four last days to Lady Bathurst, Lady Amherst, Lady Cremorne, and Lady Mount Edgecombe. I went through three of them manfully, coughing and croaking with great success.

Sir Joshua is doing a picture for the Empress of Russia, but I do not think he has chosen his subject happily, and so I ventured to tell his friend Burke, the other night, though he warmly defended him. The Empress left the subject to him, and desired to have a capital work of his in her collection. The story he has taken is Hercules strangling the young serpents. I think he might have chosen better than that stale piece of mythology. Mr. Walpole suggested to Sir Joshua an idea for a picture which he thought would include something honourable to both nations; the scene Deptford, and the time when the Czar Peter was receiving a ship-carpenter's dress in exchange for his own, to work in the dock. This would be a great idea, and much more worthy of the pencil of the artist than nonsensical Hercules.

I have always had a great curiosity to converse with a disciple of Mahomet, and it was gratified the other day by my being invited to meet the Turkish ambassador. His suite, I think, consisted of six

Musselmans. They took their coffee sitting cross-legged on the floor. I confined my attention entirely to his excellency, who was placed next to me on the sofa, and did not sit cross-legged. His dragoman is a very sensible agreeable person, and speaks all languages. The ambassador, a good solemn-looking Turk, was very communicative. His son stood the whole evening behind the sofa on which his father sat. I obtained considerable information about their usages and manners. At my desire, they spoke together a little Arabic, which is a very pretty-sounding language. They had, I believe, some hopes of bringing me over to the faith of the prophet, for they recommended me to read Sale's edition of the Alcoran. In return, I think I should have advised them to read White's Sermons. I asked how they contrived to exercise their religion in this country without a mosque. They told me that every great man in their country was both priest and lawyer, and allowed to exercise all the functions of both; that the ambassador did the duties of religion in his own house: and the Turk added, 'I do not know how those (pointing to some statesmen who sat at a distance) lords do, but I am not ashamed to own that I retire five times a day to offer prayer and oblation.' This he partly explained to me in broken Italian, and the rest was interpreted to me by the secretary.

I believe I have not mentioned Lord Monboddo this winter. I had a memorable quarrel with him one night lately; it was about Shakspeare and John Home. He said Douglas was a better play

than Shakspeare could have written. He was angry and I was pert. I called in Mrs. Montagu to my aid, and very saucy things we did say, which provoked him highly. Lord Mulgrave sat spiriting me up, but kept out of the scrape himself; and Lord Stormont seemed to enjoy the debate, but was shabby enough not to help me out. With his fine dry humour, he would have had the advantage of us all. I was really very much diverted, though I was angry too; for the prejudiced Scotch critic, by rating Douglas so much above its real merit, made me appear unjust, by seeming to undervalue it; but when he said that Shakspeare had no conception of drawing a king or a hero—that there was not so interesting a discovery in the whole of his works, as that of Lady Randolph and her son, and that the passions were always vulgarly delineated; it was impossible to be temperate, and difficult to be just. I suppose, when, on a former occasion, he declared that no modern could turn a period finely, he meant to make an exception in favour of Scotch authors.

We have had a numerous party to dinner; among others Mr. and Mrs. Swinburne the travellers, with whom I am lately become much acquainted; they are people who have been a good deal distinguished in different courts. The lady is the more agreeable of the two, though she has not, like her husband, written three quarto volumes about Spain and Calabria. They live chiefly abroad, and are great bigots to Popery. She is the great friend of the Queen of Naples, and not less a favourite

of the Queen of France—a singular pair of friendships for an Englishwoman of no rank.

Teston, June 4, 1786.

We have been a week at this sweet place,¹ with these sweet people. Mrs. E. Bouverie lives with the Middletons in town, and they with her here. Her character has something sublime in it; but you must know her well to admire her as I do, for she is reserved to strangers. With a cultivated mind, and a most thinking head, she only produces herself in our *tête-à-têtes*: Her charities are boundless. Lady Middleton is very excellent, and very different; she is made up of feeling and compassion. Her kindness, which you would think must needs be exhausted on the negroes, extends to the sufferings of every animal. She never, as Beattie says, ‘worked the woe of any living thing.’ Sir Charles is obliged to leave us to attend to the birthday. You would be delighted too with his character. He has the stern and simple virtues of the old school. Mrs. Garrick carries me as far as Sandleford Priory on Monday the 12th. I remain four days with Mrs. Montagu, and hope to sleep in Bristol on the 17th. Lady Spencer came herself to prevail upon us to go to her for a little time, at St. Alban’s, but ‘I could not resolve upon prolonging my stay from home. This agreeable place, fine air, and cultivated and pious society have quite set me up again. I was invited to a prodigiously fine concert, a few days

¹ Mrs. Bouverie’s.

ago, to hear *all the Rubinellis and Maras*: but having for some time declined all great parties, I did not go: besides, I was going where I could hear the nightingales for nothing. I dined, one of the last days before I left town, at the Pepys's; and I think it was one of the wittiest and most brilliant dinners I was ever present at. Since the old times I think I have not heard so much pleasant discussion. I went to a select party to meet Mr. Smelt and Mr. and Mrs. Hastings. Mr. H. is a man of remarkable simplicity of manners, dress, and deportment: full of admirable good sense: nothing of the nabob about him. The Bishop of Chester declares he will come some time or other to *Cowslip Green*.

From Mrs. Montagu to Miss H. More.

1786.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Much has been written in verse and prose on the fallaciousness of hope: but no one was ever so seriously enraged at it as I have been ever since I received your letter of the 24th. What! having indulged with such sensibility the hope of having you here in June, then in July, and then August, and now you would put me off to the 15th of September! and when hope deferred had made the heart sick, instead of the cordial of several weeks of your charming society, you talk of one single week! Oh! my dear Madam, for pity's sake come as soon as you can: get your trunks packed up, stay here to the last week in October, and then I

will allow hope to be, though a tardy, a generous paymaster. Then your pretence of waiting till you can make an assignation with Mrs. Garrick! What business have two ladies to make assignations with each other? If you had both made an assignation to meet Dr. Warton, you had done wisely for yourselves and happily for me: for he would not then have disappointed me of the visit he promised me in the course of these holidays. I cannot think of Dr. Warton and you meeting anywhere but at Sandlesford without turning pale with envy.

What a treasure has been discovered, if the letters are really Madame de Sevigné's! If they are not genuine we shall soon perceive it, for *le je ne sais quoi* is of all things the most inimitable and impossible to be counterfeited. Minerva without the assistance of the graces could not have woven the '*Bas Bleu*,' nor could the muses, from their academy, have produced Florio without their happy touch; and even the graces have this felicity only in their frolics. This *je ne sais quoi*, like the power attributed to magic, effects what the strongest faculties of nature and efforts of art combined cannot attain. It captivates *en badinant*, and the mind surrenders itself, it knows not why, to it knows not what. Oh! it is a pleasing tyrant, charms while it conquers, delights while it subjugates.

Doctor Ford's account of my Lord Primate's state of health being so much improved since his arrival at Bristol, makes me very happy. As nature so rarely forms such a being, she should put it into a case that would make it last her half a dozen

centuries at least. However, there is one comfort, that these characters, like the sun, when sunk below the horizon, still shed a light upon the world. I am very sorry to hear Dr. Hamilton has been ill, but I hope he is by this time quite recovered.

I am, dear Madam,
with the most affectionate esteem,
Your most faithful humble servant,
ELIZABETH MONTAGU.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Cowslip Green, 1786.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Your most agreeable letter was the first in priority of time, as well as value, that came to enliven my retreat, of which I have just taken possession. I spent a very pleasant week with Mrs. Montagu, at Sandleford, *en chemin faisant*. Her house is not so much advanced as I wished and expected: but her grounds are in great order, and wonderfully embellished. The place can never appear to so great advantage, as to those who knew it in its unimproved state. I believe it preserves one of the last strokes of Browne's magic hand.

You are so good to me, my dear Madam, that I know you will be glad to hear that I am comfortably established in my little cottage. It is a pleasant wild place, and I am growing a prodigious gardener, and make up by my industry for my want of science. I work in it two or three hours every day; and by the time the hour of visiting arrives,

for even I have my visitors in this little corner, I am vastly glad of a pretence for sitting down. I am rather proud of my pinks and roses: the latter would not have been ashamed to hold up their heads before the Queen of Rosedale;¹ but a long succession of uninterrupted dry weather has a little shrivelled up these beauties, and made them wither before the short term of their natural life was near an end. Yours, I hope, have had a better fortune and a longer date.

As to books, *je n'en sais rien*; I lead a kind of lawless life; and were it not, as Dogberry says, that reading and writing come by nature, I believe my present vagrant life would make me forego all the habits and customs of civilization. I wish, however I could read a German translation of a little book you, my dear Madam, are very good to,—the ‘Sacred Dramas,’ which is just sent me by a person I never heard of, from abroad, with many pretty cuts of the principal scenes, neatly engraved.

I am going to Bristol for a little time; not having yet appeared to any of my friends in this hemisphere. I intend to see the Bishop of Gloucester, and Mrs. Halifax, who are, I am sorry to say, come to the hot wells for her health. Her's is a very important life. She is the careful mother of a numerous little race, and has much impaired her health by maternal anxiety. I hope you get good accounts of Mrs. Delany, and that the late atrocious attempt on the dear King, which I believe made all

¹ Rosedale was now Mrs. Boscawen's country seat.

English blood run cold, did not terrify her to the injury of her health.

My dear Madam,

Your ever obliged and affectionate,

H. MORE.

From the same to the same.

Bristol, 1786.

MY DEAR MADAM,

You are infinitely too good; first to write me a kind letter, and then to point out the ways and means to convey my little gentleman¹ to you, with a solicitude to which his merits bear not the smallest proportion; and then after my disobedience to all your flattering commands, to invite my nearer approach. I would it were an approach *au pied de la lettre, en chair et en os*, not a distant, imaginary, unembodied approach of airy syllables. The true reason why Florio did not start up before you the moment you struck your baguette, was, that I have lately been very unlucky in parcels, and have waited for a safe opportunity. Though it is so long ago, yet it is still fresh in my memory, that I was disappointed in the expectation of seeing you at Fulham, in May. Long prescription had advanced that expectation into a sort of claim; so that I seemed to feel as if I had been robbed of a right; and as this is an age when people make a point of contending for all their rights, both real

¹ Florio.

and imaginary, you will not wonder that I did not part with mine without a little mutiny and murmuring.

I hope, my dear Madam, you found our venerable friend, Mrs. Delany, at Windsor, quite well, and easy, and happy. The royal friends have won my heart for ever, by their noble, and tender, and delicate generosity towards her; and yet there are moments when I can conceive, that though she must be charmed, even to oppression, by their goodness, yet this splendid invasion of her liberty may take away something of her repose and tranquillity. I am told she has not been a single day unvisited by these royal guests. I hope the sensibility of her spirit makes her find as much pleasure as honour in it: in that case it will not be too much for her.

Our foreigners are gone. We have lived much together. Prince Galitzin is well tempered and well bred; his governor delightful: we have set on foot a correspondence. He gives me a sad account of the present taste for letters in France: all point, turn, and epigram.

Think, dear Madam, how agreeably I was surprised, a short time since, by a visit from Lady Juliana Penn, whom Lady de Clifford was so good as to bring. She has taken a house at Clifton for five months. She does me the honour to allow us to be excellent neighbours; and actually walks down the hills, and over all the stiles, which she begins to clamber with great success. Talking the other day, when I dined with her and Lady Charlotte Finch, of Mrs. Boscawen, Lady Juliana said, I really

believe I am in love with her : for I feel the oddest sensation when I am with her, a sort of apprehension that she cannot like me to the degree I do her. This produces a diffidence in me which is extremely like what I suppose one feels when one is in love. We investigated the sentiments, and pronounced that it belonged to the passion above said. Lady Spencer has written me a high eulogium on Holywell house, in its improved state, with a warm invitation to me : but this visit I must steal out of the winter half-year.

From Mrs. Boscawen to Miss H. More.

Audley Street, 1786.

I promised myself yesterday that I would write to my dear friend ; but the post tingled and said, no—not to-day. Then came so rich a gift from her that without extreme ingratitude I cannot wait for another tingling ; and yet that very gift inclines me much more to read than to write ; and if I do not turn Florio out of the room, I shall yet not thank you for the favour of his early visit. Certes, I do love him prodigiously ; and I am proud to remember that he began to lisp at Glanvilla, and his infant steps, now so graceful, were first trod upon my new mown grass. He arrived yesterday as we were sitting after dinner ; Lord and Lady Falmouth, Mrs. Leveson, a cousin or two, and myself. I cannot tell you how much of my favour Lady F. has gained, by gently opening the book, as it lay between us upon the table, and from that time never

hearing any question, eating any orange, or minding any body, or any thing, till her study was cruelly interrupted by 'the coffee is above stairs.' So, how far she got in Florio's adventures I know not: but I am sure, far enough to excite her eagerness for more.

Dear Florio! I shall delight in the guesses and surmises on his parentage and education. He will be concluded *bien né*, because of the perfect knowledge of the world, and of good company which he possesses. How I delight in the hopes he first gave, that his peccadilloes might become vices; and that having arrived at spoiling of dinners, he might grow fit for other spoils, treasons, and stratagems. But there are a thousand charming traits and delicate touches of which it were endless to speak. Come, my dear Florio, let us go down together, you and I and my spectacles; I want no other company. I hope I shall be able to procure a frank for this to-morrow. So I think I shall wait.

Thursday night.

I found myself exceedingly gratified at dinner to day, by a chorus of panegyric on Florio, &c. &c Mr. Cole leading the band admirably, and giving us a great deal of recitative, well chosen, from l'Opera même. Lady Mount Edgecombe repeats line after line with such rapture, it would do you good to hear her; *enfin Florio, fait fortune*; but not above his merit: *je l'en defie*. And thus I bid you a good night, my very dear friend, only saying, with great truth and perfect sincerity, that I am your real admirer.

F. B.

CHAPTER II.

OF the interval which Hannah More now passed at Cowslip Green, we find no account supplied by her correspondence. It is probable she lived in great retirement, pursuing her gardening occupations, to which she was so much addicted by her tastes and affections. She visited Mrs. Garrick again in the December of this year (1786).

From H. More to one of her sisters.

London, 1786.

I found Mrs. Garrick well. Next morning we sallied out, and called upon a few particular friends. Yesterday I dined at Mrs. Boscawen's; we had a comfortable serious conversation, and in the evening she carried me to Mrs. Vesey's in my travelling dress. I did not find her so much broken as I expected, since last year, though I grieve to say her memory is visibly impaired. I was sorry not to find Mr. Walpole. Instead of the pleasant Horace, I found only two or three formal women of quality,

so I left Mrs. Boscawen to *anecdote* with them, and stole home in her coach. This dear friend expressed such a cordial delight to see me, that it did my heart good.

From Mrs. Boscawen to Miss H. More.

1786.

Do I not write dull letters? You shall see, my dear friend. I received, yesterday, one that was not dull, and which contained many kind wishes, most affectionately expressed: these I return with the greatest sincerity. The post being late, I did not get this kind epistle till I was in my coach for the evening rendezvous at Mr. Cole's, where we had Mrs. Montagu and Co., Jenynses, Bishop of Exeter, Judge Ashurst, Bishop Watson, Lady Abdy, Lady Charlotte Tufton, the Veseys, with many others, and 'our circle every figure took.' The whist was banished into a petit cabinet apart, and there was a very snug corner in which I treated myself with your very kind epistle. I said to myself, what an agreeable addition would the writer be to this party, and would find, *par ci et par la*, food for her *attention*.

I went to Opie's this morning, resolved I would no longer delay obtaining that for which others sue in vain. I have taken down his 'Days and Hours of Leisure,' humbly to submit them to your choice. Wednesday, the 25th, or Thursday, the 26th, at any hour before four, that you will be pleased to approve, I should rather

say consent to, perhaps *submit* would be still more just,—I will call on you, and attend you, and read to you there to cheat the weary hour ; and perhaps you will return with me to dinner. What say you, my dear madam? I promise you never to lend my picture to be engraved unless you order me. It is certainly worthy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's superior skill: but I can command Opie, and make him alter, or even refaire, if we do not like it. If you will have half as much patience as I have affection, then it will be sufficient to answer any demand that can be made upon it by

Your most attached friend,

F. B.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Hampton, 1786.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Some little contre tems has detained us here a fortnight beyond our bargain; we propose, however, certainly to be in town by the beginning of next week. I have been amusing myself, during a part of our solitude, with reading some of Madame de Sevigné's letters, and you cannot imagine, my dear Madam, what a fund of entertainment I find as I go along in drawing a parallel between them and those of a certain lady, whom it is one of my greatest honours to be permitted to call my friend. The same admirable turn of expression, the same ease which, when imitated, is so stiff, and when natural is so full of grace. The same philanthropy,

the same warm feelings, and, above all, the same excess of maternal tenderness—the same art of dignifying subjects, in themselves of little moment, but which become amiable and interesting by some *true*, though seemingly *random* and *careless* stroke, that shews the hand of a master, but of a master sketching for his amusement, and not finishing for the public. This rage for *finishing* may produce good essays and fine orations, but it makes frigid letters. For this reason, I think Voiture's letters are in bad taste; he always intends to be brilliant, and, therefore, is almost always affected—every passage seems written in its *very best* manner. Now to me the epistolary style is what it ought to be, when the writer, by a happy and becoming negligence, has the art of making you believe that he could write a great deal better if he would, but that he has too much judgment to use great exertions on small occasions—he will not draw Ulysses's bow to shoot at a pigeon. It is not, however, that I think letter-writing trifling because it is familiar, any more than I think an epigram easy because it is short. My two models, whom I *parallelized* (I believe there is no such word though,) at the beginning of this scrawl, also resemble each other in one particular as much as they differ from the generality; which is their perspicuity; their sense is never perplexed; their periods are not so long as to be involved, nor so short as to be affected; and there is in their manner a kind of luminous cast, which, like the sunshine of Claude, embellishes the most trifling objects. When a poet happens to be possessed of

this transparency of expression, this vivid brightness, it gives a wonderful charm to his numbers.

But to go from poetry to painting.—And so, my dear Madam, your partiality to your unworthy friend makes you determined to send her down to posterity by the only conveyance in which she can ever expect to reach it. I feel all the kindness of your intention, and I hope you will not think me ungrateful when I say that I have such a repugnance to having my picture taken, that I do not know any motive on earth which could induce me to it but your wishes, which to me, are such indisputable commands, that at any time on Wednesday you will please to appoint, I shall have the honour to attend you to Mr. Opie; and as I am sure the dinner with you will be the pleasantest part of the business to me, I shall wait for your commands as to both. En attendant, believe me, dear Madam,
ever yours,

H. M.

From Dr. Horne to Miss H. More.

Parade, 1786.

MY DEAR MADAM,

You will make me extremely happy by a sight of any production of yours calculated for the benefit of *the great and the gay*. Providence has led you to associate with them, as it raised Esther of old to the throne, for this very purpose. We know how skilful an archer you are. With that bow in your hand, go on and prosper. I shall rejoice to read what you

promise to send me. The justness of your sentiments, and the correctness of your language, can leave little work for a critic in the common acceptance of that word. Whatever may offer itself, shall be put down on a separate sheet of paper, if you will honour me with the MS. by the bearer.

Believe me, my dear Madam,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

G. HORNE.

From the same to the same.

Ramsgate, Aug. 16, 1786.

DEAR MADAM,

No event of my life has given me a more sincere pleasure, than the circumstance of placing my dear little girl in a situation, where so much attention will be paid to the improvement of her heart, as well as that of her head; where both abilities and disposition will be regulated, and all the tender branches of the young espalier be taught to shoot in proper directions. I shall entertain a high opinion of her steadiness, if she can retain the simplicity of her behaviour, and not be warped by the extreme partiality of so many kind friends, into some degree of affectation. I admire your agreeable method of instructing her in her duty towards her poor neighbours. We can tell people their duty from the pulpit; but you have the art to make them desirous of performing it, as their greatest pleasure and amusement.

We are here in a most delightful spot of country,

the Isle of Thanet, covered with corn of every kind ; from whence the eye glances at once on the blue waves of the sea, and beholds the white cliffs of Calais rising out of them, at about the distance of thirty miles. To the right lies the rich prospect of East Kent, stretching away towards the South Foreland ; at our feet is that noble terrace, the pier of Ramsgate, extending half a mile into the sea ; all the ships, to and from the river, glide by us ; and yesterday, there was a magnificent *city* of them assembled in the Downs.

Your two last poems have excited a thirst in us after more from the same spring. Greatly do we need instruction on the subject of *conversation* ; and you are the person to give it. You possess what is to be had from books, and, what is more, pass a good deal of time in circles where the art is practised in a perfection, of which, in our hugger-mugger way of life, we have no idea. Turn the matter in your mind. It would go nicely in the didactic style of your friend Horace.

Mrs. Horne and my daughters desire to add their best compliments to the sisterhood, with those of,

Dear Madam,

Your faithful and obedient servant,

GEORGE HORNE.

Miss H. More to Mr. Pepys.

Cowslip Green, 1786.

The parson of my parish, and his new married wife, (a musical Miss Wathen, who says she knows you) having offered to carry my letters to town, I am tempted to call myself to your remembrance, by scrawling a few lines to you from my little rural habitation.

The day after that pleasant one we spent with you at Mr. Batt's, Mrs. Garrick carried me to Sandleford Priory, where I staid a week. I lived melodious days with Mrs. Montagu, the nightingales, and Spenser. We enjoyed ourselves prodigiously, and were as enthusiastic and as foolish as we pleased.

Sandleford is amazingly improved; you would recant your former errors, which brought you into disgrace, could you see with what happiness Browne has beckoned the distant hills to come into prospect. His hand, with an art nobler than that of Midas, turns gold itself into beauty; and I had always a particular love for the talents of a man who could improve the taste of a country without impairing its virtue.

Will it be the smallest gratification to you to know that you were often wished for? Nor would you have disliked joining in the unrestrained freedom, and safe indiscretion (which I hold to be one of the first comforts of real friendly communication) with which we talked *à torte et à travers*, where we

could fear no censure, and courted no praise, for we had no auditors.

I have now been quietly set down a month in my little cottage; and the evil days are not yet come upon me, wherein you barbarously prophesied that I should feel a joy to see even the apothecary ride up to the door; though it is certain I never *do* see him without thinking of you, by the aforesaid association. I did not express myself with much accuracy when I talked of living *quietly*; for in truth my neighbours are so kind, and so many people have brought themselves within that description, whom I had considered as without the limits, that I am very far from enjoying that perfect retreat which I had figured to myself; and which perhaps, though so vastly pretty in speculation, and very tempting in poetry, I should find burthensome enough if I were to reduce it to sober experiment.

I work in my garden all the morning, and ride in the evening through delicious lanes and hills, as pleasant as that of Mount Ephraim, on which I met Mr. Rust. I read seldom, and write never, except now and then a letter to entitle myself to the comfort of hearing from the few I esteem and care for. My most serious studies have been a little book of Mrs. Trimmer's, that wise and pleasant friend of little children;—it is, preposterously enough, called *Fabulous Histories*; which misled me into a notion that it was mythological; but I found it a most delectable History of a Robin Red-breast's nest, which I recommend to the younger part of your

nursery. My friend William, I fancy, will be much above it, but it is delightful for little Mouse and me, and such readers; being quite as entertaining, and almost as true, as histories of graver names and more illustrious people.

I was in the very joy of my heart, on seeing the other day in the papers, that our charming Miss Burney has got an establishment so near the queen. How I love the queen for having so wisely chosen!

I am sure Mrs. Pepys and you must have felt a great deal for poor Mr. Burrows: I know few private losses which will be more severely felt. I have met with few characters which took in a greater compass. His peculiar vein of wit, his truly original turn of thinking, his singular talent in education, and his uncommon felicity as an earnest and awakening preacher, all concurred to set his character in a very extraordinary point of view. I shall be vastly glad if you can give me any particulars of his death. I know nothing so interesting as the closing scenes of a champion of righteousness: there is one single fact that one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity,—that no man ever repented of Christianity on his death-bed. I grieve for the heavy blow this death will give to the feelings of our friend Mrs. Chapone; I doubt not but she is affectionately sharing the sorrows of the afflicted family.

Mrs. Boscawen just writes me that you have it in contemplation to go to the Isle of Wight. I have a notion it is a most delicious spot; but as I

was never on it, I shall expect an animated picture of it from your pen.

Pray remember me very kindly to Mrs. Pepys.

I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged,

HANNAH MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Pepys.

Hampton, Dec. 26, 1786.

DEAR SIR,

Rumour, who, for want of nobler prey, now and then condescends to souse on such insignificant gibier as myself, may have told you that I passed through London in my way hither. As I stayed in town only two days, I appeared only to two or three of our friends. I did not knock at your door, out of mere kindness to Mrs. Pepys, as I knew there was little chance of finding her, and great chance of her having the trouble of calling on us again, when I knew we should be flown. But I wished very much, and do still wish to know, seriously, how you do, and if the Bath waters did their duty by you? I hear in *general* that you are *better*, but I wish to hear in *particular* that you are *well*.

I wish you had been here just now to have laughed with me, at a very grave passage I met with in a book I have just laid down. It is an Eloge on the humility of the Virgin Mary, delivered at the Academie Française, by one of the Quarante. Mons. Tourreuil, after having apostro-

phized her in a way to make a sober Protestant smile, and described the transcendent exaltation she now enjoys in heaven, as a reward of her humility, goes on to *inform* her, that her humility is still farther rewarded, by her having the honour of being made the subject for the prize of eloquence by the most enlightened Academy in the world. Could any but a *Frenchman* have written thus? Nay, I question if any but a French *Academicien* could have written it. It would be impossible to find the most illiterate English curate, who would seriously affirm that he thought it an additional exaltation of a saint in bliss, that the University of Oxford had named him as a subject for a prize poem.

Mrs. Garrick is well, and joins me in all manner of Christmas congratulations, and good wishes to Mrs. Pepys and yourself.

We depart instantly for Thames Ditton, where we are to spend a fortnight. We have been forced to cut off a piece from the beginning of this visit, from my having been confined with a great cold.

Do people write books now? I know nothing of the world or its ways. Yes; I *have* read Dr. Price's new Sermons; but that is a field too copious to enter upon at the end of a sheet of paper, when I have hardly left room for the name of your much obliged

H. MORE.

Mr. Pepys to Miss H. More.

Wimpole Street, December, 1786.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I am really obliged to you for your kind inquiries after my health, which, (thank God) has been perfectly re-established by the Bath waters. I was carried there from Oxford, at the age of twenty-one, a martyr to (what I was then young enough to think a very meritorious) application to study; and by those admirable waters was *wound up* again for twenty years: at the expiration of which time I was obliged to return to them again: but then, alas! the winding up, though equally effectual at the time, would last only *six* years. How long the *third* will last, God only knows; but I am deeply impressed with gratitude for his goodness in restoring me. Are you much impressed by days, times, and seasons? I cannot say that I am in general: but the return of *this* season never fails to make a very serious impression upon my mind, and to awaken in me the liveliest sensations of gratitude, for having had such a profusion of blessings continued to me throughout the whole course of the year; “thou hast kept me, so that not a bone of me has been broken,” never fails to occur to me in its literal sense, as a matter of the greatest thanksgiving; but if extended to what a figurative sense of the expression might import, calls forth every exertion of our endeavours to show forth his praises, to whom

we are thus indebted, 'not only with our lips, but in our lives;' I make no apology for writing to you in this grave strain, as I know you feel with me.

Have you seen a very extraordinary production of some Eton boys? It is a periodical paper called 'the Microcosm,' in one of which, for they are very unequal, the practice of common swearing is treated with a vein of ridicule, not unworthy of Addison in his happiest mood. This is what I should have least expected from a boy. If he had jumbled together all the learning that he could have collected from all the translations and compilations he could get, I should not have been much surprised: but elegant ridicule, and well-supported ironical pleasantry is not often found at that age.

Pray give my best wishes to Mrs. Garrick. You have all, I conclude, had your laugh out against poor me for my fright about her house, which, it seems, turned out to be only a slight alarm at *Ucalagon's*, as Mr. Cambridge expressed it, by an allusion which might puzzle those who are not so familiar as you are with Virgil. I am afraid you are too comfortable to be expected soon in town: but do come as soon as you can, and in the meantime,

Believe me,

Your's,

W. W. PEPYS.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Thames Ditton,¹ 1786.

I hope you received the books safe, my dear Madam. Mrs. Garrick presents her best respects, with many thanks for the *tableau*, which she read *d'un bout à l'autre*. As to the other, I confess I did not read it, it was so dull,—the only fault I never expected to find in Rousseau. ‘*Tout les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux*,’ says his sprightly enemy, and so think I. I am delighted that Florio has the good fortune to amuse you. I am trying to get him upon his feet (I do not mean that I ever expect him to *run*) before I come to London. I have attempted some alterations, which I hope have given a more dramatic form to the poem, and made it somewhat more pointed; but still my moments *à la derobée* are here so few, that I cannot give it the chiselling it wants. I have altered the title, as the other, I thought, raised false expectations, and was by no means the hinge on which the tale turns.

Mr. Pepys will have told you what violent opposition the Thames Ditton party make, to the bringing the said Monsieur Florio into the world *clandestinely*. Mrs. Walsingham joins Mrs. Garrick and Mr. Pepys, in insisting that he be brought into the world as the lawful issue of his mother. They also earnestly recommend my adding to this

¹ The seat of the Hon. Mrs. Walsingham, daughter of Lady Coningsby.

publication the 'Bas Bleu,' the copies of which are so multiplied, that a mutilated one will probably steal into the world. Now, my dear Madam, I assured them I should not stir a step in this business till I had your directions. I have argued the matter with them, but they seem decided. It breaks in on my little project of secrecy, but I am most afraid that you will think I am only writing to you for your advice to me to do that, which I had resolved to do without it. But I hope you know me better, and that I am not guilty of this affectation. I shall patiently wait for your opinion; you are my Court of Chancery, and your judgment is always decisive, my dearest Madam, with

Your ever obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

If your sentence agree with the wishes of my friends here, I shall send the poems to Cadell, with orders to print immediately, while the town is as idle as Florio.

From Miss H. More to her sister.

London, March, 1787.

The first day I went out I had an invitation to Lady Amherst, and another to *the Vesey*, to meet Mr. Smelt and Miss Burney. I deserted the peeress, and was rewarded for my democracy with a very pleasant and a *very little* party.

I have an Anti-gallican anecdote for you. Just before Sir Joseph Yorke came home from Holland, he was at dinner one day at the Prince of Orange's,

where was the Duc de Chartres; this latter behaved with his usual unpoliteness, and took it into his head to ridicule the English ambassador. Finding that Sir Joseph did not laugh at any of his buffooneries, ‘Quoi, Monsieur,’ said he, ‘est ce que vous ne riez jamais?’ ‘Rarement, Monseigneur,’ replied Sir Joseph with great coolness. Just at that time, the combined French and Spanish fleets were in the British channel—a new subject for the ill-breeding of the French prince. ‘Mais, Monsieur,’ says he again, turning to Sir Joseph, ‘si notre flotte attaqueroit l’Angleterre?’ ‘Alors, Monseigneur, je rirois,’ said Sir Joseph.

I have the pleasure to find Mr. Walpole remarkably well. Yesterday he sent me a very agreeable letter, with some very thick volumes of curious French memoirs, desiring me, if I liked them, to send for the other *twenty-three volumes*—a pretty light undertaking, in this mad town, and this short life. I have just been requested to promote a subscription for poor Maty’s widow, who is left in great distress; but what little I do I had rather do from my own purse, than by applications. I must not remember that he disliked me, and did me whatever little ill turn he could in his Review.

I have three or four invitations for every day; but I can only manage one dinner in one day. I passed an evening very pleasantly at the Bishop of Chester’s, with an episcopal party, among others the new Bishop of Lincoln; and since that I have visited Mrs. Pretymann, at their own house. Yesterday I dined with dear Mrs. Boscawen, and she

carried me to drink tea at Mrs. Delany's, where was Lady Bute, and the old noble party, all except its once greatest ornament, the ever to be regretted Duchess of Portland. We then went to Lady Charlotte Finch's, at St. James's, where we found a very agreeable and accomplished society of all the wise ladies of the age. I was at the Bishop of Salisbury's the other day, and am invited to Mrs. Montagu's to-night, and Mrs. Walsingham's to-morrow, but have declined both.

From the same to the same.

London, March 31, 1787.

Well, I have got the 'Paston Letters.' As letters they have very little merit. The style of composition at that time was barbarous enough; not a bit of the elegance of Rowley; the contemporary (if he ever existed) with the writers of these letters. To be sure they do throw a light on some obscure passages of history; and as they contain the news of the day at a time when there were no newspapers, they often serve to correct history. It is curious enough to see the great Earl of Warwick, the setter-up and puller-down of kings, writing to entreat a friend to lend him ten pounds. Margaret of Anjou appears better than the histories have made her.

I quite quarrel with Mrs. Ord, she does so extol Cowslip Green, that I am forced to lower it too much, to prevent all those who shall see it, after

her commendations, from being disappointed. She gave Mr. Walpole so animated a description of it, that I believe he thinks it almost as fine as Strawberry Hill.

We had a very pleasant comical dinner the other day at Mrs. Cholmeley's. We were only nine females; every thing was very elegant; but we were as merry as if there had been no magnificence; and we all agreed, that men were by no means so necessary as we had all been foolish enough to fancy. On Friday I was at a great dinner at Mrs. Montagu's. It was too numerous to be very agreeable, and we got off in the evening. We had a snug dinner last week at Lady Littleton's—only General Conway, Lady Aylesbury, and the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquis del Campo, a giddy, merry mortal, with great animal spirits, and no very shining parts. He has none of the supercilious gravity of his country, and you would rather take him for a frothy Frenchman than a proud Castilian.

Tell Dr. Stonehouse I have seen Mrs. Gardiner. She is indeed a person of great excellence; her conversation is in heaven, whither she herself may be expected soon to go.

From the same to the same.

London, 1787.

I believe Patty will be a great fortune at last: for the ninth edition of my present to her,—‘The Search after Happiness,’ is gone to the press. I

am really shocked at the public taste, which has taken off ten thousand copies of a poem which I have not patience to read.

One day last week I met at dinner Mrs. Siddons : she is a very fine woman ; I never saw her before. I spent yesterday a sober quiet day at Lady Amherst's ; and read Shakspeare to my Lord till eleven o'clock at night. Lady Amherst has great credit in the education of her young folks. I have had a long visit from Mrs. Trimmer. Her appearance, behaviour, and conversation are full of good sense and propriety. I hear that Brentford exhibits a visible change of manners, in consequence of her labours. She is the author whom I venture most to recommend. I made one lady take three dozen of her books yesterday. I presumed to give her a great deal of good wholesome advice about book-sellers ; for would you believe it, popular as I am persuaded she must be, she has got little or nothing by her writings, except reputation, and the consciousness of doing good : two things on which though I set all due value, yet where there are ten children, money must have the eleventh place in maternal consideration.

I breakfasted on Sunday and Good Friday with the Bishop of Chester, who afterwards carried me to hear him preach both times to my great delectation. Gibbon comes over in June, with three quarto volumes more of his ' Decline and Fall.' I have seen a letter from him, in which he says, ' these three volumes are somewhat slenderer, but not less laboured than their elder brothers.' Nor are they, I dare

say, more free from the leaven of infidelity, which pervades every part of his works. I have been reading a new answer to him by Sir David Dalrymple, very acute, and well-mannered. He manages the sly philosopher with great dexterity, and in a way which is likely to affect a man of Gibbon's cool temper, more than the rough blows and hard words of some of his other opponents.

I was the other day at Mrs. Delany's, who is quite recovered after nine weeks' dangerous illness. What a marvel at eighty-seven! My pretty friend Miss Cholmeley is going to be married to Lord Mulgrave; seventeen and forty-seven is a little disparity, but it is her own choice, though she has beauty and fortune. I hope Mrs. Kennicott will take a trip to Cowslip Green while she stays at Bristol.

I dined yesterday at Mrs. Montagu's. Mr. Pepys and I made an assignation for a quiet chat this evening, at Mrs. Chapone's, where we three spent the pleasantest two or three hours imaginable. We all regretted that we do not get a great many more such, instead of wasting our time in great and promiscuous parties, where there can be little intercourse of mind or sentiment. For this snug party I refused one of the finest assemblies in London, which I knew would be very grand and very dull.

Mr. Pepys told me he had a great struggle whether to come to us or to go to Percy. At last he concluded to give up the child for the sake of the mother. They were astonished at my not being there. I told them as I had been able to resist

Shakspeare so many years, there was no great philosophy in withstanding the poet of that night. The next day I had another attack. I dined with Sir Joshua, Mr. Burke, and two or three others of that stamp. They cried all at once, 'were you not delighted with Mrs. Siddons last night in Percy?' I replied, 'No: for I did not see her.' They would not believe me guilty of such insensibility, adding, 'She did it exquisitely, as the tears of Mr. Fox, who sat with us, testified.'

To-day (Tuesday) I have been into the city to hear good Mr. Newton preach; and afterwards went and sat an hour with him, and came home with two pockets full of sermons.

From the same to the same.

Hampton, 1787.

We are come to Hampton for a couple of days, to dissipate colds and gather violets. I never saw them in such perfection at this time of the year: every flower and shrub makes me long to see those in my own dear garden; which I think, when the apple trees come to blow, must be in high beauty. I want to know if the new limes at the entrance prosper. We are going back to London as soon as we have dined, to be witnesses of its follies and vanities. I was invited last Sunday to Lady Charlotte Finch's, to meet the Duchess Dowager of Beaufort, who is pleased to say she has been seeking to be acquainted with me these two years: but it being the day when those who fear their creditors go abroad,

and those who fear God stay at home, I was deaf to the honour. I was at Lady Amherst's magnificent assembly last week : dull and foolish as assemblies are, yet it is diverting to see them once or twice in a year. A noble suite of rooms, filled with four hundred persons of the first rank, dressed in all the vanity of which the present fantastic fashions allow : but, alas ! the eye is soon satisfied with seeing, and the ear has nothing to hear worth hearing. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland came early : but the Prince of Wales did not arrive till near midnight. He was as usual all gaiety and gracefulness. He did me the honour to ask for me, and to tell me that he had often wished to see me.

You must tell the young ladies that they must now exercise their wit in making synonymes, and *contes folles* ; these are the two exercises of all the *beaux esprits* at Paris. The latter are stories in which are introduced dialogues between mad people, a sort of random nonsense, in which, as Polonius says, ' though it is madness there must be method in it.' The synonymes are of a graver cast, and require a great deal of thought and discrimination. You must take two words which convey something of the same idea, but which on defining them, will appear to be very different ; such as *franchise*, *verité*, *calomnie*, *medisance* ; and then see how many ingenious things you can produce in contrasting them with each other.

To the same.

London, 1787.

We have been at Hampton for some days, to my great joy. It has much abated my headaches. I had yesterday invitations to dine at the Bishop of Salisbury's, and Lord Bathurst's: but was engaged to Mr. Brooksbank, where were all the corps diplomatique, none of whom I thought pleasant, but Sir Joseph Yorke, our thirty years ambassador to Holland.

We had so fine a show of literati on Saturday at Lady Herries's, that somebody was saucy enough to say, that they pitied all other parties that evening, as ours seemed to have monopolized all the wit and learning. A card party would have thought us much greater objects of pity. I was at Mr. Cole's¹ the other evening, where were the Bishops of Chester and Peterborough, Soame Jenyns, Mr. Charles Yorke, Arthur Young, and many others. I tormented Mr. Symons, who succeeded the poet Gray as History Professor at Cambridge, to tell me all about Calabria and Sicily, which he has visited with such a classic spirit, as to make his accounts very pleasing. He is a very good-natured and modest man, and very kind and friendly to me.

John Home, the Scotch poet, breakfasted here yesterday. Douglas writes no more, but has hung up his harp as well as Percy. It is time for us both

¹ A learned lawyer, at whose house she used to meet very select society.

to take our leave of poetry. A friend of mine just come from Paris, told me a story of one of the *notables*. He was a provincial gentleman, of very good sense and learning, but whose coat was not of the newest Paris cut. He was sitting at dinner between two *petit maitres* of the first water, who agreed to roast the countryman; and accordingly began to assail him with the most impertinent curiosity. After patiently bearing their ill-breeding, he said to them, Gentlemen, I will gratify your desire to be acquainted with my character, *hé bien ! donc ; le voici, je suis ni sot, ni fat, mais je suis entre les deux*. This repartee procured him good treatment the rest of the dinner.

To the same.

London, April, 1787.

We have been a whole week at Hampton, which I spent in strolling and reading. I enjoyed it prodigiously, and returned quite well ; poor Mrs. Wilmot was with us, and made it very pleasant. She is so famous a reader of Shakspeare and Spenser, that we were quite poetical and pastoral. I spent a day at Lady Aylesbury's. In the evening there was a concert. It was quite *le temple des beaux arts*. Lady A. works portraits as Raphael paints them ; and there was Mrs. Damer, to remind us of her famous dogs of exquisite sculpture ; and there was my Lord Derby, to talk about his company of Richmond House comedians—(you know Lady Aylesbury is the Duchess of Rich-

mond's mother); Lord Abingdon, and his band of musicians; for it was he who gave us the concert, in which he was the principal performer; and there was general Conway, poet to the ducal theatre. It would have made some of the old nobility stare, to have seen so many great personages descended from them, degenerated (as their noble pride would have called it), into geniuses, actors, artists, and poets. *Real* talent, however, never degrades.

I am just returned from an exhibition of pictures, among others, the famous one of St. Ambrose expelling the Emperor Theodosius from the church, for which £2000. has been refused: I assure you it was not *I* that offered it.

I have had the fortitude to resist the most obliging invitations into Kent, from Mrs. Bouverie, the Bishop of Chester, and Lady Amherst; the latter I could only get off from, by promising to visit her another year, at her fine place at Montreal; so named from my Lord's conquest of that place, and where the sovereigns have been guests. But I could tell them that the attractions of my thatched cottage are more irresistible than all their splendour. I must except the Bishop's, indeed, whose sweet little parsonage at Hunton has none of the dulness of magnificence, but is small enough for ease and enjoyment, especially with such a master and mistress as it boasts.

From Mrs. Trimmer to Miss H. More.

May 10, 1787.

DEAR MADAM,

I feel myself inexpressibly obliged by your kind attention. It would appear like flattery to say how much I value your good opinion, but indeed it has long been the secret wish of my heart to obtain it. Your kind mention of my works to the Bishop of Salisbury¹ I esteem a high obligation. I cannot but be proud of his approbation, though I must consider it as a proof of his regard to religion, which induces him to countenance any attempt, however feeble, to promote its interests. I could wish you, dear Madam, to assure his Lordship that his kind notice gives fresh animation to my zeal, and that I shall be highly gratified if he does me the honour of calling on me.

I have been favoured with a most friendly letter from Dr. Stonehouse, and a present of all his Tracts, &c. My best thanks are due to you, Madam, for the obliging representations which have procured me the notice of this venerable gentleman, who would otherwise have overlooked me and my humble performances. I need not say that it is a great satisfaction to me to be regarded in so favourable a light by the good and the wise ; for you have had such full experience of this kind of plea-

¹ Dr. Barrington, afterwards Bishop of Durham.

sure, that you can easily conceive what I enjoy from this circumstance.

When I see new editions of your publications advertised, I sincerely rejoice that there is so much taste remaining in the world. I hope your useful pen does not lie idle. Surely you mean to favour the public with something more shortly. I have long been in hopes of seeing another volume of 'Sacred Dramas.' Indeed, my dear Madam, you should go on with them; they are so extremely engaging to young minds, and the sentiments so agreeable to Scripture, that they cannot fail of producing the happiest effects. You know that I read the sacred volume frequently; I may truly say it is my highest *entertainment* to do so, and I can assure you that your 'Sacred Dramas' excite in my mind the same kind of *devotional* feeling as the scriptures themselves.

I avail myself of your kind permission to submit the beginning of my new edition of 'Sacred History' to your inspection, and should esteem myself greatly obliged, if you would favour me with your sincere opinion whether I have improved upon the former one or not. I send with it a specimen of the Psalms, which I mentioned when I had the pleasure of seeing you. I believe I must endeavour to do them in a more concise way for Sunday Schools; but at present the revision of 'Sacred History' employs all my time.

In conformity with your friendly counsel, I wrote to my publisher, about three weeks ago, desiring that he would settle my account in the

course of this month, which he has *promised* to do without fail. At present I am a mere bookseller's fag, but hope to have resolution enough to disentangle myself.

When, my dear Madam, may I hope for the favour of your company? I long to introduce my family to you; they are impatient to see a lady whose character and writings they so highly esteem. I wish to show you the spinning-wheel; it is really a most interesting sight, to see twelve little girls so usefully and so agreeably employed. I shall experience so great a disappointment, if I should chance to be out when you come, that I hope you will be able to fix the time. I cannot be satisfied with a mere *call*—surely you can spare me a day. I have a bed at your service, if you can be prevailed on to accept it.

I was very sorry that I had not the honour of seeing Dr. Stonehouse's daughter, who was so obliging as to leave the parcel for me. I beg you will present my best compliments when you see her. I shall write to the Doctor to-day.

My daughters desire to be respectfully remembered to you, and I am,

Dear Madam,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

S. TRIMMER.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Miss H. More.

Coleman Street Buildings, May 11, 1787.

MY DEAR MADAM,

A familiar style of address, you may say, upon so short an acquaintance: but may I not use it by anticipation? Thus, at this season of the year, we speak of a field of wheat, because though there may be some Londoners, who, from its green appearance, would pronounce it to be mere grass, we expect that it will produce ears of wheat, before the harvest arrives. So, from yesterday's specimen, Mrs. Newton and I judge that if you and we were so situated, as that our present slight acquaintance could be cultivated by frequent interviews, you would soon be very dear to us. And even now, from what I have seen, superadded to what I have read and heard, my heart will not allow me to make a serious apology for taking the liberty to say—My dear Madam.

This waits upon you to thank you for your obliging call—to request your acceptance of the Fast Sermon—and to express my best wishes for your welfare, and to assure you that I am, with great sincerity,

Your affectionate and obliged servant,
JOHN NEWTON.

P. S. I wrote a preface to the first volume of Cowper's Poems. His name was not then known

among the booksellers ; and they were afraid to bind up my preface with the book, lest it should operate like a death's-head at a feast, and, by its gravity, hinder the sale it was designed to recommend : but I am not afraid to send *you* a copy.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Newton.

Adelphi, May 18, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR,

You see I adopt your friendly mode of address ; and, I trust, with an equal degree of cordiality. Whenever I know any thing of a person's character and disposition beforehand, if it be of a meritorious kind, and especially if I have read and liked his writings, it saves me a great deal of trouble ; for it cuts off all the long preliminaries of mere acquaintance, and I at once feel that degree of friendship for them which in other cases one does not arrive at, but after much time and by slow gradations.

I should immediately have thanked you for your very acceptable present of books and pamphlets : but that I have been in hope, from day to day, of being able to wait on you with my personal thanks. As every morning has brought its hope, so every day has brought its disappointment ; and as I am now on the point of leaving town, I see very little chance of being able to indulge myself in a way I should like so well. I will not therefore any longer incur the censure of ingratitude, by delaying to thank you for your kind attention to me. Your

little book to your dissenting friend, I opened the moment I came home, intending (for I was very busy) only to read a page or two; but I was so pleased with the candour, good sense, and Christian spirit of it, that I never laid it out of my hands while there was a page unread. I regret that your ideal academy cannot be realized. The large volume I leave unbroached for my country retirement, and expect to receive much profit and pleasure from it.

How could I write so much without saying a word of Mrs. Newton? Only, I suppose, because one generally saves the best for the last. Pray tell her, with my kind compliments, that I regret exceedingly the inconvenient distance between us, which puts it out of my power to cultivate an intimacy from which I am persuaded I should derive so much pleasure and advantage.

I heartily wish you all the comforts and blessings of this world, and in the next the high reward promised to those who turn many to righteousness.

I am, dear Sir,
with much regard, your obliged and faithful
humble servant,

H. MORE.

From the same to the same.

Adelphi, May, 31, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR,

Many thanks for your very kind letter, and the affectionate interest you are so good as to take in my

welfare. It is worth while to be a little sick, were it only to try the kindness of one's friends. I have had a good deal of fever, which is now, I thank God, much abated, though my cough remains: but as I am going out of town almost immediately, I trust that the pure air and quiet of the country will be of service. I am sometimes inwardly rejoiced when a slight indisposition furnishes me with a lawful pretence for not keeping a visiting engagement: but this was far from being the case on Friday last, when I had figured to myself that I should derive not only pleasure but profit from the society I should have found there. But you have said so many consolatory things upon the subject, and have put me in the way of drawing so much good out of these little accidental evils, that I hope I shall be the better, not only from this disappointment, but also from many future ones, for some of the hints you have suggested.

I am thoroughly persuaded of the necessity of seeing and acknowledging the hand of providence in the smaller as well as in the greater events of life: but I want more of the *practical* persuasion of this great truth. Pray for me, my good sir, that I may be enabled to obtain more firmness of mind, a more submissive spirit, and more preparedness, not only for death itself, but for the common evils of life.

I shall look forward with pleasure to the hope of seeing you in my little thatched hermitage during the summer, and am, very truly, my dear Sir,

Your much obliged and sincere friend,

HANNAH MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Hampton, 1787.

If I were in the *Palace of Truth*, I should say, dear Mrs. Kennicott! how can you be so stupid as to mistake the meaning of my note, plain and perspicuous as it was? for I value myself on the clearness of my sense, which it would have been impossible for you not to have understood if you had had common understanding. But, dating from Hampton, I am compelled in courtesy to say, my dear Mrs. Kennicott, I am vastly sorry my stupidity should have given you so much trouble. I am sure I must have expressed myself very ambiguously: the fault I am most apt to commit. I often lament the want of perspicuity in my expressions: but if all my readers had your sagacity and penetration, it would less signify.

Now which manner do you like best, obliging lies or offensive truth? Lying for ever, I say! It is agreeable to wicked nature, and soothing to self-love. What a pretty opinion any one who did not know our meaning would have of my morals? The above declaration too, comes with peculiar propriety from me who have just been reading Fenelon on the beauty of truth. I love to show how I improve by my reading.

I was just going to put an end to this moral and entertaining letter without mentioning a word of the business for which I wrote it; which, to indulge

you with another digression, puts me in mind of Dr. Woodward's sitting three hours with me when I was sick, and after taking leave, coming up stairs to ask how I did: a question he had neglected during his visit. It made a fine laugh. But to return to the carpet. I was here under violent temptation to make a pun; but my prudence got the better of my wit: do not think it was because my wit was weak, but because my prudence was strong. I have a great tenderness for a bad pun that is *spoken*; but a *written* bad pun! that indeed is a very serious evil.

Oh, but I forget; Mrs. G. consented I should give you the hint about the carpet to save your delicacy any contest with Mr. More. She hopes you will excuse the freedom; but she thought the first a shabby present, as she intended it should have amounted to the price of both. She says they are not worth thanks, and begs you will think so too. Best compliments to the Provost, Mrs. Roberts and my friend Miss R. if she is with you.

I am, my dear friend,
affectionately yours,

H. MORE.

From H. More to her sister.

London, June 1787.

The Duchess-dowager of Beaufort asked me a great many questions about Cowslip Green, when I met her lately at Lady Juliana Penn's, where was a large party, all of noble ladies, except my ple-

beian self. I dined on Friday at the Bishop of Salisbury's, and had the honour of meeting yesterday, his grace of Canterbury, and an episcopal group, at the Bishop of Chester's. So for a person who has long protested against going out any more, I keep it up pretty well; but am joyful to say that my last moments are at hand. I close my London life by dining at Mr. Batt's on Friday. On the 8th, I propose to set off at five in the morning, and stay with Dr. Stonehouse till the 11th. Mrs. Boscawen wrung from me my slow consent to sit for my picture to Opie: I would not have done it for anybody else.

CHAPTER III.

IN the month of June in this year, Miss H. More returned to Cowslip Green; and during the summer and autumn of the same year, the following letters passed between her and her friends, particularly Mr. Horace Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford).

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Carter.

Cowslip Green, 1787.

MY DEAREST MRS. CARTER,

I left London the 9th of June, after dining the last day at my neighbour's, Mrs. Batt's, with your friend and admirer Mr. Hawkins Browne, Mr. Pepys, and the two Cambridges, where we talked down not only the sun, but the moon also. I journeyed on to Bristol, near which I met an object which engaged my tenderest affections in a painful manner; it was the funeral procession, all decked with milk-white plumes, of the now-angel daughter of your friend, Lady Cremorne. Poor Lord and Lady Cremorne! I hear they bear this last blow with noble resignation.

You will easily imagine my regret to learn, at my return, that I had spent some time at the Castle at Marlborough, when poor Lady Harriet C—— was actually in the house, engaged in the sad duty of attending her dying son. O, if I had suspected it! That excellent family has lately had many hard trials : may they be sanctified to them !

I had the satisfaction to find my little garden very flourishing ; very few shrubs dead, the flowers multiplied beyond my hope, and the turf of a little spot (which I am afraid we are magnificent enough to call a lawn,) of a verdure uncommonly bright. I am sorry to owe the beauty of my vegetation to such incessant and violent rains as have, I fear, half ruined the poor farmers in my neighbourhood.

I live so much out of the world, that not a newspaper brings me the history of what passes in it ; and the Princess of Orange had been run away with, Miss Cholmeley married, Mr. Gambier dead, and the little Montagu born, weeks before I ever heard that such events had taken place.

I am sure you rejoiced with me on the removal of our excellent friend to the see of London,—a station in which his hands will be so much strengthened, and his power of doing good so widely extended. I rejoice for many reasons, but for none more than that his ecclesiastical jurisdiction extending to the West Indies, will make him of infinite usefulness in the great object I have so much at heart,—the project to abolish the slave trade in Africa. This most important cause has very much occupied my thoughts this summer ; the

young gentleman¹ who has embarked in it with the zeal of an apostle, has been much with me, and engaged all my little interest, and all my affections in it. It is to be brought before parliament in the Spring. Above one hundred members have promised their votes. My dear friend, be sure to canvas every body who has a heart. It is a subject too ample for a letter, and I shall have a great deal to say to you on it when we meet. To my feelings, it is the most interesting subject which was ever discussed in the annals of humanity. When you come to town, I will send you the heads of it.

I am delighted with an old book, but new to me, which I have lately met with, ‘Smith’s Discourses.’² Some of them are too metaphysical for me, but all are full of sterling sense and evangelical piety.

Adieu, my most excellent friend,

Yours, most faithfully,

HANNAH MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Walpole.

Cowslip Green, June, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

It is no encouragement to be good, when it is so profitable to do evil: and I shall grow wicked upon principle, and ungrateful by system. If I thought that not answering one letter would always procure me two such, I would be as silent as ingratitude, bad taste, and an unfeeling heart, can

¹ Mr. Wilberforce.

² John Smith, of Queen’s College, Cambridge.

cause the most undeserving to be. I did, indeed, receive your first obliging letter, and intended, in the true spirit of a Bristol trader, to have sent you some of my worthless beads, and bits of glass, in exchange for your ivory and gold dust, but a very tedious nervous headache has made me less than ever qualified to traffic with you in this dishonest way, and I have been so little accustomed to connect your idea with that of pain and uneasiness, that I know not how to set about the strange association; but I am now better, and would not have named being sick at all, if there were any other apology in the world that would have justified my not writing. Mrs. Carter and I have a thousand times agreed that your wit was by no means the cause of our esteem for you; because you cannot *help* having it if you would; and I never in my life could be attached to any one for their wit, if wit was the best thing they had. It is an established maxim with me, that the truest objects of warm attachment are the small parts of great characters. I never considered the patriotic Brutus with any delight as the asserter of freedom, and as ‘refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar’s fate;’ no, it is the gentle, compassionate Brutus that engages my affection, who refused to disturb the slumbers of the poor boy who attended him in that anxious night, when he destroyed himself, and so much needed his services. So when I sit in a little hermitage I have built in my garden, *not to be melancholy in*, but to think upon my friends, and to read their works, and their letters, Mr. Walpole seldomer

presents himself to my mind as the man of wit, than as the tender-hearted and humane friend of my dear infirm, broken-spirited Mrs. Vesey. We admire talents, and admiration is a cold sentiment, with which affection has commonly nothing to do, but we more than admire them when they are devoted to such gentle purposes. My very heart is softened when I consider that she is now out of the way of your kind attentions, and I fear that nothing else on earth gives her the smallest pleasure. But I shall make you sad, and myself too, if I write any longer in this strain, for I do love her with a tender affection, and cannot but take a warm interest in every thing that is either useful or pleasant to her. Even in this affecting decay of her sweet mind, her heart retains all its amiableness unimpaired. Her purity rather resembles that innocence which is the ignorance of evil, than that virtue which is the conquest over it. But I am running on just as if you did not know and love her as well as I do! I hope she is gone to Tonbridge, which will amuse her a little, though it can do her no good.

I am become a perfect outlaw from all civil society and regular life. I spend almost my whole time in my little garden, 'which mocks my scant manuring.' From 'morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,' I am employed in raising dejected pinks, and reforming disorderly honeysuckles.

Yours, dear Sir, very faithfully,

H. M.

From Mr. Walpole to Miss H. More.

Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1787.

In your note, on going out of town, you desired me to remember you; but as I do not like the mere servile merit of obedience, I took time, my dear Madam, to try to forget you; and having failed as to my wish, I have the free-born pleasure of thinking of you in spite of my teeth, and without any regard to your injunction. No queen upon earth, as fond as royal persons are of their prerogative, but would prefer being loved for herself rather than for her power; and I hope you have not more majesty

‘Than a whole race of queens.’

Perhaps the spirit of your command did not mean that I should give you such manual proof of my remembrance, and you may not know what to make of a subject who avows a mutinous spirit, and at the same time exceeds the measure of his duty. It is, I own, a kind of Irish loyalty; and to keep up the Irish character, I will confess that I never was disposed to be so loyal to any sovereign that was not a subject. If you collect from all this galimatias that I am cordially your humble servant, I shall be content. The Irish have the best hearts in the three kingdoms, and they never blunder more than when they attempt to express their zeal and affection; the reason, I suppose is, that cool sense never thinks of attempting impossibilities; but a warm heart feels itself ready to do more than is possible.

for those it loves. I am sure our poor friend in Clarges Street would subscribe to this last sentence. What English heart ever excelled hers? I should almost have said, equalled, if I were not writing to one that rivals her.

The last time I saw her, before I left London, Miss Burney passed the evening there, looking quite recovered and well, and so cheerful and agreeable, that the court seems only to have improved the ease of her manner, instead of stamping more reserve on it, as I feared; but what slight graces it can give, will not compensate to us and the world for the loss of her company and her writings—not but that *some young ladies* who can write, can stifle their talent as much as if they were under lock and key in the royal library. I do not see but a *cottage* is as pernicious to genius as the queen's waiting-room. Why should one *remember* people that forget themselves? Oh! I am sorry I used that expression, as it is commonly applied to such self-oblivion as that of Mrs. ———, and light and darkness are not more opposite than the forgetfulness to which I alluded and hers. The former forgetfulness can forget its own powers and the injuries of others; the latter can forget its own defects and the obligations and services it has received. How poor is that language which has not distinct terms for modesty and virtue, and for excess of vanity and ingratitude! The Arabic tongue, I suppose, has specific words for all the shades of oblivion, which, you see, has its extremes. I think I have heard that there are some score of different terms for a lion in Arabic, each

expressive of a different quality, and consequently its generosity and its appetite for blood are not confounded in one general word. But if an Arabian vocabulary were as numerous in proportion for all the qualities that can enter into a human composition, it would be more difficult to be learned therein than to master all the characters of the Chinese.

You did me the honour of asking me for my 'Castle of Otranto,' for your library at Cowslip Green. May I, as a printer, rather than as an author, beg leave to furnish part of ■ shelf there? and as I must fetch some of the books from Strawberry Hill, will you wait till I can send them all together? And will you be so good as to tell me whither I shall send them, or how direct and convey them to you at Bristol? I shall have ■ satisfaction in thinking that they will remain in your rising cottage, (in which, I hope, you will enjoy a long series of happy hours) and that they will sometimes, when they and I shall be forgotten in other places, recal to Miss More's memory,

Her very sincere humble servant,

H. WALPOLE.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Walpole.

Cowslip Green, July, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just been thinking that if the amorous poet, who modestly wished to annihilate time and space, had lived to see our fortunate days, he

would have seen his prophetic visions realised—cards having well nigh accomplished the first, and mail-coaches the last. Is it not a little hard that I alone should live in so uncivilised a nook of the island, to which neither of these delights have reached? For the first of them, however, I can pretty well furnish a substitute, by destroying my time most effectually with such elegant arts as weeding and *piping*. Do not fancy, dear Sir, that I mean such sort of piping, as I have heard scholars say, Virgil and Theocritus enchanted their fellow-swains with; no, I mean that more useful art which best effects the propagation of pinks and carnations, and which Flora holds amongst her most mysterious rites. Of the other blessing, the annihilation of space, I cannot partake; mail coaches, which come to others, come not to me. Letters and newspapers, now that they travel in coaches like gentlemen and ladies, come not within ten miles of my hermitage. And while other fortunate provincials are studying the *world* and its ways, and are feasting upon elopements, divorces, and suicides, tricked out in all the elegances of Mr. Topham's phraseology, I am obliged to be contented with village vices, petty iniquities, and vulgar sins; yet I comfort myself, that however my mind stands still in this dearth of information, my English will get less corrupted by the gross dialect of my fellow day-labourers, the *Zummersetshire* clowns, than by the elegant periods and sublimated nonsense of the aforesaid Mr. Topham.

You will allow, Sir, that one must be terribly at

leisure to write all this nonsense ; but it would be decent in me to consider that however I, the writer, may be idle and dissipated, you, the reader, have a thousand demands upon your time ; and that perhaps every moment in which I am engaging your attention, I am sinning, not against the public convenience indeed, for you are no politician, but the public pleasure and delight. I could not, however, for any consideration, public or private, resist the inclination I felt, to thank you for the kind present of your picture, and to inquire how you do ? A question I do not ask in words of course, but as one in which I have an interest, for you were not quite well when I left town. For my own part I deserve more laurels than this dry summer has left in my garden, for the heroic sacrifice I made in quitting London the day I did. I actually returned a ticket for hearing Sheridan's peroration at the impeachment, at my full ease, in the best situation. I had no merit in resisting Mrs. Walsingham's fête, nor General Conway's play, for I should have gone to neither. I came home for the poor-spirited reason of keeping my word with my country friends. I defy history and fable, and Mr. Hayley's 'Triumphs of Temper' into the bargain, to match such an instance of self-denial ; and yet such is the envy and malice of mankind, that I question if either poet will sing, or biographer record it ; and so it must die among those quiet virtues which are not paid in fame, though they cost more than those that are. Very often do I think with true and tender sorrow of poor dear Mrs. Vesey, or

rather Mrs. Handcock, for to her all one's feelings is now due. What does she do now that she has neither you or Mrs. Carter to brighten the sad moments? Her's, I am sure are, seriously, the quiet virtues which will be remembered somewhere.

Yours, dear Sir,

Most truly,

H. M.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Walpole.

Cowslip Green, 1787.

I take no small credit, dear Sir, for having so long denied myself the great satisfaction of thanking you for the favour of your letter. I hope you see all the merit of this abstinence, and will pay me back in reputation all that I lose in pleasure. I confess, however, that there is more discretion than generosity in not having abused the power I possessed of giving you trouble. For I consider, that by not forcing myself into your presence *contre vent et marée*, I shall be received with more complacency when I do appear to you, and shall not compel you continually to associate my name with the ideas of impertinence and torment; besides, you scolded me so heartily, that I should have been frightened, if my self-love, the most ingenious and tender friend I have, and which constantly turns every thing to my own account, had not suggested to me, that I always used to consider your finding fault with me as a mark of favour, and that when you were very civil to me, I was always ransacking

my memory to see if I had not done something wrong.

Your account of dear Mrs. Vesey's affecting situation, struck upon my very heart : I never think of her but with sorrow, because hers is a distress which leaves one nothing to hope : it is terrible that the only clear idea she has left is a keen sense of all she has lost.

Mrs. Carter, who writes me that she has just seen Major Vesey, confirms your sad report ; but as she is of a more hoping spirit than I am, she still flatters herself that the winter, which will bring Mrs. Vesey's friends about her, will restore her to some degree of cheerfulness. Tell her, if you please, when you see her, that I have had the pleasure of seeing a good deal of her amiable niece, Lady de Vesci, who has visited this cottage ; she is a sweet woman, gentle in her mind and manners, very pretty, and very accomplished. What a blessing for Mrs. Vesey that Mrs. Handcock is alive and well ! I do venerate that woman beyond words : her faithful, quiet, patient attachment make all shewy qualities and shining talents appear little in my eyes. There is so little parade in her kindness, that I believe she herself never suspects she is making a sacrifice. Such characters are what Mr. Burke calls the 'soft quiet green on which the soul loves to rest.'

As a contrast to the above I must produce my old friend the milk-woman. She has just brought out another new book, which you may possess for five shillings, and which she has advertised to be

quite free from *my* corruptions. What is curious, she has prefixed to it my original preface to her first book, and twenty pages of the scurrility published against me in her second. To all this she has added the deed which I got drawn by an eminent lawyer, to secure her money in the funds, and which, she asserts, I made Mrs. Montagu sign without reading.

Do, dear Sir, join me in sincere compassion, without one atom of resentment (for that I solemnly protest is the state of my mind towards her) for a human heart of such unaccountable depravity, as to harbour such deep malice for two years, though she has gained her point, and the money is settled to her wish. If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody.

I am, with great truth,

Dear Sir, ever yours,

H. MORE.

From H. More to her sister.

Adelphi, 1787.

Lady Middleton came here as soon as she heard I had arrived, and I spent the same evening with her in Hertford Street. I heard from both Sir Charles and Mr. Morton Pitt, that Mr. Wilberforce had told the House he should bring in a bill, after the holidays, for the abolition of the Slave Trade. Mr. Fox went up to him, and told him he should heartily concur with him in that measure; that he

had thoughts of bringing in such a bill himself, but was very glad it was in so much better hands.

I found an invitation from Mrs. Wilmot, to spend the Christmas at Farnborough Place, but I am already disposed of.

On Saturday we dined at Mrs. Montagu's in a snug family way, and had a great deal of pleasant talk. Her health and spirits are in perfection. I hope I have engaged her heartily in the interest of the blacks.

Yesterday I dined and spent the whole day with the Middletons. It was given up entirely to negro business, and all other company was excluded. I enclose Mr. Ramsay's pointed and most sensible pamphlet, and let all the flesh-and-blood merchants in the world answer it if they can.

From Bishop Porteus to Miss H. More.

1787.

DEAR MADAM,

On my return home yesterday, I was greatly mortified when I understood that I had lost the pleasure of seeing you and our friends from Hertford Street. I have been daily punished for giving way to fashion, and setting out upon a round of ceremonious visits; some of them, too, I confess, to very good sort of people, whom perhaps I shall never find at home: so I have been punished by missing those whom I wished most to see. I was, however, a little consoled to find that you had left a blessing behind you: for so in truth I deem your little

book to be.¹ I was charmed with it, and am impatient to see it in the hands of every man and woman of condition in London and Westminster. The errata are not certainly numerous or important enough to delay the publication a moment. They may be easily corrected in all the copies with the pen. The motto might be added in the same manner, or printed on a little scrap of paper, and pasted on, or a new title page might be printed in a few hours, if you thought it worth-while. Were I to make any cavil, it would be to doubt whether the criminality of negative compared with positive sin is not expressed a little too strongly in pages 68 and 69. But this I say *currente calamo*, and without sufficient time for consideration. Upon the whole I must say that it is a most delicious morsel, and I almost envy you the good that it will do. It will be an excellent precursor to our society, and do half its business beforehand.

I am delighted to hear that your poetry will so soon follow your prose. If it be equally good in its kind, I desire nothing more. You have given me a keen appetite for it, I assure you; and I am such an epicure, that though I have feasted sumptuously on the first course, I wait with eagerness for the delicacies of the second.

Your illness gave us all the truest concern. Pray take care of your health, for the sake of the public and your friends. For where, now that Soame Jenyns is gone, can we find any one but yourself

¹ 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great.'

that can make the 'fashionable world' read books of morality and religion, and find improvement when they are only looking for amusement?

I am, dear Madam,

With great esteem,

Your most faithful,

and obedient servant,

B. LONDON.

From the Rev. John Newton to Miss H. More.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I longed to hear from you, or to see you; and because my longing proved of such long continuance, I feared you continued ill. Your late kind note gratified my wishes, and relieved my apprehensions: and from the hour I received it, I have been watching for an interval of leisure to thank you for it.

Your poem was soon followed by a little book, addressed to the great. In the blank leaf there was written, 'from the author.' As to the rest, I was for a time in suspense, but I believe the prevalence of public reports will now authorize me to thank you for it. I wish I had it before me, but when I had read it rather hastily over, one borrowed it, and then another, and it is still travelling about amongst my friends. I congratulate you on the performance, and especially on your choice of a subject. You could easily write what would procure you more general applause. But it is a singular privi-

lege to have a *consecrated* pen, and to be able and willing to devote our talents to the cause of God and religion. There are no persons whom I more compassionate, or of whom I am more afraid, than some of those whom you so well describe, under the character of good sort of people. If I am lawfully called into the company of the profligate, I am too much shocked to be in great danger of being hurt by them. I feel myself in the situation of the traveller, when assaulted by the north wind. The vehemence of the wind makes me wrap my cloak the faster about me. But when I am with your good sort of people, I am like the same traveller when under the powerful beams of the sun; the insinuating warmth puts me insensibly off my guard, and I am in danger of voluntarily dropping the cloak, which could not be forced from me by downright violence. The circle of politeness, elegance, and taste, unless a higher spirit and principle predominate, is to me an enchanted spot, which I seldom enter without fear, and seldom retire from without loss.

My account of the slave trade has the merit of being true. I am not afraid of being solidly contradicted by any or by all, who are retained by interest to plead on the other side. Some of my friends wish I had said more, but I think I have said enough. They who (admitting that my testimony is worthy of credit,) are not convinced by what I have offered, would hardly be persuaded by a folio filled with particular details of misery and oppression. What may be done just now, I know

not, but I think this infamous traffic cannot last long, at least this is my hope. But after the period of investigation, should it still be persevered in, I think it will constitute a national sin, and of a very deep dye. I should tremble for the consequences; for whatever politicians may think, I assuredly know there is a righteous Judge who governs the earth. He calls upon us to redress the injured, and should we perversely refuse, I cannot doubt but he will plead his cause himself.

You speak of the great distance between the Adelphi and Coleman Street Buildings;—to me they seem almost contiguous. If I knew the convenient season, I would soon convince you that I thought it but a step. However, the penny-post affords a sort of bridge over the gulf between us, and by this medium we may converse whenever we please.

I add Mrs. Newton's affectionate respects to my own, and remain,

My dear Madam,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

JOHN NEWTON.

From Miss H. More to the Rev. John Newton.

Cowslip Green, 1787.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am really extremely obliged to you for your very agreeable and instructive letter. Whenever I receive a letter or a visit, I always feel pleased and

grateful in proportion to the value I set on the time of the visitor or the writer ; and when a friend who knows how to work up to advantage all the ends and fragments of his time, is so good as to bestow a little portion of it on me, my heart owns the obligation ; and I wish it were understood as a preliminary in all acquaintance, that where no good can be done and no pleasure given, it will be so unprofitable a commerce as to be hardly worth engaging in. I am sure your letter *gave* me pleasure, and I hope it *did* me good, so you see it is doubly included in the treaty.

Excepting one month that I have passed at Bath on account of health, and occasional visits to my sisters at Bristol—in this pretty quiet cottage, which I built myself two years ago, I have spent the summer. It is about ten miles from Bristol, on the Exeter road, has a great deal of very picturesque scenery about it, and is the most perfect little hermitage that can be conceived. The care of my garden gives me employment, health, and spirits. I want to know, dear Sir, if it is peculiar to myself to form ideal plans of perfect virtue, and to dream of all manner of imaginary goodness in untried circumstances, while one neglects the immediate duties of one's actual situation ? Do I make myself understood ? I have always fancied that if I could secure to myself such a quiet retreat as I have now really accomplished, that I should be wonderfully good ; that I should have leisure to store my mind with such and such maxims of wisdom ; that I should be safe from such and such temptations ; that in short

my whole summers would be smooth periods of peace and goodness. Now the misfortune is, I have actually found a great deal of the comfort I expected, but without any of the concomitant virtues. I am certainly happier here than in the agitation of the world, but I do not find that I am one bit better; with full *leisure* to rectify my heart and affections, the disposition unluckily does not come. I have the mortification to find that petty and (as they are called) innocent employments, can detain my heart from heaven as much as tumultuous pleasures. If to the pure all things are pure, the reverse must be also true when I can contrive to make so harmless an employment as the cultivation of flowers stand in the room of a vice, by the great portion of time I give up to it, and by the entire dominion it has over my mind. You will tell me that if the affections be estranged from their proper object, it signifies not much whether a bunch of roses or a pack of cards effects it. I pass my life in intending to get the better of this, but life is passing away, and the reform never begins. It is a very significant saying, though a very old one, of one of the Puritans, that ‘Hell is paved with good intentions.’ I sometimes tremble to think how large a square my procrastination alone may furnish to this tessellated pavement.

I shall come London-ward next month, but shall be only geographically nearer you, as I pass much of the winter at Hampton. I shall gladly seize every opportunity of cultivating your friendship, and must still regret that your house and the Adelphi are so wide of each other. I heartily commend myself to

your prayers, and am with the most cordial esteem,
dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

From the Rev. John Newton to Miss H. More.

1787.

MY DEAR MADAM,

It is high time to thank you for your favour of the first of November. Indeed I have been thinking so, for two or three weeks past, and perhaps it is well for you that my engagements will not permit me to write when I please.

Your hermitage—my imagination went to work at that, and presently built one. I will not say positively as pretty as yours, but very pretty. It stood (indeed, without a foundation) upon a southern declivity, fronting a woodland prospect, with an infant river, that is a brook, running between. Little thought was spent upon the house, but if I could describe the garden, the sequestered walks, and the beautiful colours with which the soil, the shrubs, and the thickets were painted, I think you would like the spot. But I awoke, and behold it was a dream! My dear friend William Cowper, has hardly a stronger enthusiasm for rural scenery than myself, and my favourite turn was amply indulged during the sixteen years I lived at Olney. The noises which surround me in my present situation, of carriages and carts, and London cries, is a strong contrast to the sound of falling waters, and the notes of thrushes and nightingales. But London,

noisy and dirty as it is, is my post; and if not directly my choice, has a much more powerful recommendation; it was chosen for me by the wisdom and goodness of Him, whose I trust I am, and whom it is my desire to serve. And therefore I am well satisfied with it: and if this busy imagination (always upon the wing,) would go to sleep, I would not awaken her to build me hermitages; I want none.

The prospect of a numerous and attentive congregation, with which I am favoured from the pulpit, exceeds all that the mountains and lakes of Westmoreland can afford; and *their* singing, when their eyes tell me their voices come from the heart, is more melodious in my ear, than the sweetest music of the woods. But were I not a servant who has neither right nor reason to wish for himself, yet has the noblest wish he is capable of forming, gratified, I say, were it not for my public services, and I were compelled to choose for myself, I would wish to live near your hermitage, that I might sometimes have the pleasure of conversing with you, and admiring your flowers and garden; provided I could likewise at proper seasons, hear from others that joyful sound, which it is now the business, the happiness, and the honour of my life to proclaim, myself. What you are pleased to say, my dear Madam, of the state of your mind, I understand perfectly well; I praise God on your behalf, and I hope I shall earnestly pray for you. I have stood upon that ground myself. I see what you yet want, to set you quite at ease, and though I cannot

give it you, I trust that He who has already taught you what to desire, will in his own best time do every thing for you, and in you, which is necessary to make you as happy as is compatible with the present state of infirmity and warfare ; but he must be waited *on*, and waited *for*, to do this ; and for our encouragement it is written, as in golden letters, over the gate of his mercy, “ Ask, and ye shall receive ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.”

We are apt to wonder that when what we accounted hindrances are removed, and the things which we conceived would be great advantages, are put within our power, still there is a secret something in the way which proves itself to be independent of all external changes, because it is not affected by them. The disorder we complain of is *internal*, and in allusion to our Lord’s words upon another occasion, I may say, it is not that which surrounds us, it is not any thing in our outward situation, (provided it be not actually unlawful,) that can prevent or even retard our advances in religion ; we are defiled and impeded by that which is within. So far as our hearts are right, all places and circumstances, which his wise and good providence allots us, are nearly equal ; their hindrances will prove helps ; losses, gains,—and crosses will ripen into comforts ; but till we are so far apprised of the nature of our disease, as to put ourselves into the hands of the great and only physician, we shall find, like the woman in Luke viii. 43, that every other effort for relief will leave us as it found us.

Our first thought when we begin to be displeased

with ourselves, and sensible that we have been wrong, is to attempt to reform; to be sorry for what is amiss, and to endeavour to amend. It seems reasonable to ask, what can we do more? but while we think we can do so much as this, we do not fully understand the design of the gospel. This gracious message from the God who knows our frame, speaks home to our case. It treats us as sinners—as those who have already broken the original law of our nature, in departing from God our creator, supreme lawgiver, and benefactor, and in having lived to ourselves instead of devoting all our time, talents, and influence to his glory. As sinners, the first things we need are pardon, reconciliation, and a principle of life and conduct entirely new. Till then we can have no more success or comfort from our endeavours, than a man who should attempt to walk whose ankle was dislocated; the bone must be reduced before he can take a single step with safety, or attempt it without increasing his pain. For these purposes we are directed to Jesus Christ, as the wounded Israelites were, to look at the brazen serpent, John iii. 14, 15. When we understand what the scripture teaches of the person, love, and offices of Christ, the necessity and final causes of his humiliation unto death, and feel our own need of such a Saviour; we then know him to be the light, the sun of the world and of the soul; the source of all spiritual light, life, comfort, and influence; having access by God to him, and receiving out of his fulness grace for grace.

Our perceptions of these things are for a time faint

and indistinct, like the peep of dawn ; but the dawning light, though faint, is the sure harbinger of approaching day, Prov. iv. 18. The full-grown oak that overtops the wood, spreads its branches wide, and has struck its roots to a proportionable depth and extent into the soil, arises from a little acorn : its daily growth, had it been daily watched from its appearance above ground, would have been imperceptible, yet it was always upon the increase ; it has known a variety of seasons, it has sustained many a storm, but in time it attained to maturity, and now is likely to stand for ages. The beginnings of spiritual life are small likewise in the true Christian ; *he* likewise passes through a succession of various dispensations, but he advances, though silently and slowly, yet surely, and will stand for ever.

At the same time it must be admitted, that the Christian life is a warfare. Much within us and much without us must be resisted. In such a world as this, and with such a nature as *our's*, there will be a call for habitual self-denial. We must learn to cease from depending upon our own supposed wisdom, power, and goodness, and from self-complacence and self-seeking—that we may rely upon him whose wisdom and power are infinite.

It is time to relieve you, I shall therefore only add Mrs. Newton's affectionate respects. Commending you to the care and blessing of the Almighty,

I remain, my dear Madam, with great sincerity,

Your affectionate and obliged servant,

JOHN NEWTON.

From H. More to her Sister.

Boyle Farm, 1787.

I never was so astonished as to see this large and very elegant house already completely furnished ; all the beautiful purple and gold pilasters of the magnificent library, the chimney pieces, sculpture as well as painting, both designed and executed by Miss Boyle.¹ The doors are adorned with rich paintings, copied from the Vatican ; the pannels, pictures emblematical of the arts and sciences, from Herculaneum, all done by that young lady in the short space of a year !

Mr. Soame Jenyns is dead ; what a bright sun is there set. It is great comfort to reflect that it did not set obscured with those dark doubts of the truth of the Christian religion which hung over him for so many years, and that as soon as his own views became brighter, he had the honesty to wish to clear up those of others. I trust he now ‘knows as he is known.’ As to wit, humour, gentle manners and pure taste, I hardly know his equal ; but I should not now contemplate even these amiable qualities with any satisfaction, if I were not persuaded he died a sincere believer. He has left the copyright of all his works to my friend Mr. Cole. His will expressed his desire that poor Mrs. Jenyns should make her’s directly : and, accordingly, she did so the next day : think of such a task at such a

¹ Afterwards Lady Henry Fitzgerald.

time! How Mr. Cole, Mrs. Boscawen, and I shall mourn when we meet.

The reader will have collected from the many reflections which are incidentally scattered over these letters, that neither the fascinations of wit and talent, nor the splendour of rank and affluence, with which the subject of this memoir was surrounded, had obscured her spiritual discernment, or rendered her blind to that fatal levity, that indifference to religion, and that disregard to the sacredness of the Sabbath, which prevailed in the higher ranks of society. She perceived all this, indeed, with all the sorrow natural to a mind full of Christian sympathy; but she felt it her duty to do something more than lament,—she resolved, with a righteous courage, to raise her voice against it. It is impossible duly to appreciate the value of the effort she made in publishing her work on ‘*THE MANNERS OF THE GREAT*,’ without considering that her’s were not the animadversions of a recluse, but of one who was flattered, admired, and courted by the very people whose vices and follies she was about to reprove; and these, too, persons whom she was in the daily habit of meeting, and whose attentions were supposed to confer great distinction. Nor let it be forgotten that this publication was not the product of a censorious temper, but of a heart and understanding nobly engaged in the cause of God, and of the soul. She could not be ignorant that this step might probably exclude her

from those circles in which she had hitherto been so conspicuous and so caressed; but the happiness of her friends was dearer to her than their favour. Thus was a new era entered upon in the literary life of our author. She now began to dedicate her powerful talents to the more immediate service of God, and the benefit of his rational creatures, and made her first direct advance in the walk of a Christian moralist,—that walk in which she afterwards proceeded, with “her mind stayed upon Him” who “holdeth up the goings of his people in the way of his commandments.”

From H. More to her Sister.

London, 1788.

For this last week I have been writing all day, and half the night, either in prose or in verse. My book is now before the public, with its sounding title, ‘Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society.’ I really was fearful lest many of those with whom I live a good deal, might think that my own views and their’s were too much alike. Occasions, indeed, continually occur in which I speak honestly and pointedly; but all one can do in a promiscuous society is not so much to start religious topics, as to extract from common subjects some useful and awful truth, and to counteract the mischief of a popular sentiment by one drawn from religion; and if I do any little good, it is in this way; and this they will in a degree endure. Fine people are ready enough to join you in reprobating vice; for

they are not *all* vicious ; but their standard of right is low ; it is not the standard of the gospel. In this little book I have not gone deep ; it is but a superficial view of the subject ; it is confined to prevailing practical evils. Should this succeed, I hope, by the blessing of God, another time to attack more strongly the *principle*. I have not owned myself the author ; not so much because of that fear of man, which “ worketh a snare,” as because, if anonymous, it may be ascribed to some better person : and because I fear I do not live as I write. I hope it may be useful to myself, at least, as I give a sort of public pledge of my principles, to which I pray I may be enabled to act up.

I am now busily engaged on a poem, to be called ‘ Slavery.’ I grieve I did not set about it sooner ; as it must now be done in such a hurry as no poem should ever be written in, to be properly correct ; but good or bad, if it does not come out at the particular moment when the discussion comes on in parliament, it will not be worth a straw. This I shall bring out in an open honourable manner, with my name staring in the front ; but the other is to be a clandestine birth ; so be sure not a word on the subject. The Bishop of London carried me to make several visits the other morning ; among others, to Mrs. Delany, who seemed quite rejoiced to see me. She is as lively and as agreeable as ever, and her extreme sensibility puts me in mind of a remark Mr. Burke once made to me, ‘ that she was almost the only person he ever saw, who at eighty-eight blushed like a girl.’

From the same to the same.

London, Jan. 11, 1788.

On Tuesday we dined a very select little party in Portman Square, all gentlemen, except Mrs. Montagu and ourselves. Sir Joshua, Mr. Jermin, Mr. Walpole, and Dr. Blagden, a new blue-stock-
ing, and a very agreeable one. He is Secretary to the Royal Society; so modest, so sensible, and so knowing, that he exemplifies Pope's line, 'Willing to teach, and yet not proud to know.' The next day I had one of our pleasant, confidential, serious *tête-a-tête* dinners with Mrs. Boscawen; she was as usual, all affection, and said to me, 'I love you for yourself, but others who may appear equally fond of you, love you because you are the fashion:' this is so true, that I could name more than one, who, provided I could entertain them, would not care though my heart ached. Mr. Walpole has asked Mrs. Boscawen's leave to have a copy of my picture, which hangs in the most conspicuous part of her drawing-room. Mrs. Walsingham has desired to take one herself for her library, and Lady Middleton intends to copy it if she can get leave; if they do obtain it, it will be without my consent, and against my will.¹

The next day we dined with our pleasant neighbour, Mr. Batt. He set us down in the evening at Mrs. Vesey's: poor soul! a bright ray of joy

¹ This picture is now in the possession of Lady Olivia Sparrow.

broke through her clouded mind at sight of her friends. Did I tell you that Percy was bespoken by Mons. de Calonne, and that this late Premier of France translated it into French, and wished to see it acted here previous to getting it up in Paris ! The next day we dined at Lord Mount Edgcombe's ; Mr. Walpole, who had been seeing Percy the night before, quite raved at me for not going. He was in raptures with Mrs. Siddons. All this printing work coming together has engrossed my time so much, that I should have been distracted if I had dined out every day, and it has been a very pleasant confinement ; for I have had a Walpole, or a Montagu, or a Porteus, or a Barrington every day. The slave cause gains proselytes, and of course opposers, every day. Mr. Wilberforce has not been well ; so the day for bringing it on is not yet named. My little poem on Slavery is too short and too much hurried ; it of course will be very imperfect ; for I did not begin it till a fortnight ago. I would on no account bring out so slight and so hasty a thing on any less pressing occasion, but here time is every thing.

From the same to the same.

London, 1788.

I had a kind visit from Dr. Heberden the other day, to thank me for my book which I had sent him, though without a name ; but he guessed it was mine, and he did thank me indeed in a most liberal manner, by giving me for the poor Louisa a ten

pound bank note. Yesterday, as Mrs. Garrick and I were chatting, I fell on the adventures of the poor B——'s, with which she was much interested, and gave me a bank-note of ten pounds towards furnishing the house. No end of my good fortune this week, as you know if you have seen the Hayneses. I was telling one day the history of the piety, losses, and sufferings of this good clergyman to Mrs. Bouverie, not, I confess, quite guiltless of design, and she made me a present of a twenty pound bank-note for them. I am almost tempted to say with a certain celebrated enthusiast, 'that I don't care to waste my time by dining with a man who will not give me a guinea for the poor.' I met the other day our old Bath acquaintance, Lady Dumfries, who obligingly remembered me, though I did not her, and we had a great deal of conversation. She seems a pious woman.

I will send you Johnson's Letters as soon as I can. You need not be very much in a hurry. There is little to gratify curiosity, or to justify impatience. They are such Letters as ought to have been *written*, but ought never to have been *printed*. Still they are the true letters of friendship, which are meant to show kindness rather than wit. Every place to which he was invited, every dose of physic he took, every body who sent to ask how he did, is recorded. I can read them with a degree of interest, because I knew and loved the man; and besides, was often a party concerned in the dinners he mentions. A few of these letters are very good; sometimes he is moral, and sometimes he is kind—

two points of view in which it is always agreeable to consider Johnson. I am often named, never with unkindness, sometimes with favour. The imprudence of editors and executors is an additional reason why men of parts should be afraid to die. Burke said to me the other day in allusion to the innumerable lives, anecdotes, remains, &c. which have been published of Johnson,—‘How many maggots have crawled out of that great body!’ There are some good sprightly letters from Mrs. Thrale herself; but it is odd to print one’s own letters while one is alive and merry.

From the same to the same.

London, 1788.

Pray, tell dear Dr. Stonehouse I heard the Bishop of Salisbury warmly commending and recommending his book. I carried good Mrs. Trimmer there yesterday. The Bishop diverted us by saying he was between two very singular women, one who undertook to reform all the *poor*, and the other all the *great*; but he congratulated *her* upon having the most hopeful subjects. I forgot to tell you that when the second edition had been out only six days, I had a note from Cadell to say that a third edition must be got ready immediately. I put myself in mind of Harriet Byron, in telling my own praises. I have been staying a week in the country, but yesterday I was at a party which diverted me exceedingly; it was composed of as incongruous and heterogeneous a collection as Cecilia’s parties used to be, when

Delville, Briggs, and Hobson met together. There were lords and ladies, with the whole corps diplomatique, some learned foreigners (with whom I had a great deal of conversation) Marchesi, the famous new opera man, General Paoli, Hutton the Moravian, and Mrs. Abington the actress; was it not a curious melange? I have renewed my acquaintance with Lady Catharine Graham, and we have visited.

From the same to the same.

London, 1788.

When I had got rid of all my printing cares and incumbrances, I went to Hampton again for a few days, which quite carried off my cold. The *secret* book seems to make its way very much in the great world; but the demon of suspicion is awakened, I am afraid, not to be lulled to sleep; however, we own nothing. At first, it was currently said to be Mr. Wilberforce's: Lord Elgin came to the Bishop of London's, and assured them of this as a certain fact; but, unfortunately, going from the Bishop to call on Mr. W. he found him reading it, and extolling it, which put an end to *that* conjecture. Then it was as confidently reported to be the Bishop himself, till somebody recollected that the author had said he was not a clergyman. I received an anonymous epigram the other day, but I think I know the hand. Here it is—

Of sense and religion in this little book
All agree there's a wonderful store;
But while round the world for an *author* they look,
I only am wishing for *More*.¹

I am a little frightened; but nobody has betrayed me; it is only by the internal evidence that it is guessed at. When the author is discovered, I shall expect to find almost every door shut against me:—*mais n'importe*, I shall only be sent to my darling retirement. I spent Saturday evening at Lady Amherst's; the *book* lay on the table—several of the company took it up, talked it over, and Mr. Pepys looked me through; so that I never had such difficulty to keep my countenance. A day or two before, I dined at the Bishop of Salisbury's; I was obliged to sit to hear him, Mrs. Montagu, and the Bishop of Lincoln talk it over with the greatest warmth; all commended it, though some of the company thought it rather too strict, but the bishops justified it.

As to '*Slavery*,' I know not what degree of success it has in the world at large; among the critics it is in pretty good odour; my two favourite bishops commend it, and I have had very polite and flattering letters from the Bishops of Llandaff, Peterborough, &c.; and very pleasant ones from the Dean of Canterbury and Dean Tucker, some of which I inclose.

¹ It was Mrs. Walsingham's.

From the Bishop of Llandaff to Miss H. More.

Great George Street, Feb. 10, 1788.

MADAM,

Allow me to return you my best thanks for the obliging present of your poem on Slavery. How much soever I may admire the excellence of the composition, it is still inferior to the excellence of the principle which gave rise to it: and I am sensible that persons of your turn of mind feel more satisfaction from the internal approbation of their own hearts, than from any praises which can, however justly, be given to their genius.

I am, Madam, with great respect,

Your obliged servant,

R. LLANDAFF.¹

From Dr. Horne to Miss H. More.

Magdalen College, Feb. 13, 1788.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Accept my best thanks for the valuable present of your excellent and well-timed poem *on Slavery*. When the negroes are put on board the ship, and have taken a sad farewell of their native country, nothing, it is said, can compose and solace them but a little music of some kind or other. May the sweet strains of your muse contribute towards procuring them comforts of a more solid and durable

¹ Dr. Watson.

cast, such as you describe in your last page. Religion and humanity would determine the question speedily; but policy will exhibit many a turn and double in the chase. However, I hear that Mr. Fox has given Mr. Wilberforce the right hand of fellowship upon this occasion, and will second him; so that you will have both parties enlisted under your banner. About the middle of the third century, the swarthy Cyprian, Archbishop of Carthage, presided in a council of eighty-seven African bishops. Who knows what times may be seen there again?

My wife has been much disturbed about this business of the slave-trade; till, yesterday morning, she consulted Mrs. Onslow, who was a native of one of our West Indian islands. She came home much comforted, with the hope that matters might not be quite so bad as they have been represented, and, in the afternoon, put into her tea the usual quantity of sugar. I have not yet ventured to read your poem to her, because as she knows *you* never say the thing that is not, I am afraid it will be the occasion of withdrawing one lump, and diminishing the other.

I am, my dear Madam,
Your obliged and affectionate servant,

G. HORNE.

From the Rev. J. Warton to Miss H. More.

Winchester, 1788.

MADAM,

I return you a thousand thanks for the very valuable present of your poem; for such I really think it, and must entreat you to believe that I say so with strict truth, and not in the style of idle unmeaning compliment. I do not remember *ever* to have seen so much good sense and knowledge of the world expressed so elegantly and poetically in any work of equal length. I shall religiously obey your order, in keeping to myself what ought to be generally known. I am, Madam, with the truest respect,

Your much obliged and very faithful,
humble servant,

JOS. WARTON.

H. More to her Sister.

I had not seen Mr. Wilberforce for an age, on account of my confinement, and his engagements. He sent me last week a note entreating I would meet him for one hour at Sir Charles Middleton's, but I was not able to comply. The other day, just as I was going to dinner, arrived Lady Middleton, saying, I must at all events come away with her immediately to dine with Mr. Wilberforce at her house. We had four or five hours of most confi-

dential and instructive conversation, in which we discussed all the great objects of reform which they have in view.

Mr. Owen Cambridge came to breakfast with us yesterday, and brought, himself, a very pleasant letter about my poem. As he was sitting with Mrs. Garrick on one side, and me on the other, he suddenly started up, and said he was one of the most unfortunate men in the world, for he was between *popery* and *slavery*. In this letter, and in another from Mr. Walpole, both conclude with styling themselves my *slave*. Here you have Mr. Cambridge's letter.

From Mr. Cambridge to Miss H. More.

1788.

DEAR MADAM,

I return you thanks for your obliging present of your excellent and most humane poem. I have just sat down to read it, having been much employed in London. Since I cannot depend on being there at any time, or when there, having it in my power to wait on you, I must take the liberty upon paper to comment on your second page, by relating to you the ideas of a sensible negro on cosmogony, who considered that when the God of the universe created this globe, he made first a black man, and said to him, 'Black man, I make you first, because you are my favourite, and therefore I give you the choice of this earth; and whatever part of it you like best shall be yours, and go to your children. In return for this partial lot, you must be good,

and all blessings shall be continued to you.' 'Then,' said the poor fellow, to use his own words) 'Black man laugh. Him choose fine warm country, bring plenty to eat, want no clothes, live without labour. Black man happy, but black man no good, no deserve. So God made white man : tell him he be good ; he be favourite ; bid him choose where to live. White man look about ; see black man got all good country—white man cry. Him forced wear clothes for cold ; him hungry ; nothing to eat. Him complain. God pity him ; tell him be good ; he give him *head*. White man got head ; him build house, make clothes, light fire, plant yam. White man laugh. But white man no good. White man got head—make black man slave—black man cry. Black man got friend—friend got head. Black man laugh.'

I beg you to excuse the haste in which I am obliged to write this, who am Mrs. Garrick's humble servant and your slave.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.

H. More to her sister.

Lady Juliana Penn came to thank me for the compliment paid to her name and the quakers, in the little poem of *Slavery*.

I was over-persuaded by Lord and Lady Amherst to go to the trial, and heard Burke's famous oration of three hours and a quarter without intermission. Such a splendid and powerful oration I never heard, but it was abusive and vehement beyond all concep-

tion. Poor Hastings sitting by and looking so meek, to hear himself called *villain*, and *cut throat*, &c.! The recapitulation of the dreadful cruelties in India, was worked up to the highest pitch of eloquence and passion, so that the orator was seized with a spasm which made him incapable of speaking another word, and I did not know whether he might not have died in the exertion of his powers, like *Chatham*. I think I never felt such indignation as when Burke, with Sheridan standing on one side, and Fox on the other, said, ‘Vice incapacitates ■ man from all public duty, it withers the powers of his understanding, and makes his mind paralytic.’ I looked at his two neighbours, and saw they were quite free from any symptom of palsy.

I am in trouble for Mrs. Delany. I was with her on Saturday; she was perfectly well, and gay; but that very night was taken with a fever, and has lain dangerously ill ever since. At eighty-eight, one ought to be more willing to resign her; but all her friends are in as much anxiety about her as if she had not long been preparing for a better life. I picked up some French to-day which will please Harriet Rodd. I saw for the first time in my life the renowned John Wilkes; he is very entertaining; the talk falling upon bad French, he gave us some specimens of the boarding-school French, where his daughter was educated. When anybody came to fetch them home, they used to go up to their governess and say, ‘*Madame, Je suis venu pour.*’ Mr. Walpole pursues his persecution of me about *Puritanism*. We spent the evening together

on Saturday at Mr. Pepys's. Mr. Wilberforce sent yesterday a note to Sir Charles Middleton, to say that he and his sister were come to town for a single day, but he did not intend to appear to any body, as he was so ill, but would come and dine there, and begged if it were possible, they would get me to meet him. I staid of course. He appeared to be in bad health, yet he was cheerful and animated; and even in this condition, his zeal for doing good, the projects of his head and heart for serving people, and the ardour of his piety, were quite edifying.

Alas! Mrs. Delany is dead. She was perfectly sensible, holding a gentleman by the hand, and telling him how full her life had been of blessings; and that what she had to look forward to, was still inexpressibly happier than all she had already enjoyed. How is that noble society of ancient days, which I used to meet in her little room, broken up, since I had the honour of being admitted there! Duchess of Manchester, Dowager Lady Gower, Duchess of Portland, Mrs. Delany herself—all gone!

Since writing the above, I have had a note from Cadell, to say a fourth edition of 'Manners of the Great' must be put to press immediately; the third came out and was sold off in four hours on Saturday. Is it not unaccountable? Cadell says almost all the Bishops have told him the book is mine; so now when taxed with it, my friends do not deny it, though I have not owned it myself in words.

The Bishop and Mrs. Porteus are already gone

to take possession of the Palace at Fulham, having left London for good ; but they are so near that we shall be no great losers. With the most affectionate kindness they both pressed me to go and spend some time with them, and they would nurse me, and cure my cough. They were so earnest in this request, that I certainly should have accepted it, if I had not been quite well. I have however promised to spend a few days with them before I go to Bristol. Yesterday I visited Mr. Walpole, he said not a word of the little sly book, but took me to task in general terms for having exhibited such monstrously severe doctrines. I knew he alluded to the ‘Manners of the Great,’ but we pretended not to understand one another, and it was a most ridiculous conversation. He defended (and that was the joke)—religion against me, and said he would do so against the whole bench of Bishops ; that the Fourth Commandment was the most amiable and merciful law that ever was promulgated, as it entirely considers the ease and comfort of the hard-labouring poor, and beasts of burden ; but that it never was intended for persons of fashion, who have no occasion to rest, as they never do any thing on the other days ; and indeed at the time the law was made, there were no people of fashion. He really pretended to be in earnest, and we parted mutually unconverted ; he lamenting that I am fallen into the heresy of *puritani- cal* strictness, and I lamenting that he is a person of fashion, for whom the Ten Commandments were not made.

To the same.

London, 1788.

I was invited to Fulham to hear the Bishop preach for the first time in his own chapel on Sunday, and afterwards to spend the day with him. I went with the Middletons; they have a charming palace quite complete already; fine grounds, and every thing about them this world can give, while I trust they are preparing themselves and others for a better. I was quite delighted to see them in a situation which will enlarge his influence and usefulness; we went to chapel twice. I am astonished at the unexpected and undeserved popularity of 'The Manners,' it is in the houses of all the great. Did I tell you that some time ago Mr. Smelt walked up to me and said without any preface, 'Well, the ladies will give up every thing but the Sunday hair-dresser.' You may be sure I looked very wise.

The fifth edition of 'Manners of the Great' has been in the press above a week. I have only read the preface and one chapter of the three new volumes of Gibbon's book. The same gorgeous diction, the same sneers at Christianity, and the same affectation of the French manner, which tainted the first volumes: yet it very fully supplies a vast chasm of information, and must always be considered as an important work. It has much merit, more mischief. I have just received a card of invitation from a Countess to a concert next SUNDAY, with a conditional postscript, 'if I ever do such

a thing on ■ Sunday ;' and I have sent for answer, that *I never do such a thing*. After such a public testimony as I have given, one would have thought I should have escaped such an invitation. I was at a large dinner yesterday at Mrs. Montagu's, who sent many compliments to you all. The only person who was new to me was Mr. Potter, the learned and elegant translator of Æschylus. He is a very amiable and modest man. He showed me a letter from the Chancellor, appointing him unasked to a desirable piece of preferment. He never saw him, but thought his literary merit entitled him to be taken notice of. Poor man, he is all gratitude, for he has had many troubles. Were you not pleased to see that Mr. Pitt has kept his promise to his friend Wilberforce, and introduced the slave business ?

I passed a quiet evening at Mrs. Dickenson's, with only Lord Stormont, whom Lord Monboddo told me is the most learned nobleman we have ; he was very informing with respect to many facts that occurred during his embassy at Paris. He tells me that Madame de Sevigné's letters are going into disrepute ; I am sorry that good taste is so much on the decline. I am reading my friend Mr. Bowdler's account of the Revolution in Holland ; like every thing that comes from that family, it is full of truth and good sense.

To the same.

London, May 22, 1788.

I have been pleasantly engaged for a week past during this fine weather, in going almost every day to some pleasant villa of different friends. Tuesday I dined at Strawberry Hill, a pleasant day, and a good little party. The next day we went to a sweet place which Mr. Montagu has bought on Shooter's Hill. Another day I went to Richmond with Mrs. Boscawen, and came home in the evening to a *Thé* at Mrs. Montagu's. Perhaps you do not know that a *Thé* is among the stupid new follies of the winter. You are to invite fifty or a hundred people to come at eight o'clock: there is to be a long table, or little parties at small ones; the cloth is to be laid, as at breakfast; every one has a napkin;—tea and coffee are made by the company, as at a public breakfast; the table is covered with rolls, wafers, bread and butter; and what constitutes the very essence of a *Thé*, an immense load of hot buttered rolls, and muffins, all admirably contrived to create a nausea in persons fresh from the dinner table. Now, of all nations under the sun, as I take it, the English are the greatest fools:—because the Duke of Dorset in Paris, where people dine at two, thought this would be a pretty fashion to introduce; we who dine at six, must adopt this French translation of an English fashion, and fall into it, as if it were an original invention: taking up our own custom at third hand. This will be a short folly.

Poor Lady Mulgrave, married not a year, a little more than eighteen, good, great, beautiful, and happy, died yesterday in childbirth. It is hard to say whether her poor Lord, her father and mother, or the Smelts, are in the greatest affliction. I thought she would have proved a pattern to the young women of fashion—so domestic and so discreet! Among my country excursions I must not omit dining with Mrs. Trimmer and her twelve children at Brentford—a scene, too, of instruction and delight. The other day I was at Mr. Langton's; our subject was Abolition; we fell to it with great eagerness, and paid no attention to the wits who were round us, though there were two who were new to me,—Mr. Malone, the critic of Shakspeare, and Dr. Gillies, author of the new history of Greece. I go to Mrs. Bouverie's, at Teston, for a fortnight, and then to Fulham Palace for another fortnight, and then to my own dear cottage.

From Miss H. More to the Rev. John Newton.

Cowslip Green, July 23, 1788.

MY DEAR SIR,

I rejoice that you and Mrs. Newton are in possession of the pure delight of retirement, rural scenery, health, and friendly society, the best natural blessing of human life. 'God made the country, and man made the town,' says the delightfully enthusiastic bard you are so near,—a sentence to which my heart always makes an involuntary warm response. I have been now some weeks in the quiet enjoyment

of my beloved solitude, and the world is wiped out of my memory, as with the sponge of oblivion. But as I have observed to you before, so much do my gardening cares and pleasures occupy me, that the world is not half so formidable a rival to heaven in my heart, as my garden.

I trifle away more time than I ought, under pretence, (for I must have a creditable motive to impose even upon myself,) that it is good for my health; but in reality, because it promises a sort of indolent pleasure, and keeps me from thinking and finding out what is amiss in myself. The world, though I live in the gay part of it, I do not actually much love; yet friendship and kindness have contributed to fix me there, and I dearly love many individuals in it. When I am in the great world, I consider myself as in an enemy's country and as beset with snares, and this puts me upon my guard. I know that many people whom I hear say a thousand brilliant and agreeable things, disbelieve or at least disregard those truths on which I found my everlasting hopes. This sets me upon a more diligent inquiry into those truths; and "upon the arch of Christianity, the more I press, the stronger I find it." Fears and snares seem necessary to excite my circumspection; for it is certain that my mind has more languor, and my faith less energy here, where I have no temptations from without, and where I live in the full enjoyment and constant perusal of the most beautiful objects of inanimate nature, the lovely wonders of the munificence and bounty of God. Yet, in the midst of his blessings

I should be still more tempted to forget him, were it not for the frequent nervous headaches and low fevers, which I find to be wonderfully wholesome for my moral health. I feel grateful, dear Sir, for your kind anxiety for my best interests. My situation is, as you rightly apprehend, full of danger; yet less from the pleasures than from the deceitful favour and the insinuating applause of the world. The goodness of God will, I humbly trust, preserve me from taking up with so poor a portion: nay, I hope what he has given me, is to shew that all is nothing, short of himself; yet there are times when I am apt to think it a great deal, and to forget him who has promised to be my portion for ever.

I am delighted, as you rightly conjectured, with the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ I forget my dislike to allegory, while I read the spiritual vagaries of his fruitful imagination,

Yours, dear Sir,

most faithfully,

H. MORE.

From Mr. Walpole to Miss H. More.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 17, 1788.

DEAR MADAM,

I am unwilling to write letters, whenever I have no present topic to occupy me but my own disorder, which being chronical and rarely dangerous, I do not choose to fatigue my correspondents with it. If Mrs. Dickenson has answered a very pleasant letter she showed me from you above a week ago, she

will probably have told you that I am confined again by the gout in my left arm and hand ; it is going off, and I hope to be at liberty in two or three days. I judge with great pleasure by your letters, that you are quite recovered of your winter's illness.

Miss —— has left Richmond ; perhaps they have not told you that it is to humour the caprice of the poor mad sister, who sent for her, I believe very unnecessarily ; and she is too good not to sacrifice her own enjoyments and peace to what she thinks her duty. Our other poor friend¹ grows dreadfully worse, that is, violent and untractable ; so that if they could have company, I fear it will soon not be decent to admit them ; but I am afflicting your tender mind to no purpose ; I had better have talked of my own gout, which is no great calamity.

In this great discovery of a new mine of Madame de Sevigné's letters, my faith, I confess, is not quite firm. Do people sell houses wholesale without opening their cupboards ? This age, too, deals so much in false coinage, that booksellers and Birmingham give equal vent to what is not sterling ; with the only difference, that the shillings of the latter pretend that the names are effaced, while the wares of the former pass under borrowed names. Have not we seen, besides all the *testaments politiques*, the spurious letters of Ninon de l'enclos, of Pope Ganganelli, and the memoirs of the Princess Palatine ? This is a little mortifying, while we know that there actually exist at Naples a whole

¹ Mrs. Vesey.

library of genuine Greek and Latin authors, most of whom probably have never been in print; and where it is not unnatural to suppose the works of some classics, yet lost, may be in being, and the remainder of some of the best; yet at the rate in which they proceed to unrol, it would take as many centuries to bring them to light, as have elapsed since they were overwhelmed. Nay, another eruption of Vesuvius may return all the volumes to chaos! Omar is stigmatized for burning the library of Alexandria—is the king of Naples less a Turk? is not it almost as unconscientious to keep a seraglio of virgin authors under the custody of nurses, as of blooming Circassians? Consider, my dear madam, I am past seventy, or I should not be so ungallant as to make the smallest comparison between the contents of the two Harems. Your picture, which hangs near my elbow, would frown, I am sure, if I had any light meaning.

Adieu, my dear madam.

I am most cordially yours,

HORACE WALPOLE.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Walpole,

Cowslip Green, Sept. 1788.

You were exceedingly good indeed, dear sir, to write to me with one hand, while the other was in pain: and there is no pain for which I feel such keen sensibility as the gout, from the bitter affinity I fancy it has with the rheumatism, my familiar acquaintance; you were in hopes to be quite free

from it in a few days, and as poets were wont to be considered as prophets, I am willing to cherish the prediction, and trust in its accomplishment. I give you leave to be as severe as you please, on the demoniacal mummary which has been acting in this country; it was, as is usual with prodigies, the operation of fraud upon folly. In vain do we boast of the enlightened eighteenth century, and conceitedly talk as if human reason had not a manacle left about her, but that philosophy had broken down all the strong holds of prejudice, ignorance, and superstition; and yet, at this very time Mesner has got an hundred thousand pounds by animal magnetism in Paris, and Mainaduc is getting as much in London. There is a fortune-teller in Westminster who is making little less. Lavater's physiognomy books sell at fifteen guineas a set. The diving rod is still considered as oracular in many places. Devils are cast out by seven ministers: and to complete the disgraceful catalogue, slavery is vindicated in print, and defended in the house of Peers! Poor human reason, when wilt thou come to years of discretion?

I do hope you will stumble somehow on my odd friends at ——. They are the only people I ever knew who have written more books than they have read; and they often put me in mind of the Frenchman's answer when he was reproached with having no library, *Quand je veux des Livres j'en fais*. These queer, merry, and eccentric neighbours furnish amusement wherever they go. I have been a whole week absent from my

little cottage, the garden of which is now green enough to disgust a Frenchman, and have been gambolling after duchesses, wits, and such sort of people.

I have been to visit at Stoke, and my pleasant friend Dr. Warton, who has been at Clifton, came to me; he raves about you and a certain *Walpoliana*, which he says, if it be ever finished, will be the pleasantest book that ever was written. And now I am going into Berkshire to Mrs. Montagu's for ten days; after which, I think nothing shall tear me from my household gods, till my annual migration to London. I return you very many thanks for the great pleasure your savoury *morsels* of *criticism* have given me: I devoured them with great appetite, and found my provisions exhausted before my hunger was gratified. Lord Melcombe's flaming pyre is incomparable, and the artful skill and even-handed justice with which you have hitched in the two illustrious sons of the two great rival ministers, is a *chef d'œuvre* in its kind. You have contrived to do ample justice to Lord Chesterfield's genius, without sparing that detestable system. I am delighted with your *little fantastic aristocracy*.

Your's, dear Sir,

Very faithfully,

H. MORE.

To the same.

Cowslip Green, Sept. 1788.

Casa mia, casa mia !
Per piccina che tu sia,
Tu mi pari Una Badia !

I am just returned home, after rambling for six weeks ; the above, I remember, was the first Italian sentence I ever saw ; it caught hold of my memory and of my affections, and even now never fails to be the first idea that occurs to me, when I exchange the mansions of the great for my lowly roof of thatch. I have a notion that the pleasure I derive from this solitude, is of the same vain kind which Ovid felt among the Scythians during his exile, because, says he, ‘ here I find none wittier than myself.’ Had I lived here about a century ago, the remark would not have been quite so modest ; for from this obscure village sprung the intellectual Hercules, whose single arm discomfited the rabble of the schoolmen, broke the ranks of Aristotle, and swept away the metaphysical cobwebs which the subtle spiders of casuistry had been weaving with fruitless industry for many an age. But to descend from a jargon as pompous and unintelligible as the subject I am speaking of, you are to know, that in a little white house in this village, was born John Locke. He did not intend to have been born here, but his mother was on a visit when she produced

this bright *idea*, and so bequeathed me something to boast of.¹

I hope, dear Sir, you feel how very *amiable* it is of me to have imposed on myself the righteous law of not answering your agreeable letter for so many weeks, because I would not ensnare you into a commerce, which, however pleasant to me, might be burdensome to you. I should hate to owe a letter to your equity, still less to your politeness; no, it must be a voluntary favour, ■ sheer act of kindness. The pleasure is so much more animated in receiving what is given, than what is due; the very idea of one's having a right, takes away from the sentiment, and the least notion of a claim kills the pleasure of the acquisition.

Your's, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully,

H. M.

From the Rev. John Newton to Miss H. More.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I begin, (when I may finish I know not,) on a memorable day to me, the anniversary of my dear Eliza's translation to a better world. It is several years since she ceased to be seen, though strictly speaking, *she* who is gone was never seen by us. She is no loser by having deposited in the grave that vehicle in which she was conversant here.

¹ Mrs. Montagu soon after this presented her with an Urn, to the memory of Locke, which still stands in her garden at Barley Wood, fronting the house in which he was born.

The earthly dwelling concealed the inhabitant within, and greatly restrained the exertion of her noblest powers. She was first seen by inhabitants of a better world, in the moment when she was released from this prison state, and then likewise she herself first began to *see* clearly. For in this life we have neither eyes nor light fully adapted to those objects which alone are commensurate to the grasp and capacity of an immortal soul. Solemn and important is our Lord's declaration, "Ye must be born again." In the unborn infant, the faculties and powers of a human creature are as yet in a dormant state. Like the idols of the heathen, it has eyes, but sees not : ears, but hears not. Could we suppose for a moment, that the infant was intelligent before its birth, and was to receive, in some way, the information that it was shortly to appear in the world, it would still be utterly at a loss to form any adequate conceptions of the world into which it was to be introduced.

In like manner we bring with us into this world, no more than a capability of a second birth, by which we begin to live a new life in a new world, even while we continue here. Till this happy moment arrives, our understandings, affections, and noblest powers are all cramped and confined, and are incapable of discerning their proper objects. God is every where, but we have no such perception of his presence and perfections, and of our relation to him, and dependence on him as creatures, as can engage us to love, fear, serve, or trust him. Eternity is near, and the next hour may remove us into it, yet our thoughts and

pursuits are confined to the things of time, and we have no serious, fixed, enlightened apprehension of any thing beyond them. A new unbounded prospect breaks in upon the mind that is touched by the enlivening power of God's Holy Spirit, productive of so universal a change in our desires, hopes, and aims, that it may be fitly compared to a new birth. The *rational* life is not more superior to the *animal*, nor more distinct from it, than this spiritual life is superior to them both. This qualifies us for the higher enjoyment of the unseen state, which alone can fully satisfy the original thirst and capacity of our souls, and make us truly and finally happy. But it does not fully admit us to them. There are considerable measures of true knowledge, grace, and comfort, not suitable to the present life: they who have attained the most, have the strongest sense of the Apostle's meaning, when he said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." The most we have in hand, compared with what we are encouraged yet to hope for, is but as a few ears of the first-fruits, compared with the full harvest. My line of analogy, therefore, leads me to consider death as a *third* birth, by which those who have been born again, and who are delivered from the love and spirit of the present evil world, are, as by a gate, admitted into the kingdom of eternal life,—into that kingdom, the particulars of which, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." There is, perhaps, a power belonging to the soul, suited to the glories of the unseen world, as the eye is suited to receive

the light of the sun, but which power is at present dormant and inactive ; though God (to whom all things are possible and easy) in some special cases, has seen fit to draw it forth into exercise. Thus Stephen before his death, beheld the heavens opened, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God, as ready to receive his departing spirit ; and thus the Apostle Paul, though not sure that he was out of the body, was rapt into the third heavens, saw invisibles, and heard unutterables. Ordinarily we are to walk by faith, not by sight ; but there is an appointed hour when death breaks down the barrier, opens the prison door, and the willing spirit, (I mean of a person who has been already twice-born,) is in an instant made partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light, filled with joy, and surrounded with glory.

Thus it was with our dear Eliza ; I will not say she died on the 6th of October 1785, but rather that was her birthday ; here she died daily, but then she began to live indeed. Faint as the impression is which this subject makes upon me, it is sufficient to excite my pity for all that the world admires, except in so far as it is improved into a subserviency to this great, untried, inconceivable event. The moment after death will be a wonderful one. How we shall then feel, what we shall then meet with, and in what state we shall then be fixed, are questions of vast importance : nor can reason or philosophy afford any tolerable answers to them. We are indebted for such satisfaction as we can at present receive to revelation ; and especially to Him, who having

by his own self, made atonement for our sins, and abolished death, has brought life and immortality to light by his gospel.

But it is time to relieve you. Before I close my letter I must charge it to present our joint affectionate respects to you and to your sisters. I have been stationary this summer. Had I the direction of my own path (it is my great mercy that I have not) I think I should often visit Bristol. So far as I can judge by the short experiment I made last year, I think I should feel myself much at home there. But I am placed like a sentinel here, and must not quit my post without leave, that is, without some leadings and openings of Divine Providence, which point out to the satisfaction of my mind, when I may go, and what route I may take.

I am still favoured with a confirmed state of health. Mrs. Newton, though seldom visited with severe illness, is seldom well. We have lived together forty years. At our time of life, gentle and repeated intimations that this state cannot be our rest, and that if life should be prolonged, the days are coming when we shall find no pleasure from temporal objects, cannot be deemed unseasonable. If trials are but sanctified to wean us from a world which we must soon quit, we have reason to be thankful for them, and to number our crosses among our chief mercies.

I shall hope upon your next return to London, if we should be still spared, you will be able to favour us with more of your company. The little taste we

have had of it makes us very desirous of a further acquaintance; but whether I see you or not, I am bound to pray that the Lord may bless you wherever you are, guide you with his eye, and support you with his arm in safety across this enchanted ground; and that we may at last meet in the kingdom of light, love, and joy, to join in unceasing worship and praise, before the throne of him who loved us, and redeemed us to God by his blood.

I am very sincerely, my dear Madam,
Your affectionate and obliged servant,
J. NEWTON.

From Mr. Pepys to Miss H. More.

Broadstairs, Isle of Thanet, Sept. 26, 1788.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

I will not let another summer pass, without putting in my claim for at least one token of your kind remembrance, and the pleasure of hearing in what manner you are passing your time. This is my season of contemplation and retrospection, and among other sins of omission with which I have charged myself, is (what I should rather call a folly than a sin,) that of not having written to you last summer, and by that means having suffered you to discontinue the laudable custom of letting me hear from you when at a distance.

What has particularly made you occur to my thoughts at this place, is the contrast which I have drawn between you and myself, when we are both in a state of retirement. You, I doubt not, have

been dividing your time between active offices of kindness to others and some employment, which, at the same time that it does good to others will distinguish yourself; whereas, here am I, letting day after day pass, in riding, and reading Juvenal, and doing no good to any body but my own dear boy, who, as I love him as well as myself, may be considered as myself. If I could but write something to correct the *manners* of the *highest*, or to excite compassion for the *lowest*, I should look back upon the summer with some satisfaction, not to mention the very secondary and inferior consideration of enjoying in the winter that most flattering of all distinctions, the celebrity arising from fine talents most usefully employed. I know now what wicked proverb occurs to you; that '*ex nihilo nil fit*,' and that if I could but find these said talents, I should find employment for them *fast enough*, as the vulgar say. I am seriously in hopes that this will plead my excuse, and that what I am apt to attribute to indolence and want of resolution, is nothing more than want of ability, though I believe the reverse is much oftener the case. I was riding and meditating in this manner the other day, when I heard the bell toll in a neighbouring village, and upon inquiring for whom it tolled, was informed that it was for poor Sheridan, who lately finished his career at Margate. I think the day will come when many of his objections to the present mode of education will be considered, and when a father will not be compelled to tread in the same beaten path, because all his son's contemporaries are going the same way; and yet it

is too hazardous for an individual to strike out into an unfrequented road; for though, as a fine writer very justly and very forcibly observes, we must each of us *die* for ourselves, yet certain it is, that we must in a great degree *live for others* and *with others*, though we may not in all instances choose to live *like* others.

The harvest here is luxuriant beyond description, and my little boy and I address the farmers in Thomson's beautiful apostrophe in favour of the gleaners (when they do not hear us)

'How good the God of harvest is,' &c.

On a certain frosty day at Thames Ditton, I offered you my assistance for your poor Louisa: you did not want it then, but I have since heard that the subscription has fallen off, I therefore beg of you to remember that if in that or any other of your benevolent acts, you will take me with you in *town*, you will oblige me very much. Mrs. P. desires to be most kindly remembered to you.

Your's ever,

W. PEPYS.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Pepys.

Cowslip Green, Sept. 1788.

'*Heureux le peuple dont l'histoire ennuit,*' says somebody. The best times to live in are often the worst to write about. In a novel or a comedy, the moment the lovers are settled and happy they become so insipid that another page of the one, or an

additional scene of the other, would be quite surfeiting. If any body were to write a play about good sort of quiet, reasonable, orderly, prosperous people, the audience would not be able to sit out the first act; they would long for the relief of a little distress, and languish for the refreshment of a little misery. I do almost think the Tyburn Chronicle a more interesting book than Sydney's Arcadia; for however cheap one may hold the morals of the heroes of the former work, it exhibits a delineation of the same strong passions which actuated 'Macedonia's Madman and the Swede,' and furnishes out the terrible catastrophes to tragedies, only operating with a difference of education, circumstance, and opportunity. All this verbiage means to say that I have, during the whole summer, kept the "even tenour of my way," with such sober and quiet uniformity, that the history of my adventures would make as dull a novel as could be had at a circulating library, and that is saying a great deal. I do not however *complain*; I have lived much to my own taste, and have enjoyed some of the best blessings of human life; tolerable health, 'retired leisure,' beautiful rural scenery, a garden full of roses, and books if I had industry to read them. Apropos of the latter, I was in imminent danger of waiting till winter for Gibbon's last volumes, as I never think of *buying* a book till it is shrunk to much smaller dimensions than the corpulent quarto; but by the greatest good luck in the world, I have a neighbour who reads; so that I have almost waded through that mass of impiety and bad taste. I

protest I think that if this work were to become the standard of style and religion, Christianity and the English language would decay pretty nearly together; and the same period would witness the downfall of sound principles and of true taste. I have seldom met with more affectation, or less perspicuity. The instances of false English are many; and of false taste endless. I find little of the sober dignity of history; and the notes are as immodest (even without my being able to read Greek) as they are profane. In numberless passages he is so obscure, that the fashionable phrase of the *luminous* pages of Gibbon seems to be as diametrically opposite to the truth, as Bishop Sprat's éloge on Cowley's learning, which he quaintly said, was *enamelled* and not *embossed*; and which seems to me (who *doat* on Cowley in other views) to be directly contrary to the fact, for his learning, in his poetry at least, is not only too prominent, and in too obvious relief, but it is what the embroiderers call appliquéé: and very often the plain web of his sense would be beautiful, if it were not spoiled by the tinsel and spangles which he tacks on to it. Among a thousand other proofs of Gibbon's want of clearness, pray turn, if you have the book at hand, to the story (page 310, vol. V.) which gave rise to Hughes's charming play of the siege of Damascus. I have read it three times, and were not the tragedy fresh in my memory, I should be at a loss to understand the story. That you may not think, by all this criticism, that I am blinded by prejudice, I will own that *par ci et par là*, I have been well amused,

particularly with Justinian, Belisarius, and the accounts of the pastoral nations. I think he has made but little of Mahomet, considering the real greatness of the subject, and its peculiar suitability to his own gorgeous pen and sensual temper.

I beg your pardon for running on thus, instead of telling you how much I was gratified with your letter; the more so, as it was a volunteer, and came without dun or flapper from me. I suppose one likes a first letter better than a reply, from the same odd principle in nature which makes one prefer a present before a debt, or a favour before a duty; one is apt to put it down to the merit side of the account, and self-love makes one believe that it arises from sheer regard, without any deductions on the score of necessity, obligation, or compulsion. I am glad you are so delightfully situated. But why always an Island? last year the Isle of *Wight*; now the Isle of *Thanet*. Of all the birds in the air, I should have least suspected *you* of this insular taste. You who so delight to build among the singing birds, seem to have flown from their society; but your own nest now begins to produce company and harmony enough. I am glad William tastes Spenser; I was afraid he would have grown wise and philosophical; but you give me hope now that he will keenly relish the charming illusions of poetry; and I hope that while he will form the justest and soundest notions of the world that *is*, he will derive a thousand pathetic and pensive delights from the world that *is not*. Can I talk of the delights of song, and neglect to tell you that I have had the great

pleasure of having Dr. Warton at Clifton for some time? And we talked of poetry and criticism from morn till night. The delightful enthusiast has lost nothing of his fine spirits. I would you had been with us.

I am going to leave my beloved solitude, to pay a visit to Mrs. Montagu, who has her nephew and niece, and the new babe with her. I shall stay near a fortnight. Mrs. Garrick is to give me the meeting.

You have of course heard that a mine of literary wealth is said to have been found in some old castle,—a great bundle of letters of Madame de Sevigné: Mr. Walpole's faith, however, is but weak—nor is mine strong; these constant forgeries make even the credulous sceptical. I could but smile at your alluding so gravely to what you supposed me to be employed about: I assure you gravely, and in sober truth, that this rambling letter is by much the longest, the most serious, and most considerable composition I have attempted this summer. Nay, so far am I from having written a page or a line of any thing new, that I have actually let an old thing, which has not been unsuccessful, lie out of print almost a twelvemonth, because I cannot bring myself to sit down to look over and correct, merely the errors of the press. I find sloth the besetting sin of solitude. But is it not as well *de ne rien faire*, as *faire des riens*?

Many thanks for your kind offer about Louisa. I shall have no need of your bounty on this occasion, for a reason which I have not left myself

paper enough to explain. As she is grown quite stupid and hopeless, it will be best to get her settled in an hospital; which I am doing. It is well you have a whole island to yourself; or you could never find time to read such an immeasurable letter. It is well too, you don't get them often. My kindest regards to Mrs. Pepys. I rejoice she has so pleasant a window to look out at: it seems but a small thing, but it makes half the pleasure of my life; *my* pleasant window I mean.

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Cowslip Green, Sept. 1788.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Though my last letter was actually written before I was indulged with your's, yet my conscience has not been quite at rest at the two or three shabby disingenuous lines I foisted in afterwards. This is my full and true confession; I wished sincerely to try if it were not possible for me to escape detection—I therefore resolved not to name my design, nor shew the MS. to any one, and but one human being knew of it. Another reason for not communicating it even to such a confidential, and wise, and tried friend as yourself, my dear Madam, was to save you the necessity of either confessing what would have betrayed the secret, or denying what you knew to be true—a sacrifice of your principles which I no more dared require, than you would have been willing to make; so in full confidence of never

being found out, I stole abroad. I had many reasons for wishing to be unknown, not *all* so base as the prevailing one of fear: I was conscious that I did not live up to my song, in the first place; in the second, I was seriously persuaded that my insignificant name could not add weight or strength to the book, but might *diminish* it; and I thought the chances were, that while the author remained a secret, the 'Manners of the Great' might be supposed to be the work of some wiser and better person than a discovery would prove it to be. With all these sage thoughts in my head, judge of my confusion the first three days, to receive above half a dozen letters of kind congratulation from my detectors. I have never answered any of them, for what could I say? I am, however, really sorry for it. I thought it a master stroke of policy not to send either Mrs. Garrick or you a copy, as it would, I fancied, be conceived impossible that, had it been mine, that could have been omitted.

My dear Madam, I truly think that you must be among the very few to whom this bold little book will not give offence. Pray write to me *sans menagement* what they (I mean those to whom it is addressed,) say of it, for I know nothing here, only Cadell sends me word another new edition is wanted. Your kind letter, as also that to the Bishop of London, which he sent me, quite penetrated me; and will counterbalance much severe judgment, which I must, and do expect from others. Do you know, my dear Madam, as I have said before, I feel a little awkward about this same book. I

am so afraid that strangers will think me good! and there is a degree of hypocrisy in appearing so much better than one is. I cannot help applying to myself what Prior makes Solomon say in his idolatrous state, 'They brought my Proverbs to confute my life.'

I should the more regret this long exile from my good friends, but that I hope the flutter of the book will be quite over by the time I make my appearance among you. My dear Madam, be *candid* as well as kind, and frankly tell me all the criticisms you hear upon it. I don't wish to hear them merely that I may be humbled, but that I may be mended; as I shall, I hope, always, 'be proud to learn of able men,' and thankfully correct every error they may point out; my request includes able *women* also.

I hope you will have met your dear Duchess and her fine family all well. I congratulate you on their arrival, as in their absence something must be always wanting to your happiness. You have whetted my desires after Mr. Warton, but I will keep that delicious morsel untouched for London, as I am at present hampered in a great deal of less pleasant reading. Mr. Gibbon's pompous but very informing history of a dull period, I think I never shall get through; I sit down to it with disgust, and rise unentertained; I had almost said, enraged. With what malignant delight does he dwell on the first corruptions of the church, and how does he enjoy the failings of the Fathers, of which, truth to speak, there is a plentiful crop. He does

not, as in the first volume, stab openly with the broad sabre of Infidelity ; yet, where he finds a sore place, instead of mollifying it with ointment, how does he delight to pour over it cold Aconite and deadly Hellebore!—but how I run on upon what you know so much better.

My dear Madam,

Your's most faithfully,

H. MORE.

CHAPTER IV.

AT the beginning of the year 1789, we meet with the following letters from Miss More to her Sister :

Hampton, Jan. 6, 1789.

We came to Hampton on Friday. It was so dismally cold, I should not have been sorry to have stayed in town, if I could have remained peaceably at home. We went on new year's day to dinner at Mrs. Montagu's, where we were twelve, all men except myself and Mrs. Boscawen. The next day, to my great satisfaction, we came to our solitude. The first amusing business that Cadell put into my hands, was to correct the seventh edition of '*Manners*.' Instead of being thankful as I ought, I was rather provoked at such a disagreeable job. All the private accounts of the King are still better than the public ones. They say he talks to Willis of his complaint, and of the best method of treating it. He spoke with great calmness and soundness of mind of the King of Spain's death, and said, 'I cannot be such an hypocrite as to pretend to be sorry, for he was never a friend to me or to this country.'

As to Pitt, if I were a Pagan, I would raise altars and temples to him, but I rejoice with trembling: he has reached the summit of human glory, and is not that summit a very slippery point? The death of the speaker is an awful event at such a moment. Both parties were equally accusing him of designing to hurt their cause by a feigned illness. It reminds one of Burke's remark on the candidate who died during the Bristol election. 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!'

Hampton, Jan. 1789.

We have passed the whole time since my last in complete solitude, except that Mrs. Kennicott spent a few days with us. Poor Dr. Adams! how short the time since I was at Pembroke College with him and Mrs. Adams, Dr. Xenophon Edwards, Johnson, and Henderson, not one of whom are now alive. *I* have been spared; *they* have been taken; let me adore the long-suffering of God, who has given me so long a space for repentance.

Does not Pitt fight like a hero for the poor Queen? but who will fight for *him*, for he has not a hundred a year in the world? Like an honest old house-steward going to be turned off, he is anxious to put every thing in order, and leave the house in such condition, that the next servants may do as little mischief as possible. How unkindly the opposition treated Wilberforce! but he is not only of a very different spirit, but is a match for them at their own weapon—eloquence, of which few men have more; and with as much wit as if he had no

piety. Mrs. Boscawen writes me word, that politics were never carried so high in private conversation ; it is quite disgusting ; more virulence was never known. The poor king, the other night, after Dr. Willis had read prayers to him, prayed aloud for himself. On the 17th he said to the page, ' Remember that to-morrow is the queen's birth-day, and I insist upon having a new coat.' As for Pitt, he goes on triumphantly. Excellent accounts of the king to-day ; private accounts too, better than have yet been circulated.

From the same to te same.

London, Feb. 16, 1789.

Poor Mrs. Handcock, Mrs. Vesey's dear friend and companion, is dead. It is melancholy to look at that house, where I have seen so many ingenious people, and heard so much pleasant conversation, and made so many friendships, and to think that of its two mistresses, whose faces were never turned towards me but with kindness, who never received me without affection, or parted from me without regret,—one is a corpse, and the other bereft of her faculties ; what a call for serious reflection ! I want to find my heart more affected with feeling for the sorrows of others, and with gratitude for my own mercies ! I am just summoned down to the Montagus, who have called to welcome our arrival. Mrs. Garrick is gone to-night to a private subscription concert, known by the name of the Lady's concert ; a very sober amusement, and the only one at which

my Lords the Bishops appear. Having spent last evening with Sir Lucas Pepys, who was just come from Kew, I have the great satisfaction of confirming all the good intelligence you receive from the papers. I had also the same fresh from Sir George Baker; and even Dr. Warren confesses that his royal patient is recovering. I believe he is the first person whose character was ever raised by the loss of his reason; but almost every thing that escapes him, has either good nature or humanity or piety in it. The following specimen has good sense too; walking in the garden, (which he does to the extent of seven or eight miles a day) with Dr. Willis, the latter descried two or three of the workmen, and ordered them to withdraw; ‘Willis, (said the king) you do not know your own business, let the men come back again; you ought to accustom me to see people by degrees, that I may be prepared for seeing them more at large.’ Mrs. Boscawen’s house joins Kew Gardens: seeing the workmen had made a fire to burn rubbish, he said, ‘Pray put out that fire directly, don’t you see it smokes Mrs. Boscawen’s house.’

In the midst of all these cares and distractions, a friend of mine called on Pitt the other night. He found him alone, gay and cheerful, his mind totally disengaged from the scenes in which he had passed the day. He was reading Milton aloud with great emphasis, and he said his mind was so totally engaged in paradise, that he had forgotten there were any people in the world but Adam and Eve. This seems a trifle, but it is an indication of a great

mind, so entirely to discharge itself of such a load of care, and to find pleasure in so innocent and sublime an amusement.

And so the geraniums are gone. Mrs. Barrington, to whom I communicated this calamity, and who is a deep botanist, says, she much questions if they are actually dead ; to be sure it is a grievous loss. A few days since we had a most magnificent dinner at my Lord Amherst's ; I love him, because of his faithful attachment to the king. The bishop of London has sent me his pamphlet on the '*Transfiguration* ;' it is very ingenious.

From the same to the same.

London, Feb. 25, 1789.

I should certainly have written you a line on that blessed Thursday, when the chancellor made the memorable communication of the king's being convalescent, but the post was gone. I was out at dinner, and we were talking on what would probably be the event of things, when lo ! a violent rap at the door, and Lord Mount Edgcombe was announced. He came in almost breathless, directly from the House of Lords, and told us that the king was recovered. We were quite transported, and Mrs. Garrick fairly got up and kissed him before the company. Soon afterwards arrived the Duke of Beaufort, confirming the news.

Yesterday I was at dinner at the Bishop of Salisbury's, who had been at Kew in the morning, and found all prosperous. Hear a diverting instance

of the prejudice of party. Mr. Erskine gravely affirmed the other day, that Pitt was no orator; that his genius wanted that particular faculty which constitutes eloquence. The Bishop of London defended Mr. Pitt most ably, and forced the other to make such concessions, that we thought a great orator might be well made up out of what even *he* allowed him to possess. Erskine was very entertaining, and not quite so overbearing as he sometimes is. I have been to pay the wedding-compliments to Lord and Lady Bathurst, as Lord Apsley was married the day before yesterday, to a niece of the Duke of Richmond's, very pretty, very accomplished, and very amiable. Mrs. Garrick sends her love.

From the same to the same.

London, March 9, 1789.

A day or two ago, I had a note from the Bishop of London, saying, I must dine at his house on that day, for he had engaged a gentleman to meet me. I was much puzzled who it could be, and who should appear but Dr. Willis; the good-natured bishop kindly foreseeing it would be delightful to me. He is the very image of simplicity; quite a good, plain, old-fashioned country parson; he is seventy-three. As we had nobody else at dinner, except the Master of the Rolls,¹ I was indulged in asking the Doctor all manner of impertinent questions, which I did to the amount of about nine

¹ Sir Pepper Arden.

hundred, and which he was much pleased to answer. He never saw, he said, so much natural sweetness and goodness of mind, united to so much piety, as in the King. During his illness he many times shed tears for Lord North's blindness. The Bishop of London had been to the King that morning, he was in a very devout frame of mind, which his enemies will say is the surest sign he is still deranged. He told the Bishop, that 'at the worst, his trust in God had never forsaken him; that *that* confidence alone had been his support.' He added, 'that he wished to return his thanks to Almighty God in the most public manner, and hoped the Bishop would not refuse him a sermon.' He proposed going to St. Paul's to do it. It was a grand idea, and I think it will be one of the most awful scenes since the opening of Solomon's Temple; but they dissuade him very much from it; thinking that the concourse and joy of the people would be too much for his feelings. He himself has named one of the Psalms for the thanksgiving day, and the xiith of Isaiah for the lesson.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Walpole.

That unprincipely vagabond Queen Christina said of the learned Vossius, 'that he not only knew from whence words came, but whither they were going.' The last half of this knowledge is all that is claimed by the writer of the inclosed jargon. It is an attempt, from the bon ton gabble of the present age, to anticipate the general style of the next.

This pert censor has not the presumption to quarrel with the naturalizing of foreign *words*, the discreet adoption of which adds opulence and ornament to our language; but (as she loves to sin in the very act of censure, and as the greatest rogue always turns king's evidence) she laments the peregrinity of *style*, the foreign fabrication of *sentences*, which is wearing away the beauty, diluting the spirit, and diminishing the force of our tongue. The courtly ease of the style of Addison, the sinewy force and clear precision of Swift, and the elegant vigour of a work well-known to, but not duly appreciated by Mr. Walpole, called the Castle of Otranto, are untainted with this spreading corruption, and exhibit models of good taste in their several species of composition.

In the inclosed nonsense, though there is not one French *word*, there is not one English *idiom*. I confess I have been guilty of the most malicious exaggeration, but I was forced to allow for the increasing degeneracy of fifty years, in which period I suppose our style may have reached the acmé of defect, the perfection of abomination; for I am willing to hope that all the artillery of affectation and false taste continually battering it, will not be able, in less time, completely to demolish so noble a structure as the English language.

I feel so much ashamed of the nonsense I have written, that I dare not add a name which would disgrace my best title—that of Mr. Walpole's

most obedient, and much obliged,

humble servant.

P. S.—Taste is of all ages, and truth is eternal ; and there is a truth in taste almost as demonstrable as any mathematical proposition.

A specimen of the English language, as it will probably be written and spoken in the next century ; in a letter from a lady to her friend, in the reign of George the Fifth.

Alamode Castle, June 20, 1840.

DEAR MADAM,

I no sooner found myself here than I visited my new apartment, which is composed of five pieces ; the small room which gives upon the garden is practised through the great one, and there is no other issue. As I was quite exceeded with fatigue, I had no sooner made my toilette, than I let myself fall on a bed of repose, where sleep came to surprise me.

My lord and I are in the intention to make good cheer, and a great expense, and this country is in possession to furnish wherewithal to amuse oneself. All that England has of illustrious, all that youth has of amiable, or beauty of ravishing, sees itself in this quarter. Render yourself here then, my friend, and you shall find assembled all that there is of best, whether for letters, whether for birth.

Yesterday I did my possible to give to eat ; the dinner was of the last perfection, and the wines left nothing to desire. The repast was seasoned with a thousand rejoicing sallies, full of salt and agreement, and one more brilliant than another. Lady Frances

charmed me as for the first time; she is made to paint, has a great air, and has infinitely of expression in her physiognomy; her manners have as much of natural, as her figure has of interesting.

I had prayed Lady B. to be of this dinner, as I had heard nothing but good of her: but I am now disabused on her subject; she is past her first youth, has very little instruction, is inconsequent and subject to caution; but having evaded with one of her pretenders, her reputation has been committed by the bad faith of a friend, on whose fidelity she reposed herself; she is therefore fallen into devotion, goes no more to spectacles, and play is defended at her house. Though she affects a mortal serious, I observed that her eyes were of intelligence with those of Sir James, near whom I had taken care to plant myself, though this is always a sacrifice which costs. Sir James is a great sayer of nothings; it is a spoilt mind; full of fatuity and pretension; his conversation is a tissue of impertinences, and the bad tone which reigns at present has put the last hand to his defects. He makes but little case of his word, but as he lends himself to whatever is proposed of amusing, the women all throw themselves at his head. Adieu.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Walpole.

London, April, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

I propose to live between London and Hampton, (I do not mean at Brentford,) all the merry month

of May. The first week in June, I think to pass in Kent, at Mrs. Bouverie's, and the second at Fulham, at the Bishop of London's. This is the *geography* of my adventures for the next six weeks. As for the *history* of them, no page will be so pleasant as that, of which the running title will be *Strawberry Hill*. Mrs. Garrick and I will keep Tuesday se'night clear for the agreeable day you are so good as to offer us. I did not feel so much gratified in reading the poem, marvellous as I think it, as I did at the kindness which led you to think of me when you met with anything which you imagined would give me pleasure. Your strictures, which are as true as if they had no wit in them, served to embellish every page as I went on, and were more intelligible and delightful to me than the scientific annotations in the margin. The author is indeed a poet, and I wish, with you, that he had devoted his exuberant fancy, his opulence of imagery, and his correct and melodious versification, to subjects more congenial to human feelings, than the intrigues of a flower-garden. I feel like the most *passionate lover*, the *beauty* of the cyclamen or honeysuckle, but am as indifferent as the most *fashionable husband* to their amours, their pleasures, or their unhappiness. Dr. Percival sent me an essay on the sensibility of plants; but if I were to listen to these amiable but romantic philosophers, I should lose one of my greatest pleasures, and should no longer think that wearing a nosegay was a "venial delight unblamed;" but be filled with alarm lest every rose and pink I gathered might make a

multitude of widows and orphans. Seriously, one cannot care for the weal or woe of plants; and while one reads with admiration such fine verses, one cannot help wishing that they related the history, or analysed the passions or manners of men and women, the only people in whom, after all, with all their faults, I take any great interest.

I hope the western wind (*my* great physician) has carried away your shocking cold. I was glad of the success of General Conway; though I have long since become totally indifferent to the fate of any play. The loves of our modern heroes and heroines have caught hold of my affections almost as little as the *loves of the plants*. Indeed, they are little more than vegetable loves: as vapid and spiritless; while the old comedies shamefully offend in another way. I could dilate with much *skill and ingenuity*, but that I know you would scold me, so I am obliged to stifle a vast many *good things*. Of your *answerer* I had not heard; and though I think *that* is by no means the criterion of popularity, yet I very much doubt whether the Earl of Anglesea's grandson will wear greener laurels than those he is furbishing up for his ancestor: at least, his entering the lists as champion for the Duke of Newcastle, teaches me what value to set on his critical powers. I do, indeed, feel most anxiously, now the moment for deciding the fate of Africa is at hand! I was delighted, the other day, with a new pamphlet on the subject, in which the author applies Dante's inscription over the Inferno to a slave-ship—

Per me si va nella citta dolente,
Per me si va ne l'eterno dolore,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente.

H. M.

From H. More to her sister.

London, April 1789.

I did fully intend writing a line on Wednesday, to have told you of the glorious and most promising opening of the great cause of the Abolition in the House of Commons, but I could not find one moment's leisure, we had so much meeting, writing, and congratulation. The Bishop of London fully intended to be the first to apprise me of this most interesting intelligence, and accordingly got up so early as to write me a note at seven in the morning; but Lady Middleton forestalled him by writing on Monday at midnight. Pitt and Fox united can do much; 'the Douglas and the Percy both together, are confident against a world in arms.' The moment I finished my last, Lord Amherst came himself to fetch me to dinner, and there was no such thing as making *gold stick* wait, so I was obliged to break up my little chat with Mr. Raikes rather suddenly, who had called upon me a few minutes before. In the evening Mrs. Bates sung all her finest things most exquisitely. It was a very high treat. The constitutional ball for the king's recovery turned out the best and pleasantest thing of the kind ever known. All was loyalty and joy; and for once, magnificence did not murder cheerfulness. Old Willis supped at a little table with Pitt and two

or three others ; and was almost worshipped. To-morrow we go out of town for ■ week, to live among the lilacs. How I shall enjoy both the lilacs and the leisure ! I spent the other evening in a society that would have pleased Patty—only a little talking party, every person in which was foreign, except the gentleman and lady of the house, and myself. There was almost the whole corps diplomatique, and we did not speak a word but *parlez vous* the whole night. I have declared that if they take me in so again, I will not come even to their English societies. I have been to-day with the Duchess of Argyle and her daughters ; the Duchess desired I might be introduced to her. Alas ! the sight of her is a better antidote to vanity, than whole volumes of philosophy, for there are no traces of that beauty which so few years ago enchanted mankind. We begin to be all anxiety, now the great Slave question comes so near the moment of decision. Pray desire our Abolition friends to read an excellent pamphlet by Mr. Burgess of Corpus. I was in a large party one evening, shewing a section of the African ship, in which the transportation of the negroes is so well represented, to Mr. Walpole, &c. when who should be announced, but Mr. Tarleton, the Liverpool delegate, who is come up to defend Slavery against humanity. I popped the book out of sight, snapped the string of my eloquence, and was mute at once.

From the same to the same.

London, 1789.

I do not send you an account of the procession to St. Paul's, as you have seen it in the papers. The poor soldiers were on guard from three in the morning. I would willingly relinquish all the sights I may see this twelvemonth, to have known they had each some cold meat and a pot of porter. I was troubled too about the six thousand charity children, but the Bishop assures me they had each of them a roll and two apples. I was very much affected at the sight of the king. The mob was very joyful, but rather too temperate in their acclamations, which is said to have proceeded from a fear of overpowering the king's feelings. It was singular enough that the king should issue a proclamation, commanding everybody to go to church, and then exhibit a procession, to put it absolutely out of every one's power. I believe I could have got to the planet Jupiter as easily as to a church.

The king of France has written so very kindly to the king on his recovery, and behaved so handsomely, that the queen and princesses are to be at the French Ambassador's Gala; an honour never before paid to anybody. I now begin to think there has been quite enough of singing, and dancing, and illuminating, and eating, and drinking on this joyful occasion, and cannot help thinking with the Lady in Comus, that we 'praise God amiss.' I begin to

want to see this very important blessing recorded by some public act of pious munificence and charity.

It is sometimes diverting, though sad, to see how party triumphs over probity. I was on Saturday at a very great dinner at Lord Somers's, and could find out the party principles of each one of the company, only by his saying how the king looked, and what degree of attention he gave to the service. I went to a private concert at Lord Exeter's; Mrs. Bates sung; I was much pleased. I must not forget to say that the most caressed person at this assembly was Dr. Willis, whose rosy face looked so happy. Mr. Wilberforce and the whole Junto of Abolitionists are still locked up at Teston; they are up *slaving* till two o'clock every morning, and I think Mrs. Bouverie told me they had walked out but once in the three weeks they had been there. While I was at Sir C. Middleton's the other night, in came a copy of the Evidence before the Privy Council, just printed; it was the thickest folio I ever saw! Well might the Commons desire a week's suspension of the business to read it. I have invited myself to Mrs. Montagu's May-day Saturnalia,¹ next year, unless I should be engaged by that time to dine with a party of free *negroes*. I have a little book sent me from Paris, a very eloquent and ingenious Eloge on Rousseau, by Mr. Necker's daughter, Madame de Stäel. I was much acquainted

¹ Mrs. Montagu always gave an annual dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding to the chimney sweepers on May-day, in the court before her house, Portman Square.

with the Neckers when they were in England, but their daughter was not then *come out*.

From the same to the same.

London, March 17, 1789.

The Queen and Princesses came to see the illumination, and did not get back to Kew till after one o'clock. When the coach stopped, the Queen took notice of a fine gentleman who came to the coach door without a hat. This was the King, who came to hand her out. She scolded him for being up, and out so late; but he gallantly replied, 'he could not possibly go to bed and sleep till he knew she was safe.' There never was so joyous, so innocent, and orderly a mob. I was very sorry I could not go, as invited, to Lady Cremorne's, to see *her* way of celebrating the festivity. She had two hundred Sunday school children, thirty-six of whom she clothed for the occasion; they walked in procession to the church; after service they walked back to her house, where, after singing a Psalm of praise, and God save the King, they had a fine dinner of roast beef and plumb-pudding. Then the whole two hundred marched off with baskets under their arms, full of good things for their parents. I spent an evening lately with this charming lady.

From the same to the same.

London, May, 1789.

Mr. Wilberforce and his myrmidons are still shut up at Mrs. Bouverie's, at Teston, to write ; I tell them I hope Teston will be the Runnymede of the negroes, and that the great charter of African liberty will be there completed. It is well that Fulham is so near, so that the Bishop will be within reach to forward the work. The fate of Africa now trembles in the balance. On Friday I gratified the curiosity of many years, by meeting at dinner Madame la Chevaliere D'Eon ; she is extremely entertaining, has universal information, wit, vivacity, and gaiety. Something too much of the latter (I have heard,) when she has taken a bottle or two of Burgundy ; but this being a very sober party, she was kept entirely within the limits of decorum. General Johnson was of the party, and it was ridiculous to hear her military conversation. Sometimes it was, *Quand j'étois Colonel d'un tel regiment* ; then again, *Non c'étois quand j'étois secrétaire d'Ambassade du Duc de Nivernois* ; or, *Quand je négociois la paix de Paris*. She is, to be sure, a phenomenon in history, and as such, a great curiosity. But *one* D'Eon is enough, and *one slice of her quite sufficient*.

I am expected at Rosedale,¹ at Teston, and at the Bishop of London's, but have given no definitive

¹ Mrs. Boscawen's Villa at Richmond.

answer, because I do not think I can contrive to see them all. I fear there will be great opposition to the Abolition in the Lords. I dined with a party of Peers at Lord Ossory's, and there was not one friend to that humane bill. I sat two hours in the evening with Mr. Walpole, who had a pleasant little party. Among others, Frederick North, a very agreeable and accomplished young man : so learned, so pleasant, and with so fine a taste ! To-night I go to a little supper at Mrs. Damer's, and to-morrow I take my leave of the pomps and vanities of this town, and go to Fulham Palace. I shall stay a week with the Bishop, from thence I shall go, if possible, for a few days to Mrs. Boscawen, and from thence to Teston.

From the same to the same.

Fulham, June 4, 1789.

On Sunday, we breakfasted at half-past seven, and went to London to hear the Bishop at St. Paul's, where he preached and administered the sacrament. In that great space, his clear voice sounded as loud and distinct as in his own pretty little chapel, where he again performed the service in the afternoon ; so you see he does not think his dignity gives him a privilege to be idle. I left the sweet and amiable society at the Palace with regret. The Bishop desired a great many compliments to you, and is determined to come to Cowslip Green. The Bishop of Salisbury and Mrs. Barrington were with us a little, and I had

hard work to fight off their kind invitation to Mongewell; the present plan is for me to stay here till Tuesday.

Wednesday evening,—I close this letter from Mrs. Boscawen's at Rosedale, sitting in the very seat where Thompson wrote the Seasons.

In the month of June, Hannah More was again settled for some time at Cowslip Green, except a visit she seems to have paid to Salisbury Palace, and during this interval the following correspondence took place.

Miss H. More to Mr. Walpole.

Cowslip Green, June, 1789.

How you do scold me! but I don't care for your scolding, and I don't care for your wit neither, that I don't, half as much as I care for a blow which I hear you have given yourself against a table, though you were above mentioning it. I have known such very serious consequences arise from such accidents, that I beg of you to drown yourself in the 'Veritable Arquebusade.' Now to exculpate myself from the heavy charges you bring against me. I had left Fulham before the Bishop had finished the botanic garden; so it was *he* who returned you the poem without a scrap of a letter, and not I, or you would not have been let off so cheaply I can tell you. As to the other charge, of not sending you *Bonner's Ghost*, I declare it is one of the most cre-

ditable things I know of myself, for I protest with singleness of heart, that it proceeded from no worse motive than my very humble opinion of it. It was struck off at a heat; and I will honestly confess that the day it was written I had some such presumptuous design, but when that first ardour of vanity (which I am ashamed to own too often attends the moment of composition) was cooled, I had not the courage to send it to you. But now that you write so encouragingly (though you abuse me) I cannot bear that you should have them copied by any other hand than mine. I send this under cover to the Bishop of London, to whom I write your emendations, and desire they may be considered as the true reading. What is odd enough, I *did* write both the lines so at first, but must go *a tinkering* them afterwards; my first thoughts are often best—I spoil them by *mending*! I do not pretend that I am not flattered by your obliging proposal of printing these slight verses at the Strawberry Press—but what shall I say? I gave the most unequivocal proof that I thought them good for little, when I did not send you a copy—and to *multiply* copies! but do not fancy I am not aware of the distinction you offer to bestow on this trifle. You must do as you please, I believe. What business have I to think meanly of verses you have commended? Only remember this, I should never have printed them. If you are resolved to do them so much honour, I think I will stipulate for a small number. Twenty or thirty I am sure are more than I shall ever give away, and who knows but you would have the goodness to send a

few to the Bishop, to save the poor lame verses the fatigue of travelling so far backwards and forwards.

I have not time to be half as pert as I intended, but I live ten miles from the post, and that you should think I neglected to obey you for *one* post, would not sit so easy upon me. I hope you have lost all remains of that tedious gout ; there is never any such thing as knowing from your letters whether you are sick or well, because you never complain, even when I have afterwards found that you have written in great pain. Adieu ! dear Sir, I cannot help being, for all you use me so ill,

Your faithful and obliged,

H. MORE.

From the same to the same.

Cowslip Green, July 1789.

You will think me ■ great brute and savage, dear Sir, for not having directly thanked you for your letter, till you have read my *pièce justificative*, and then you will think I should have been a greater brute and savage if I had ; for the very day I received it, a very amiable neighbour, coming to call on us, was overturned from her phaeton into some water, her husband driving her ; the poor lady was brought into our house to all appearance dying ; I thank God, however, she is now out of danger, but our attendance day and night on the maimed lady and the distressed husband, banished poetry from my thoughts, and suspended all power of writing nonsense. I am glad, however, that life was only

suspended, not destroyed. I was so frightened, I thought I should never be foolish again, and I am now, since all is safe, as much disposed to be so as if I had never been frightened. You cannot imagine how proud I shall be to issue from the press of Strawberry Hill, a distinction which '*was meant for merit, though it fell on me.*' Few things have happened to me from which I shall derive a pleasanter feeling. I am unwilling, methinks, to set it down to so beggarly a motive as sheer vanity: that may be an *accessory*, as the lawyers say, but I do not allow it to be the *principal*. No! to be sure, I would not have my *name* inserted on *any* account. I desire you will never exercise your power over me, to make me do a wrong thing, for fear I should consent with as little remorse as I have now shewn to do a *foolish* one; for if any one had said to me, 'you will let these verses be printed within a month,' I should have replied, 'Nothing in the world shall induce me to do it.' But then you know I could not tell that I should be assailed in that quarter, where the shame would be not to be vulnerable on the side of gratitude, friendship, and sensibility for kindness. I hope you will not be angry with me, but I am clear about *not* printing a second edition. I should certainly never have printed a first *myself*; so your very scrupulous conscience may be at rest, for you will do me a great honour, without impairing my profit. I shall have all the honour of coming from the Strawberry Press, be the profit whose it may. I am so deeply involved in treasons that I cannot extricate myself out of one, without getting

into another. I now feel the truth exemplified of the danger of a first sin, and how inevitably it leads to others. I am almost as far gone in delinquency, as the friends of poor ——, but not quite,—there are gradations in guilt, and I have not reached its acmé; but if I go on as prosperously as I begun, it is hard to say to what a pitch of profligacy I may not attain. Had I never been guilty of treachery, in betraying your letter to the Bishop of London, I never should have dreamt of doubling the enormity by exposing his to you: I shall become an adage of deceit, and if the next generation should ever hear of me at all, it will be because the present will have converted me into a proverbial phrase; and to say, as faithless as Hannah More, will sum up every idea of female fraud and duplicity. However, I am not of that worst order of criminals, whose iniquity is without temptation from others, or profit to themselves. I know the violent and not quite unfounded suspicion that both women and authors lie under, especially when both meet in one, of secret and invincible vanity. Now, said I to myself, and wisely was it said, if I swear till I am black in the face, that the idea of printing these silly verses was suggested by Mr. Walpole, and not by myself, this good bishop will never believe me. I have but one way of proving my virtue, which is by committing a vice; I must violate my faith to vindicate my humility, I must betray my friend to justify myself: so with this fine reasoning, worthy I trow of Ignatius Loyala himself, did I venture, though with remorse

proportioned to the enormity, to send him your letter. And now as to the motive why I betray the Bishop as I betrayed you, how else should I convince you of the desire he has to have the pleasure of being more known to you?

My poor sick friend makes but little progress towards recovery. I cannot guess when she will be able to leave the house, or even her bed. My spirits are sadly harrassed, and need such pleasant letters as I get from Strawberry Hill, and such sort of places. I hope you are quite well, and after a letter of so much levity, let me end with a serious truth, that I remain with every sentiment of regard, my dear Sir,

Your ever obliged and faithful
humble servant,

H. MORE.

From the same to the same.

Cowslip Green, July 27, 1789.

MY DEAR SIR,

Though I know that the only part of bestowing a kindness, or conferring a favour, to which you have any objection, is the being thanked for it, yet the kindness and honour you have bestowed on me is so flattering in itself, and so graceful in the manner, that if you *will do* obliging things, you must even be contented to put up with all the disagreeable consequences, and submit to be thanked for them very heartily, and very sincerely. But (as I am determined to comply with your humour in some-

thing) it shall be at least very briefly, but believe me I feel as much as those who would say more, and better. Your bountiful parcel is arrived. That such light, thin, impassive, unsubstantial beings should travel in the same envelope without hurting one another is no wonder, having neither bone to bruise, nor flesh to be bruised; but if the gentry in the mail coach had suspected they were travelling in company with sixty-four ghosts, and as many gothic castles, what terror and dismay would they have felt! I am quite enchanted to see my poor base metal bear the stamp and impress of Strawberry Hill, whose gothic towers and air of elder time, so agreeably keep up the idea of haunted walks and popish spirits.¹ And then your printing is so nice, and your paper is so magnificent, I did not think even *you* could have found out a way to make my verses look so pretty. I am delighted with the little brown Bonner. It is so new and so old, and so whimsical, and so unique! in short, to borrow Mrs. P——'s elegant and favourite phrase, 'It is so comical somehow, there is no telling.' Nay I am in imminent danger of falling in love with my own verses, for I look at them, and admire them as if they were any other *body's*—Madame P—— again! You see I stand a good chance of adopting all her pretty colloquial familiarities; but as I am aware that I shall never be half so knowing and so witty, I do not see what right I have to pretend to be as barbarous, and as vulgar. I hope, however, *you*

¹ The Poem was embellished with a neat engraving of Strawberry Hill.

will confess, that she has great strength of intellect, if I allow that she has rather too much of the worst property of strength, which is coarseness.

I fear I shall secretly triumph in the success of my fraud, if it has contributed to bring about any intercourse between the Abbey of Fulham, and the Castle of Otranto. It sounds so ancient and so feudal ! But among the things which pleased you in the episcopal domain, I hope the lady of it has that good fortune ; she is quite a model of a pleasant wife. Now I am acquainted with a great many *very* good wives, who are so notable and so managing, that they make a man every thing but happy ; and I know a great many others who sing, and play, and paint, and cut paper, and are so *accomplished*, that they have no time to be *agreeable*, and no desire to be useful.

Pictures, and fiddlers, and every thing but agreeableness and goodness can be had for money, but as there is no market where pleasant manners, and engaging conversation, and Christian virtues are to be bought, methinks it is a pity the ladies do not oftener try to provide them at home. I return you many thanks for the ghosts you have been so good as to disperse in your neighbourhood. How charming it is when one has such a creditable pretence for so frequently recurring to oneself, or one's verses, which is the same thing, I used to wonder why people should be so fond of the company of their physician, till I recollected that he is the only person with whom one dares talk continually of one self, without interruption, contradiction, or censure.

I suppose that delightful immunity doubles their fees. I seem to have forgotten that *you* are not *my* physician, and that you will get nothing by me.

Your ever obliged,

H. MORE.

From Mr. Walpole to Miss H. More.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1789.

You are not very corresponding (though better of late) and therefore I will not load the conscience of your fingers much, lest you should not answer me in three months. I am happy that you are content with my edition of your ghost, and with the brown copy. Every body is charmed with your poem: I have not heard one breath but of applause. In confirmation I enclose a note to me from the Duchess of Gloucester, who certainly never before wished to be an authoress. You may lay it up in the archives of Cowslip Green, and carry it along with your other testimonials to Parnassus.

Mrs. Carter, to whom I sent a copy, is delighted with it. The Bishop, with whom I dined last week, is extremely for your printing an edition for yourself, and desired I would press you to it. Mind, I do press you; and could 'Bonner's Ghost' be laid again, which is impossible, for it will walk for ever, and by day too, we would have it laid in the Red Sea by some West Indian merchant, who must be afraid of spirits, and cannot be in charity with *you*.

Mrs. Boscawen dined at Fulham with me. It rained all day, and though the last of July, we had

fires in every room, as if Bonner had been still in possession of the See.

I have not dared to recollect you too often by overt acts, dear Madam, as by the slowness of your answer you seem to be sorry my memory was so very alert. Besides, it looks as if you had a mind to keep me at due distance, by the great civility and cold complimentality of your letter; a style I flattered myself you had too much good will towards me to use. Pretensions to humility I know are generally traps for flattery; but could you know how very low my opinion is of myself, I am sure you would not have used the terms to me you did, and which I will not repeat, as they are by no means applicable to me. If I ever had tinsel parts, age has not only tarnished them, but convinced me how frippery they were.

Sweet are your Cowslips, sour my Strawberry Hill,
My fruits are fallen, your blossoms flourish still.

Mrs. Boscawen told me last night that she had received a long letter from you, which makes me flatter myself you have had no return of your nervous complaints. Mrs. Walsingham I have seen four or five times; Miss Boyle has decorated their house most charmingly; she has not only designed, but *carved in marble*, three beautiful bas reliefs with boys, for a chimney piece; besides painting elegant pannels for the library, and forming, I do not know how, pilasters of black and gold beneath glass; in short we are so improved in taste, that if it would be decent I could like to live fifty or sixty

years more, just to see how matters go on ; in the mean time, I wish my Macbethian wizardess would tell me, ‘ that Cowslip Dale should come to Strawberry Hill,’ which by the etiquette of oracles you know would certainly happen, because so improbable. I will be content if the nymph of the Dale will visit the old man of the mountain, and her most sincere friend,

H. WALPOLE.

From Miss H. More to Mr. WALPOLE.

Sandleford House, Sept. 1789.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been so brutally negligent of your last favour, that you might *once* have taunted me with the proverbial reproach, that ‘ ingratitude is worse than the sin of witchcraft ;’ but now that demonology, and miracles, and witchcraft are become fashionable and approved things, you must endeavour to find out a new similitude wherewith to compare my wickedness. But though I cannot bring myself to allow of the pert axiom, that virtue is its own reward, I am willing enough in this instance at least, to allow that sin is its own punishment ; for every post I delay answering a letter of your’s, so many days do I voluntarily put off entitling myself to a very great entertainment ; I mean that of getting another letter from you ; so I am at least more disinterested than most criminals. But really, if I were only half as good as you sometimes abuse me for pretending to be, instead

of being entirely pleased with hearing from you, I should mix a little wholesome fear with my gratification, for you not only do all you can to turn my head, by printing my trumpery verses *yourself*, but you call in royal aid to complete my delirium, by sending me a bewildering piece of flattery from a most amiable princess. You cannot imagine what a bad effect on my morals a little praise has from you great people; I swallow it with the most simple and unresisting eagerness in the world, upon Hamlet's plain principle,

‘For what advancement can they hope from me!’

I comfort myself that you will counteract some part of the injury you have done my principles this summer, by a regular course of abuse when we meet in the winter: remember that you owe this restorative to my moral health; next to being flattered, I like to be scolded; but to be let quietly alone, would be intolerable. Dr. Johnson said once to me, ‘never mind whether they praise or abuse your writings; any thing is tolerable except oblivion.’

I have been an arrant stroller;—amusing myself by sailing down the beautiful river Wye, looking at abbeys and castles, with Mr. Gilpin in my hand to teach me to criticise, and talk of foregrounds, and distances, and perspectives, and prominences, with all the cant of connoisseurship: and then to *subdue* my imagination, which had been not a little disordered with this enchanting scenery, I have been living in sober magnificence with the Plantagenet Dowager Duchess at Stoke, where a little more

discretion, and a little less fancy was proper and decorous; and then I have had Mrs. Montagu at my cottage, and then I have had Mrs. Garrick, and then I have had Mr. Wilberforce; so that with all my fantastic dreams of hermitage and retreat, and *a place to retire to be melancholy in*, any thing less like a hermit, or more like a dissipated fine lady, you cannot easily conceive. And now I am at Mrs. Montagu's in Berkshire, where are Gothic windows, and Grecian wit, and British oaks, and which, (if Mr. Wyatt ever has the kindness to finish it, which I doubt,) will at last be really a fine place, though rather characterized by fine parts than a good whole: but among Mrs. Montagu's best possessions, I reckon her niece, who is here,—sensible, discreet, and accomplished, and not (at least not *yet*) spoiled by the world, though a great fortune.

Poor France! though I am sorry that the lawless rabble are so triumphant, yet I cannot help hoping that some good will arise from the sum of human misery having been so considerably lessened at one blow by the destruction of the Bastile.¹ The utter extinction of the Inquisition, (unless the fire is only sleeping under the ashes and not wholly quenched) and the redemption of Africa, I hope yet to see accomplished; and when I shall have seen these three great engines of the Devil crushed, demolished, exterminated, my greatest wishes on this side heaven will be gratified; and even then

¹ She soon saw that this was only the beginning of crimes.

there will be fully as much natural and moral evil left in the world as one's heart can wish, without these stupendous and elaborate inventions to aggravate the misery of mankind by mountains of sin, and masses of calamity. If I knew one human being who more cordially than yourself, joins with me in wishing to see the world a little happier than it is, I would have uttered my complaints to him, and not to you, though I believe it would have been more to the credit of my philosophy, not to have uttered them at all. Unluckily, however, I have not in me one atom of that stuff out of which philosophers are made. I want to know if you have biographized the new noble author, who I think will figure in your hands, after having renounced the turf for the fathers. I hear he has just written a catechism.

It is really abusing the permission given me to be impertinent, to run on thus without wit or shame. The last of these qualities, however, does begin to operate, and I will say no more, but that I cannot say how much I am, my dear Sir,

Your ever obliged,

H. M.

From Bishop Porteus to Miss H. More.

Monk's Walk, four in the morning, 1789.

DEAR MADAM,

Had I the good fortune to be a papist and a sprite, I would send you in return for an exquisite little poem, (which I received a few posts ago) the prettiest copy of verses in the world; for no one I

do affirm writes such delicious poetry as the *Ghost of a popish Bishop*. But as I am unluckily nothing more than a *live protestant Monk*, it is impossible for me (encumbered as I am with flesh and bones and other corporeal impediments) to soar so high into the regions of fancy, wit, and taste, as those light aerial beings who are all intellect and spirit, and have not a single gross earthly particle about them to retard their flight, or cloud their imagination. Perhaps, too, there is something in your *beloved* popery peculiarly favourable to poetic composition; for we know that both papists and poets have a wonderful talent for fictions and marvels. For these and sundry other good reasons which I shall not specify, I must content myself at present with thanking you very heartily and very humbly in plain, dull, heretical prose, for the very great pleasure you have given us, both in person and by your pen. How far I may hereafter find myself inspired by the Monk's Walk, and Bishop Bonner's Chair, which you have immortalized by your verse, and touched with your enchanted wand, I know not; but I shall certainly never sit in the one or saunter in the other, without thinking of that entertaining poetic friend, who has given importance and interest to both. Poor dear Bishop Bonner! how little did he imagine that he who had not a grain of wit himself, should be the cause of so much in others. He, good man, in the simplicity of his heart, thought of no other amusement but that of burning heretics. He had no conception that he should give birth to any other kind of entertain-

ment, and that two hundred years afterwards, he should light up in certain poetical imaginations, a somewhat purer and more innocent flame than that which he kindled in Smithfield.

My wife (O shade of Bonner! forgive that profane word!) desires me to say every thing kind and friendly for her to you, and the beloved house of Teston; and for myself, I must say, that I am, with the most perfect truth and sincerity,

Dear madam,

Your very sincere and faithful servant,

A PROTESTANT MONK.

Miss H. More to Mrs. Carter.

Cowslip Green, 1789.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I am sure you have thought me a *perfidy* woman to have heard nothing from me through all these long summer days, if such a cold and drenching June and July can have the face to call themselves summer; but my time has been so totally and sadly occupied since I came to my hermitage, that I have scarcely written to a friend, though my dear Mrs. Carter is in the small but beloved number of those of whom I have frequently and affectionately thought. Perhaps you know that Mrs. Montagu had the kindness to bring me down hither herself from Bristol, and bestowed on me a day which will be ranked among the pleasantest I have passed here. I have had many cheerful pleasant letters from Mr. Walpole, which prove him to be in charming

spirits. You owe the handsome form in which the enclosed nonsense makes its appearance to a galanterie of his. While I was at the dear Bishop's at Fulham, the trifling incident recorded in the argument happened. The Bishop cut a little walk through a dark thicket, to which I gave the name of the Monk's Walk, and the subject obviously enough suggested the idea of the verses, which Mr. Walpole, by accident seeing, very much wished to print at Strawberry Hill; a compliment too flattering for my vanity to resist; so he printed a certain number of copies for his friends and mine. I wish I could contrive to send you more than one, though perhaps you will say with Shakspeare, 'a little more than a little is by much too much.'

In my way down I made my long promised visit to the Provost of Eton; of course I saw Windsor, and strange to say, for the first time in my life! As is the common case of high and long expectation, I was egregiously disappointed, both with the castle and terrace; the first containing few monuments of ancient grandeur, and scarcely any good pictures—and the latter having few interesting objects, and little beside mere magnitude and garish extent to recommend it. I left poor Mrs. Garrick quite well and in spirits, and two days afterwards had a letter from her, dictated by bitter affliction on the sudden death of a lovely little girl, her darling niece, whom I likewise tenderly loved. I am the more concerned at this loss, as I had hoped she would have found in this sweet girl an object to fasten her affections upon in her own family. She

has so few interesting attachments that I feel this loss for her extremely.

I know nothing of the pamphlet advertized to be printed of the size of the ‘Manners of the Great,’ except that I did not write it, and that I know nothing in the world as to who did. It was advertized in such an equivocal way, that many of my friends sent for it, supposing it to be mine, and when they found it was not, advised me to take some public notice of it; but no—if it does the slightest good it is no matter who wrote it, or how it is written; besides it is the humblest of all possible deceits in *any* author to wish to pass for *me*, and I would not expose any body for such a meritorious act of humiliation.

Did you ever meet with Baron Haller’s letters to his daughter, on the Evidences of Christianity? I have just read it with great pleasure, and hardly know a more important little book to be put into the hands of persons just entering into the world, where they will not fail to hear so much sceptical conversation, in what is called good company. It is well written and perspicuous; the arguments apposite and level to ordinary apprehensions, and the expression sufficiently elegant.

I have almost got to the end of Gibbon. I had no other way of coming at the history of the Bas Empire, but wading through that offensive and exceptionable book. I do not know whether he takes most pains to corrupt the principles or to pervert the taste of his reader. Were he to be the prevailing author, Christianity and the English lan-

guage would be abolished pretty nearly at the same time: there is almost as much affectation and false taste, as there is impiety and even obscenity. Luckily I cannot read Greek, but those who do, assure me that many of the notes are grossly indecent: I am sure that is the case with many of those which I *can* read. I have promised to go for a week to Mrs. Montagu's about the middle of this month. Mrs. Kennicott spent nearly a fortnight at my little cottage, and accommodated herself very readily to the quiet simple life she was obliged to lead. My sisters spent their week of leisure with me. I am now a perfect hermit, enjoying complete solitude, with such casual interruptions as make a grateful vicissitude. The world is wiped out of my memory as totally as if it had never occupied me; but the remembrance of a few wise, and good, and pleasant friends lives in my heart, accompanies my walks, and embellishes my solitude. Be assured that my dear Mrs. Carter is among the very first of these, and is tenderly and constantly remembered by

her ever faithful,

H. MORE.

From the same to the same.

Palace, Salisbury, October 1, 1789.

MY DEAR MRS. CARTER,

I do insist upon it, that punctuality of correspondence must never be made the test of affection, for no two things ever bore less proportion to each other than the sincerity of my love, and the fre-

quency of my letters to you. It is lucky for the peace of my conscience that I have not your last kind letter by me to reproach me by its date. But I have led a sad vagrant sort of life lately, and vagabondism is not very compatible with regularity of any sort. In the first place I took a ramble with my excellent and pleasant friends Mr. and Miss Wilberforce (after they had bestowed some time on me at my cottage) through Monmouthshire; and we sailed down the pleasant and picturesque river Wye, enjoying at once the benefits of improving conversation, and the charms of the most beautiful and interesting scenery. We deplored the ruthless hand of war, which had dismantled castles; and we contemplated abbeys, which the mouldering hand of time would have mellowed into more affecting beauty had the zeal of reformation confined itself to opinions and principles, and not vented its undistinguishing fury on stone walls and pillars and windows. Your own charming verses on a similar subject leave nothing to be said, as they are tender and beautiful in a high degree.

Of the ten days I staid at Sandleford, five were devoted to most unrelenting headaches; and the intervening five, instead of being employed to redeem the inaction of the others, were past in pleasant airings, &c. I left Mrs. Montagu quite well.

I am at present on a visit to our excellent friends the Bishop of Salisbury and Mrs. Barrington; Mrs. Garrick is of the party; she made a visit to my cottage from her head quarters at Bath, where she has been some time drinking the waters, not having

been quite well this summer. I should be charged with the kindest remembrances of our whole society, did they know I was writing to you, but they are all gone to an oratorio. I declined going, as I have long since given up public places, which neither suit my taste nor my health.

My *whole* time, however, has not been devoted to such idle pursuits as travelling and visiting. I am engaged in a work in which I am sure I shall have your hearty prayers and good wishes. You will I dare say mistake the word *work*, and think it is some literary vanity; but no, *le voici*. A friend of mine and myself having with great concern discovered a very large village, at many miles distance from me, containing incredible multitudes of poor, plunged in an excess of vice, poverty, and ignorance beyond what one would suppose possible in a civilized and Christian country, have undertaken the task of seeing if we cannot become humble instruments of usefulness to these poor creatures, in the way of schools, and a little sort of manufactory. The difficulties are great, and my hopes not sanguine; but *He* who does not “despise the day of small things,” will, I trust, bless this project. I am going directly down to my little colony, to see what can be done before winter sets in. My long absence at that period will be a grievous circumstance.

I know your good and benevolent heart will receive pleasure at hearing that my sisters are preparing to retire at Christmas from their anxious and laborious employment, to enjoy, I hope, a little leisure and peace after a busy, and I trust, not

unuseful life. Adieu, my dearest Mrs. Carter, God bless you. Always your very faithful and sincerely obliged,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. Carter to Miss H. More.

Eastrey, 1789.

I did indeed, my dear Miss More, think you a *perfidy* woman for not writing to me; this however I overlooked, as a human frailty. But do you in conscience think that I could with any degree of patience support your delaying to send me Bishop Bonner's ghost, when so many people must have seen it, who could not admire this exquisite little poem more, and who do not love the author half so much as I do. I did see it, however, much sooner than you intended, by the goodness of the Bishop of London and Mr. Walpole; and now my fury being tolerably well evaporated, I will thank you for sending it to me at last: but, indeed, my dear friend, I am not really so unreasonable as to expect that when your time is so usefully and nobly employed, you should find leisure to indulge me with a letter so often as I wish to hear from you. I always rejoice in reflecting on the good you are doing to others, and on the happiness you are treasuring up for yourself; and I am contented in my own particular with a persuasion very dear to my heart, that whether you write to me or whether you forbear, you still think of me with equal kindness, and that I possess the same place in your

friendship. Most sincerely do I wish and pray for success to your present most benevolent scheme of humanizing and christianizing those poor savages of whom you give so affecting a description. You know the world too well to expect to do all the good you wish, but you will certainly do some, perhaps a great deal. At all events the attempt is excellent, and will infallibly meet its reward. I shall long to know how your scheme goes on. Is not this most charitable work to be effected by subscription? seeing you are not personally possessed of £100,000. If it is, I beg you will allow me to contribute a little. Giving money is a very inconsiderable part of such a charity, but my wretched inactivity seldom allows me to do any thing more, and therefore I always feel it a duty to do in this instance what I can.

It gave me pleasure to find you had made some agreeable excursions in the summer. How I should have enjoyed rambling with you along the romantic banks of the river Wye! I am still happy enough to feel that youth is not necessary to the enthusiastic pleasures of imagination.

Indeed I do feel a very sincere joy in your account, that your excellent sisters, after many years so usefully spent in a fatiguing task, are going to enjoy the blessing of liberty and repose, before life is worn down to an incapacity for reasonable pleasure.

I am sure you sometimes think with compassion on the miserable situation of our poor neighbours on the continent. Every benevolent mind would wish that all the nations of the earth might enjoy

the advantages of civil and religious liberty;—yet however desirable the end, the heart sinks at a view of the present confusion and horrors, with which great revolutions are usually attended. Yet so it must be, since they are most commonly brought about by bad men. The scrupulously conscientious dare not submit to such practices, nor will they condescend to use such instruments, as in the corrupted state of mankind are necessary, to procure great and important changes in the constitution of the moral world. Let our pride confess that it is not human wisdom, it is not human virtue, to which we are indebted for remarkable public reformati^ons, but to the Providence of God, which makes the selfish and ambitious passions of men his instruments of general good.

I fear our friend Mr. Walpole's heart has suffered deeply from the distresses of his family. Lord Waldegrave's death is a sad circumstance to his lady, to whom he was an excellent husband, and to five young children.

I hope you have got entirely rid of your tooth-ache. As to your head, alas! I have not much better hopes of it than of my own. Adieu, my dear Miss More.

Ever most affectionately yours,

E. CARTER.

From the Rev. John Newton to Miss H. More.

Priestlands, Lyminster, Sept. 18, 1789.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I think it probable that amphibious animals, which can live either on the land or in the water, are not equally attached to both; they remove to the one occasionally, but are most at home when on the other. Such an animal am I: the reasons for which I ought not to live to myself, fix me chiefly in London, and I would be thankful that I can make a very tolerable shift to live and breathe there; but when I now and then get leave to quit it, I find that the country is my favourite element. We left London the 2nd instant; the next day brought us to Southampton; on the 15th we came hither, and we return to Southampton to-day. You have probably heard Dr. Stonehouse speak of *his* and *my* good friend, Mr. Etty, with whom I now am: he can give you some idea of the beauty of Priestlands, and of the hermitage in which I am now writing—a task which the poverty of my descriptive talent, and the consideration of whom I am writing to, persuade me to decline. It would be a subject not unworthy of your own pen.

The Wednesday before we set out, my dear Mrs. Newton was enabled to go to church, for the first time since the end of November. She travelled with little inconvenience, and is at present tolerably, though not perfectly well. When the year began, I had little reason to hope that either she, or our dear

child, Miss Catlett, would accompany me any more; but now they are both with me. When we were brought low, the Lord helped us, and we still live to praise him; we are still monuments of his mercy, and proofs of his goodness in answering prayer. Happy are they who are permitted to trust in him who raiseth the dead. If we know what we ask, and our wishes are regulated by a submission to his will, we cannot expect too much from the God that made heaven and earth, and has set them constantly in our view as an encouraging specimen of his wisdom, power, and goodness.

I hope you received my printed sermon. I sent it to the Adelphi, but heard afterwards that you had left London before I was aware. The importance, the critical season, and the suddenness of the king's recovery, offered an occasion almost sufficient to make, as we say, the stones speak. I could not be silent. I preached three sermons on the event; and printed the last a month after the thanksgiving-day on which it was preached; some reasons having induced me to publish it—though at the time I had no intention to do so; and therefore, not having written a syllable, I was obliged to apply to my recollection for the substance of what I had delivered. The hand and providence of God was generally acknowledged, and some confessions of this kind extorted even from infidels; but I was willing to lead the thoughts of my hearers and readers to him with whom we expressly have to do; to the God who manifests his glory in the person of Jesus Christ, by whom he exercises all power and autho-

rity in heaven and earth. This truth ; that individuals, and families, and nations, and events are under the administration of him, who his own-self bare our sins in his own body upon the tree, is the very life of my soul, the foundation of my hopes, and of all that deserves the name of religion ; without it, all appears to me dead, uncomfortable, and unfruitful. No scheme of religion can afford me relief, but that which is accommodated to the state of the unworthy helpless sinner, who needs multiplied forgiveness, and continual supplies ; having nothing of his own, but evil and misery.

Oh ! had it been left to me when I first perceived my wretchedness, to devise a way of escape, and to consider how he on whom I could venture to trust must be qualified, in order to be able to save me to the uttermost, I must have been utterly and for ever at a loss. But blessed be God, I found this great desideratum settled and provided for me to my hand ; and that Jesus as revealed in the gospel, was exactly the very Saviour I would have wished for, had I known how. My case required a compassion, that could pity the most obstinate and rebellious ; a power, that could subdue the most inveterate habits of wickedness, and to protect me from dangers which I could neither foresee nor prevent, and from legions of enemies, with whom I was quite unable to cope. It required likewise some very valuable and important considerations to satisfy me how it could be consistent with the justice and holiness of God, to afford mercy to such a wretch as I was. But in what the Scripture

teaches of the person, the offices, the love, the sufferings of the Son of God, I have found enough to silence every doubt, to obviate every difficulty, to banish every fear. So that if my faith and actual experience were but equal to the views my judgment has formed upon these points, I should be the happiest creature alive; and should go on singing with the apostle to the end of my days, and even in the midst of tribulation, “If God be for us, who can be against us? it is Christ that died; yea, rather that is risen, ascended, and is making intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?”

But alas, Madam, too often my judgment and my experience differ almost as much as the knowledge we obtain of a country by looking on a map, differs from that which is acquired by travelling through it. Though the Lord has in mercy opened my eyes, I cannot see without light, and this light is not in myself. I depend upon an agency which I cannot command, but which I can, and do, too often offend. In proportion as this influence is suspended or diminished, I revert again into my original self; and all my supposed knowledge is as useless as the figures and gnomon of a dial when the sun no longer shines. To this it is owing, that I am such a riddle to myself, such a medley of inconsistencies and contradictions, that I would and would not, that I can and cannot; that I do what I hate, and neglect what I desire; that it has so often been a point of deliberation with me, whether I should please God or man; that I can so glibly write before breakfast, of my obligations to the

Saviour, and yet possibly before dinner, feel myself in such a situation as to be almost ashamed of owning my attachment to him.

Oh, if the world, with all its blandishments, or with all its scorning, were to come upon me sometimes, I think I should know how to give it an answer. But there are seasons when I find myself a very coward; and then, if I were not secretly upheld by him, from whose cause I am basely shrinking, I should actually throw down my arms and quit the field.

Well! I hope it will not always be so. Indeed I do not expect any reason to think better of myself, while I am here. My mortal frame, like the leprous house, is so deeply infected that it is incurable; the timber and the stone must be taken down. I hope I wish to live as becometh a saint, but after all, I must be content and thankful to die as becometh a sinner, crying for mercy, and only looking for it on account of him whom I have pierced. But there is another and a better state, when I hope to be all eye, all ear, all heart towards him who loved me, and gave himself for me. Then may we meet and behold his glory, and praise him for ever.

But if we live, I hope to meet you first at No. 6, Coleman Street Buildings, when you return to London, which we hope will be about the second of October. With a tender of Mrs. Newton's and Miss Catlett's best respects,

I remain, dear Madam,

Your affectionate and obliged Servant,

JOHN NEWTON.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Walpole.

Cowslip Green, Sept. 1789.

MY DEAR SIR,

I do aver, (and a modest asseveration it is,) that I am much more amiable, and worthy, and grateful than I appear to be,—I mean in the single article of friendship; and though I do not pretend to have *quite* reached sinless perfection even in that article, yet are my delinquencies on that head more involuntary than on any other. Besides, the *abolition* of such a gainful traffic as our correspondence is to me, where, as Lord North says, the *reciprocity is all on one side*, would be such a loss to me, as no other literary merchandise I can engage in, could possibly repair. Yet though it is so much my interest as well as my pleasure to be good, it is certain that nothing can be much worse than I appear to be; but I have lately had so much business on my hands, (not writing, believe me!) that I think I have not written a single line for mere pleasure or friendship these six weeks. Your project for relieving our poor slaves by machine work, is so far from being wild or chimerical, that of three persons deep and able in the concern, (Mr. Wilberforce among others,) not one but has thought it rational and practicable; and that a plough may be so constructed as to save much misery. But I forget that negroes are not human, nor our fellow-creatures; allowing, however, the popular position that they are *not*, still a feeling master would be glad to save his ox or his ass superfluous labour, and unnecessary fatigue. I am

grieved to find by a letter from Mrs. Boscawen, (for I should never have learned it from yourself) that you have had another attack of the gout. I found a little alleviation of this unpleasant intelligence, in comforting myself that your two fair wives were within reach of your elbow chair, and that their pleasant society would somewhat mitigate the sufferings of your confinement. Apropos of two wives—when the newspapers the other day were plesed to marry me to Dr. Priestley, I am surprised they did not rather choose to bestow me on Mr. M——, as *his* wife is probably better broken in to these eastern usages, than Mrs. Priestley may be. I can account for this absurd report I think. Being one day in a large company, who all inveighed against Lindsey, and Jebb, and other Socinians who had deserted the church, because they could not subscribe to the articles, I happened to say that I thought sincerity such a golden virtue, that I had a feeling bordering on respect for such as had apostatized upon principle; for when a man gives such an unequivocal proof of his being in earnest, as to renounce a lucrative profession, rather than violate his conscience, I must think him sincere, and of course respectable. I have ever since been accused of rank Socinianism, and the papers soon after married me to Priestley, though I reprobate his opinions. I never saw him but once in my life, and he had then been married above twenty years.

I am edified by your strictures on the French distractions. These people seem to be tending to the

only two deeper evils, than those in which they are at present involved ; for I can figure to myself no greater mischiefs than despotism and popery, except anarchy and atheism. I could find in my heart to forgive Louis Quatorze all the spite I owe him, if he could know that the throne of the grand monarque has been overturned by fisherwomen ! What a pity too that Vertot is not alive ! whose element was a state convulsion ; who hopped over peaceful intervals, as periods of no value, and only seemed to enjoy himself when all the rest of the world was mad. Storm and tempest were his halcyon days. As he was a man of some piety, I wonder he never wrote the history of Adam's fall. Alas ! in sober sadness how much nobler a quarry for his tumult-loving genius, would the defection of the whole human race from God and goodness have been, than the small game of such petty revolutions as states and empires. Adieu, my dear Sir, treat me not as I deserve, but according to your own nobleness ; in the former case I should hardly hear from you before I may hope to see you ; in the latter I shall be relieved from an anxiety about your health, which will be always an interesting subject to,

Dear Sir,

Your ever obliged and truly grateful,

H. M.

From the same to the same.

Bristol, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

I this instant received your very kind letter, and

cannot refuse myself the gratification of assuring you of my warm and hearty sympathy with your most affecting illness and losses, and especially on the touching fate of that excellent, interesting Lady Waldegrave. I have been so long buried at Cheddar, a wretched obscure village in the lower part of Somersetshire, among more want, misery, and ignorance, than any I had supposed to exist, and where I hope to be made an humble, though unworthy instrument of being a *little* useful, that I had not so much as heard of Lord Waldegrave's death, when I wrote to you my last trifling letter, which I then thought was nothing worse than foolish, but which, the instant I heard of the distress you were in, struck my imagination as light and unfeeling, and turned into a crime, that which I only meant as a folly. I do indeed admire the sweet resignation and heroic piety of this afflicted lady. My heart aches to think that your anxieties on her subject are far from being at an end; never was so pitiable a distress! I pray God to spare her to her children. I am truly sorry that your confinement, grievous enough of itself, should be aggravated by these distressing circumstances. I do admire the Duchess of Gloucester, for remaining in the midst of these woful scenes,—how few do so!

I am going to-morrow to spend the week with the Duchess of Beaufort, at Stoke. As to the tragedy you inquire about, I hear it is a very poor performance, without plot, character, or interest. There are, I dare say, some pretty passages in it, but all seem to bring it in guilty of the crime of dulness,

which I take to be the greatest fault in dramatic composition. I heartily thank you, dear Sir, for your friendly cautions about what you call the Constantinopolitan jargons, but believe me, I am in no danger; you yourself have hardly a higher disdain of the narrow spirit, the contracting littleness of party in religion. I deplore the separating system and the sad bigotry which has split the Christian world, and made the different sects, like the teeth of Cadmus, destroy one another as fast as they spring up. But indeed this is not the spirit of Christianity, which is all love and peace.

Dare I intrude upon your goodness so far, as to beg the favour of you to send copies of Bonner's Ghost to Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Walsingham, and our friend Mr. Batt. If you will be so good as to send them in your own name it will bestow some consequence on them, and you will deduct them from the portion you so generously assign me. If I thought my excellent friends Lady Juliana Penn or Mr. Pepys were *very* near you, I should be intrusive enough to swell the catalogue of your troubles. Adieu, my dear Sir; with great regard believe me,

Yours, &c.

H. MORE.

From the Rev. Richard Cecil to Miss H. More.

DEAR MADAM,

I felt myself under great obligation to you for your last obliging letter, though I have been so long

in answering it. Certain it is, that I should have been very glad to have *seen* you; but after that, you conferred the next highest favour; and whether you believe it or not, (for people live in the world till they learn to refer almost every thing to *finesse*,) yet I do declare that my not writing to you before, was owing to the indisposition I felt to tease and occupy one so well employed, so much addressed, and I fear so often indisposed by sickness.

Still, interest, the god of this world, drives us all to our point: and though you certainly disappointed me in my expectation last time, I thought I would try again. I had formed a design of seeing with your eyes, and hearing with your ears, (observe, I do not say speaking with your tongue, for that I never thought of,) and with such assistance I expected my *second* edition would be worth notice; when lo! I received some kind and complimentary remarks, without a single alteration proposed, or a defect pointed out; though *I* see several to be ashamed of. Now, my dear Madam, to make me amends, (for I do insist upon it you did not use me well) do, as soon as you find it convenient, tell me what I must add, and what I must remove from the inclosed tract, which I am forced to send you coverless, on account of its weight.

I must honestly confess to you, that when I heard from Mr. Hoare lately, that you were pretty well, I wrote to Mr. Grant to inform him, among other things of this, and to beg he would use his endeavours to bring you forward at a time which seems to demand uncommon exertions in the cause of truth

and righteousness, and exertions too of a particular kind. I hope he will succeed, and that directly.

My own mind is frequently tossed about in the view of present affairs (I mean of a religious kind, for I pay but little regard to politics); sometimes I despond, at other times I am for pursuing; then again I sink, till I take up the Bible, or go into the sanctuary and see the end of these men, and the stability of divine truth. I feel also that a Christian must be a man of faith every step of the way, and one whom the world knows not, though he so well knows the world. But what signifies my saying these things to you?

Let me say, however, since I can say it with so much sincerity and pleasure, that I present my kindest and most respectful regards to each of the ladies, whose obliging attentions I received at Cowslip Green, and that I remain, with the highest esteem,

Your much obliged friend,
and humble servant,

R. CECIL.

From Mrs. Montagu to Miss H. More.

Portman Square, Sept. 1789.

I suppose my dear Miss More has given me up long ago as dead and buried; but indeed, though I have been buried, I have not been dead, nor in any degree cold or insensible to her; but all alive to her merits and perfections; nor can I ever forget, or cease to love them, till I shall have drunk of the

oblivious Lethe. Why then, you will say, did I not answer your charming letter? Why not thank you for the happy days you gave me at Sandleford? But do not I tell you I have been buried; ghosts walk and haunt the places, and the persons in whom they took delight, but bodies thrust into the earth cannot do so. Your letter found me sore beset with little cares; I was then preparing for my northern expedition; many orders I had to give, many directions to inculcate. I said to myself, therefore, I shall have a more perfect enjoyment of my friend's correspondence when I am not in all this bustle and embarrassment, with a mind divided between the place I am leaving, and that to which I am going; so I will not write till I am settled in Northumberland. But, alas! when I got there, I was a captive to worldly cares, and perfectly buried in coal-pits, and I returned only five days ago to upper day, and our great metropolis. I know you will be glad to hear that my health has rather been improved than impaired by my northern expedition. I found our dear Vesey weak and low. I suppose Mrs. Garrick informed you I passed some days in her sweet place and charming society before I set out for Northumberland. Under the direction of the northern star, I went to Lady Spencer's, at St. Alban's, and from thence to Mr. Smelt's, in Yorkshire; with Lady Spencer I staid but a short time, engagements in the north urging me to go forward; but in the short time I did stay, I had the highest satisfaction, that of seeing her continually employed in relieving distress, soothing affliction, and

administering comfort to every species of misery. Her ladyship had the goodness to carry me to see some remains of the great Lord Bacon's seat at Gorhambury. With much reverence did I enter a fine gallery, which was his chosen place for study and contemplation; I considered it as consecrated to wisdom and the sciences, but was presently awakened from my enthusiastical pleasure, by being informed that the building being decayed, Lord Grimston, the present owner, is going to pull it down; is going to demolish Lord Bacon's study! Oh! ye daughters of memory, will you suffer it? Oh! Minerva, goddess of *wisdom*, will you endure it? The thought sticks in my throat, and chokes me; and I can say no more, only that I did not recover my spirits until I got to Mr. Smelt's, where I saw virtue and wisdom happy: but, perhaps, the place his taste has embellished, and his virtues adorn, will, in the course of a century, lapse to some foolish Florio, or wretched miser. All the things of this world are of a changeable and perishable nature; however, my dear Madam, let not this thought cast a gloom on your cottage at Cowslip Green, which, while you inhabit it, will be admired and respected as the abode of the virtues and the muses. Your bower is worthy to receive, and delightful enough to retain the Red Cross Knight;¹ but to our infinite regret, he made a very short visit at Sandleford. I hope he did not consider it as *Error's den*. I have had a beautiful engraving of the verses on

¹ William Wilberforce, Esq.

Bonner's Apparition in my memory ever since I first saw them: and the frontispiece of Strawberry Hill which you have sent me, has made the matter complete, and I return my sincere thanks for the favour. I beg you to present my best respects to the Duchess of Beaufort when you go to Stoke. I wish I could be of your party. I beg my affectionate compliments to all your sisters; and pray put a great deal of gratitude into those you present for me to Miss M. More. I beg that if Mrs. Chatterton continues ill, you will give her a guinea for me, which I can repay, but cannot all your goodness and favours (though sincerely felt,) to my dear Madam,

Your much obliged,

and faithful servant,

E. MONTAGU.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Salisbury Palace, 1789.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I do remember with gratitude your kind injunction to me, at parting, to give you a few lines about my insignificant self. I trust you arrived as prosperously at your station in the east, as I did at mine in the west; from which tranquil station however, I was soon seduced by the prevailing rhetoric of the Lord and Lady of this episcopal palace. I was not aware, however, that it was such a bustling period, or I should have contrived to have made my pilgrimage to the shrine of Sarum, at a quieter season; for we have great dinners, and

concerts, and oratorios, it being the music meeting. At their evening amusements, however, they are so good as to dispense with my attendance, and they are all gone to the festivity of the night, having left me solitary queen of this venerable palace. Indeed I had but too plausible a pretence for keeping close, having suffered a painful and perilous extraction of a tooth since I came hither ; and here I am sitting with an original picture of Henry Lawes, the friend of Milton, and the composer of *Comus*, looking down upon me, very angry I suppose, though he does not tell me so, at the disrespect I pay to his art, in deserting all this fine music ; while I am much more sorry at not being able to explore, in many a sauntering reverie, the gothic elegance of this beautiful church, and to smooth the ruffled wing of contemplation in its sober cloisters. The Bishop has very judiciously taken down an impertinent wall, which prevented the cathedral from standing in his garden, and the effect has amply repaid the labour. I purpose, nothing dismayed, to encounter the two extremes of human life, and exchange the palace for the cottage in a day or two, as I am now quite recovered.

Now the evenings are so long, I feel a sort of comfort in knowing that you have sheltered yourself in the social and protected neighbourhood of Richmond, which at this season is so much better for you than the pretty but isolated retreat of Glanvilla.

Talking of long evenings and retreats, I took it into my head during my seclusion at Hampton last

year, to read through a shelf of books as they came to hand, without any choice or selection, and it was diverting to see what a mass of crudities I swallowed. It was impossible they should assimilate so as to make a good literary chyle. Take some in the order in which I read them. Devotions of St. François de Sales, Life of Spinoso, Sentiments de Piété, Cartouche the Highwayman, Fénélon, Queen Christina, Sir Thomas Brown's very learned miscellanies, (and eke very obscure) his namesake Mr. Tom Brown's Letters, Life of St. Paul, Spanish novels, and the Use of Adversity, by Bussy Rabutin. I actually got to the end of my shelf, for I chose a short one, and one on which I was sure there was no poetry, which is too serious an engagement to risk without deliberation.

My dear Madam, ever yours,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. Boscawen to Miss H. More.

1789.

Your kind letter from Salisbury Palace has afforded me information, not indeed exactly such as I could have desired; for sober-minded as you are, you would not voluntarily have sat at home with Mr. Lawes's picture, if you could have heard such music as his and Purcell's in such company as sallied forth from your palace for that purpose. No, your health is still but poorly, I fear; alas! how seldom is it otherwise.

On Wednesday, I went to Caen Wood, where, I

fear, I have seen Lord Mansfield for the last time ; at least he appeared to me to be in a more suffering state of body than I have ever seen him in ; only his mind remains. Lady Charlotte Wentworth was there in deep mourning, and as Miss Murray informed me, much afflicted. You know, I suppose, though I did not, that Lady Harriet was dead as long ago as August last. Lady Charlotte inquired after you, and mentioned ‘ Bonner’s Ghost,’ which she had not seen, she said, though it had been, she was informed, in the newspaper. I promised I would send it to her, so I sent her my only Strawberry Hill copy, trusting to your generosity to replace it. It is true I have my own original copy in your dear hand ; *that* I will not part with. I have a letter from Lady Mount Edgecombe, in which I decypher the following : ‘ Would you, my dear friend, have the goodness to transmit to Miss More my best acknowledgments, and assure her I felt great vanity at finding myself on the list she thought worthy to possess the edifying Ghost of Bishop Bonner, which I extremely admire ; I know not how to address my gratitude to her, but through you.’ I think I have rendered this difficult passage exactly, *car vous connoissez les pieds de mouches de ma bonne amie*. She has had Mrs. Siddons with her. Mr. Walpole I have visited in his confinement, for he has had the gout in his knees, but as usual makes no complaint. Mrs. Huber too, sends me a message for you ;—I am universal secretary to *vos obligées*. She begs me to present her best compliments to you, and to say that ‘ but for the painful and un-

fortunate events, both private and public, that have happened here, I should long ago have returned Miss More thanks for the charming letter she had the goodness to write to me.' Both these my employers write incomparably well, all but the characters, which are indecipherable; so that you are better off in falling into my hands than their's. *Au reste*, speaking of the Comte de Mirabeau, she says that 'it is hardly possible to form an idea of the mixed sentiments of horror and admiration he inspires,—that there hardly lives such a monster of immorality, or a man of greater abilities and eloquence.' Have not all countries one such?

Here is not a lord or gentleman who can give one a frank. Lord Onslow is gone into Surrey; but I wish you had seen his lordship last week enter my room in triumph. 'Here, Madam, I have brought you something that you are worthy to see, you will be so delighted with it; Mr. Walpole has given it to Lady Onslow; and I ran away with it, vowing Mrs. Boscawen should see it this minute; so read it, and I will wait to carry it safe back again; it is charming.' All this, delivered with as much eagerness as kindness, I heard in silence, and then reaching to the shelf at my elbow (for Bishop Bonner is never far off) I shewed him the gothic pile which adorns the frontispiece, and much he marvelled that I should possess such a treasure. Adieu, dear friend.

F. B.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Cowslip Green, 1789.

MY DEAR MADAM,

What a pleasant letter did you write me, and how delightful your anticipated account of the Paris celebrity. Do not you think Dr. Price's sense and intelligence seem to have nodded, as his prudence has often done, when he talks of the omnipotence to be obtained by an union of the two countries, in his long prelude to his short toast. I desire to embrace all mankind as my brethren, and cordially wish all kingdoms, nations, languages, and individuals were united by the ties of human affection, and of Christian charity; but how these great ends can be brought about by throwing off all restraints, religious and moral, by throwing down all subordination, private and public; by talking of philanthropy and acting with cruelty: by introducing the laws and maxims of a little beggarly Greek Republic, into a vast, populous, polished, and corrupt empire, I cannot imagine.

I cannot say I am at all delighted with the new volume of Dr. B—; indeed, after having read four or five of the sermons, I desisted, and left his showy desert for the nourishment afforded by more solid divines. I know I am broaching a very unpopular opinion, but I judge as I feel, and not as I hear. The second discourse, for instance, on Sensibility, will I think be better relished by young ladies from the boarding school, than by serious persons. It appears to me to contain principles

not so evangelical as one should expect from so experienced a divine. I think he very injuriously prefers complexional feeling to those right actions which are performed by people of a sober character, purely from a sense of duty. Is not this setting the virtues of the constitution above the Christian graces, and preferring that goodness which proceeds from a kindly combination of the elements, to the difficult exertion of religious principle? I do not scruple to say that such divinity revolts me, but it will make the book acceptable to many. Sensibility appears to me to be neither good nor evil in itself, but in its application. Under the influence of Christian principle it makes saints and martyrs; ill directed or uncontrolled it is a snare, and the source of every temptation; besides, as people cannot get it if it is not given them, to descant on it seems to me as idle as to recommend people to have black eyes, or fair complexions: but I did not intend to say a word of all this; I wanted to discourse to you about your many pleasant neighbours, but have left myself but little room. I hope to hear that Mr. Walpole's gout has left him, for though I desired him not to write, I am very anxious to learn how he does. I imagine my excellent friends at Fulham are returning. I had a charming letter from the Bishop, enclosing his admirable charge. I am sure you are delighted with it. I am on the whole better than usual,

And, ever yours,

H. MORE.

CHAPTER V.

AT the close of the year 1789, to which our narrative has now brought us, an interesting event occurred, which prepared the way for Hannab More to execute the intention she had long formed, of gradually withdrawing herself from general society, and indulging in a closer intimacy with those whose religious sentiments were congenial with her own. Her four sisters had enabled themselves by their prudence and assiduity to retire from their task of education with great credit, and in affluent circumstances. The letter which follows records a very pleasing testimony to the great respectability and solid worth of these excellent ladies.

From Dr. Horne to Miss H. More.

Canterbury, 1789.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I most sincerely wish the Misses More all the happiness in their retirement, which retirement can give; and much is it able to give to those who, like them, carry into it a consciousness of having,

for so many years, well discharged the duties of an employment most useful and important to society. May they have raised up a succession of *daughters* who may prove hereafter firm in principles *as corner stones*, to support the honour of their respective families; and in accomplishments, *polished after the similitude of a palace*. And for yourself, Madam, go on, by your writings and conversation, to entertain and improve the choicest spirits of a learned age, and show them how glorious it is to reflect on all around us the light that falls on our own minds from that sun, which never goes down, but will burn and shine on for ever, when the luminaries of the firmament shall be extinguished, and the created heaven and earth shall be no more.

With repeated acknowledgments for all your kind attentions to my dear girl, I am with true esteem and regard, dear Madam,

Your much obliged and
faithful humble servant,

G. HORNE.

Previously to their taking this step, the eldest Miss More and her three sisters had built for themselves a house in Great Pulteney Street, Bath,¹ and between this residence of their own, and the retreat at Cowslip Green, they were in future to divide their time. For some years Hannah More had been cherishing the hope of devoting herself in her

¹ It is a singular circumstance that all the four houses in which they resided were built by themselves, and in not one of them had death disturbed their happy union, till at the end of fifty years they lost their eldest sister.

little retirement to meditative and literary leisure, and to planting and improving the scene around her; but there was no rest for her but in the consciousness of being useful. She carried into all places and scenes a mind teeming with a tender concern for human happiness, which would not allow her to look upon life and its great and lasting interests, without earnest wishes to be used as an instrument in the work of grace upon the soul, and the extension of the Saviour's kingdom. Having seen much of time mis-spent, and opportunities abused among the gay and great, she had taken up her parable, and proclaimed the truth, through good and evil report, in high places, where the tempter trusted to have reckoned her among his votaries; and finding in rural life and the peasant's cottage the same crimes, in other forms, disfiguring the moral scene, and intercepting the prosperity of the rising generation, she could not, though feeble in frame, withhold herself from taking an active part in the instruction of the poor population around her; and in every good work she undertook to promote, her talents and zeal soon made her the leader and directress. During the summer of this year she passed with her sister Martha more time than was usual with her at Cowslip Green, whence they had made occasional excursions to the villages for some miles round, particularly to Cheddar, a distance of ten miles, so famous for its romantic scenery. In the course of these little rambles, finding the poor in their neighbourhood immersed in deplorable ignorance and depravity,

they resolved to supply their spiritual wants. For this purpose they set about establishing without delay a school for the instruction of the poor of Cheddar, which in a short time included nearly three hundred children; and it soon appeared that from the prejudice against educating the poor, which at that time prevailed in many quarters, the neighbourhood in which this vigorous aggression upon ignorance and barbarity was begun was by no means exempt. Many of the opulent farmers patriotically opposed the innovation; one of them observing, that the country in which the ladies were introducing this disturbance had never prospered since religion had been brought into it by the monks of Glastonbury. To find proper masters and mistresses for their purpose, appeared to be their greatest difficulty; but by their patient and unwearied attention in qualifying persons for the office, they at length surmounted this and every other impediment.

Some of the letters of Miss H. More at this period which are very interesting, and present a pleasing picture of her incipient plans for instructing the children of the poor, are here offered to the reader.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

George Hotel, Cheddar, 1789.

DEAR SIR,

Though this is but a *romantic place*, as my friend Matthew well observed, yet you would laugh to see the bustle I am in. I was told we should meet with great opposition if I did not try to propitiate

the chief despot of the village, who is very rich, and very brutal; so I ventured to the den of this monster, in a country as savage as himself, near Bridgewater. He begged I would not think of bringing any religion into the country; it was the worst thing in the world for the poor, for it made them lazy and useless. In vain did I represent to him that they would be more industrious as they were better principled; and that, for my own part, I had no selfish views in what I was doing. He gave me to understand that he knew the world too well to believe either the one or the other. Somewhat dismayed to find that my success bore no proportion to my submissions, I was almost discouraged from more visits; but I found that friends must be secured at all events, for if these rich savages set their faces against us, and influenced the poor people, I saw that nothing but hostilities would ensue; so I made eleven more of these agreeable visits; and as I improved in the art of canvassing, had better success. Miss Wilberforce would have been shocked, had she seen the petty tyrants whose insolence I stroked and tamed, the ugly children I fondled, the pointers and spaniels I caressed, the cider I commended, and the wine I swallowed. After these irresistible flatteries, I inquired of each if he could recommend to me a house; and said that I had a little plan which I hoped would secure their orchards from being robbed, their rabbits from being shot, their game from being stolen, and which might lower the poor-rates. If effect be the best proof of eloquence, then

mine was a good speech, for I gained at length the hearty concurrence of the whole people, and their promise to discourage or favour the poor in proportion as they were attentive or negligent in sending their children. Patty, who is with me, says she has good hope that the hearts of some of these rich poor wretches may be touched; they are as ignorant as the beasts that perish, intoxicated every day before dinner, and plunged in such vices as make me begin to think London a virtuous place. By their assistance, I procured immediately a good house, which, when a partition is taken down, and a window added, will receive a great number of children. The house, and an excellent garden of almost an acre of ground, I have taken at once for six guineas and a half per year. I have ventured to take it for *seven years*,—there's courage for you! It is to be put in order *immediately*; “for the night cometh:” and it is a comfort to think, that though I may be dust and ashes in a few weeks, yet by that time this business will be in actual motion. I have written to different manufacturing towns for a mistress, but can get nothing hitherto. As to the mistress for the *Sunday* school, and the religious part, I have employed Mrs. Easterbrook, of whose judgment I have a good opinion. I hope Miss W—— will not be frightened, but I am afraid she must be called a methodist.

I asked the farmers if they had no resident curate; they told me they had a right to insist on one; which right, they confessed, they had never ventured to exercise, for fear *their tithes should*

be raised. I blushed for my species. The Glebe House is good for my purpose. The Vicarage of Cheddar is in the gift of the Dean of Wells; the value nearly fifty pounds per annum. The incumbent is a Mr. R——; who has something to do, but I cannot here find out what, in the University of Oxford, where he resides. The curate lives at Wells, twelve miles distant. They have only service once a week, and there is scarcely an instance of a poor person being visited, or prayed with. The living of Axbridge belongs to the Prebendary of Wiveliscombe, in the cathedral of Wells. The annual value is about fifty pounds. The incumbent, about sixty years of age. The Prebend to which this rectory belongs is in the gift of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Mr. G. is intoxicated about six times a week, and very frequently is prevented from preaching by two black eyes, honestly earned by fighting. Mr. —— is a middle-aged man; of his character they know nothing. The curate, a sober young man.

Love to Miss W.

Your much obliged,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Cowslip Green, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It happens very unluckily, that *both* of us should so partake of the nature of ghosts, that *neither* of us care to speak till we are spoken to; and that though

we are of a sex famous for loving to have the *last* word, it should be so difficult to make us pronounce the *first*.

I *have* read Paley's new book, and think the Evidence he adduces so strong, that it would carry him through a court of judicature. It is very pleasant to see the truth of Christianity receive an accession of strength from such collateral circumstances. You talk as if I lived in the world, and knew what passed in it. You should have told me what it was about. I did not know Mr. Burgess had published a sermon; but I will inquire for it, for he is one of the young clergy of whom I think particularly well. Some of his compositions are at present my chief study; not, however, those which procure admiration, or gain fame: for the Salisbury Spelling Book, and the Parochial Exercises, are those which at present attract my attention. I have been ferreting about these two months among the neglected villages of this hardly Christian country, to find out those places which are particularly destitute of religious advantages; and have fixed on the central parish of six large ones, which have not so much as a resident *curate*, for the principal scene of my operations. I have hired an old vicarage house which has had no inhabitant these hundred years, and in this I propose to place some pious and knowing people to instruct the poor, who are more vicious and ignorant than I could have conceived possible in a country which calls itself Christian. The vicar, who lives a long way off, is repairing the house for me, and as he is but ninety-four years old, he insists on

my taking a lease, and is as rigorous about the rent as if I were taking it for an Assembly Room. It will take some time to put this in order, but next Sunday we are to open a smaller school, a sort of detachment from these head quarters; and as all these villages are from six to ten miles distance from me, you will believe I am not a little engaged. I am not apt to be very sanguine in my expectations; but I comfort myself by remembering that we have nothing to do with *events*: and, indeed, the uncommon prosperity we have at Cheddar ought to encourage us: we have a great number there who could only tell their letters when we began, and can already read the Testament, and not only say the Catechism, but give pertinent answers to any questions which involve the first principles of Christianity; but then the ability and piety of the teachers we have there, surpass what we can expect to find again. I should not enlarge on these little circumstances so much to any body else; but I know you like these Goody-two-shoe details; besides, if there were any merit (I hate the Popish word) in these little schemes, it is not mine; for I have little money, and if I had much, I should, too probably, spend it as those who have a great deal commonly do. I know myself too well to blame others much.

Poor Patty has had a wretched summer—in almost constant pain; she desires to be kindly remembered to you, as do the whole sisterhood: they are all in the little thatched cottage, and we cultivate roses and cabbages *con spirito*. The Bath house is promised to be ready by Michaelmas: you are absolved from

secrecy on that head. But whenever I leave my hermitage, it will be with regret. I am made for this quiet dull life, and have almost lost all taste for any other.

If you are still at Mongewell, pray present my best respects to the excellent Lord and Lady of that pleasant mansion.

Yours, most affectionately,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Cowslip Green, 1789.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I intended to have answered your little shabby letter immediately, though you did not deserve it; but I had at the time so violent a rheumatic pain in my head and face, as to make me unfit for every thing. The horrible operation of tooth-drawing has partly relieved me, and large doses of James's powder I hope will complete the cure. As to my adventures, they have been neither numerous nor brilliant. I have never stirred out of the 'Cowslip's Bell,' since I crept into it, and it is with sorrow and regret I find the time approaching when my sisters will expect me to join them at Bath. I hate Bath. They are all there furnishing the new mansion, except your sentimental friend, who is with me enjoying our quiet cottage. She too has had the same disorder, rheumatism in her head, for some weeks, but happily we have never both been confined together, so that one at least has been able

constantly to superintend our now large and extensive concerns. We have often agreed that

‘To mend the world’s a vast design.’

and I am now convinced of the truth of this, by the difficulties attending the half dozen parishes we have undertaken. It is grievous to reflect, that while we are sending missionaries to our distant colonies, our own villages are perishing for lack of instruction. We have in this neighbourhood thirteen adjoining parishes, without so much as even a resident curate. I am deeply convinced how very poor and inadequate any miserable attempts of mine can be, to rectify so wide-spread an evil; yet I could not be comfortable till something was attempted. We have therefore established schools and various little institutions, over a tract of country of ten or twelve miles, and have near five hundred children in training. As the land is almost pagan, we bring down persons of great reputation for piety from other places, and the improvements are great for the time. But how we shall be able to keep up these things amidst so much opposition, vice, poverty, and ignorance, as we have to deal with, I cannot guess. I should not enter into these details, but I know you expect an account of what I have been doing.

As soon as all my plans are completed here, I purpose going to Bath, that is, towards the end of this month, if not sooner starved out by the thin-walled cottage. I think I shall drink the waters *till after Christmas at least*, if I should have the

good fortune to escape coughs; which however, I have no right to expect.

I suppose you will not write these two years at least. I had a low-spirited letter lately from Mrs. Carter, who seems much hurt by the wickedness and extravagance of a relation. I grieve she should have any thing to grieve her. I wish I knew with whom you were; for if it is with somebody I know and like, I should be glad to say something kind to them.

I think Dr. B——'s third volume a very poor thing, much inferior to the others in point of composition; and so far are they from evangelical, that I think some of the sermons even go on a false principle; but do not betray me, for I know his popularity, and one must have lived very little indeed in the world, not to know the cause of it too. But when one grows pert, it is time to conclude. Patty sends her love.

Your's affectionately,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Carter.

Cowslip Green.

MY DEAR MRS. CARTER,

It is a pity that you and I should both of us have so much of obstinacy in our disposition, as not to speak till we are spoken to. I cannot, however, any longer resist my inclination of inquiring how you do? how your spirits are? and whether that naughty head of your's is as adverse to your

comfort as ever? these are questions in which I am truly and deeply interested, though from my delaying so long to propose them, you are not bound to believe it. I thank God I am upon the whole as well as usual, indeed rather more free from coughs. Poor Patty is still a grievous sufferer; the rest tolerably well; and all of us together cultivating my pretty little garden, and enjoying many blessings. The house at Bath is in great forwardness, and nearly ready for us.

Our friend Mrs. Garrick, who is still at Bristol Wells, has been to see us several times; she does not think herself quite recovered. To those who have enjoyed, during a long life, sound and perfect health, illness is particularly alarming. Let you and I, my dear friend, number our infirm health among the merciful providences which have been dispensed to us. How much more do we enjoy our intervals of ease, than those who know no pains; and I hope we may be enabled to turn the pain itself to good account. "All things work together for good to them that love God."

I know nothing of Mrs. Montagu. From our dear Bishop, to whom I shall inclose this, I have just received a most pleasant letter. I think his charge written with great spirit and seriousness. I do not wish him so ill, as to desire to see him Bishop of *this* diocese, but I do wish for some salutary interference among the clergy of this neighbourhood. While we are sending missionaries to India, our own villages are in Pagan darkness, and upon many of them scarcely a ray of Christianity has shone. I

speak from the most minute and diligent examination. I have been constantly occupied this whole summer, in trying what my poor abilities, and my small influence over others, richer and better, can bring about. In one particular spot, for instance, there are six large parishes, without so much as a resident curate. Three commonly-gifted curates cannot serve eight churches. Through the kind assistance of a friend or two, I am endeavouring to fix schools and other little institutions, in the most destitute of these places, and as they are from six to ten miles distant, you will judge that it employs a good deal of my time. I have the satisfaction to tell you, that Cheddar, our first establishment, goes on most prosperously. We have a great many children in that parish only, and by the ability and piety of our teachers, their improvement surpasses my warmest hopes. I make no apology to you, my dear friend, for the freedom of these details. Alas, there are so few to whom one *can* speak or write on such subjects, that in conversing with *them* one makes oneself amends for the silence one is constrained to observe towards the world in general.

I wish you could see my *roses*. I have a double end in such a wish, for then I should see *you*. I am truly and faithfully, my dearest Mrs. Carter,

Your affectionate and sincere,

H. MORE.

We will now enter upon the series of letters to her sister Martha, which introduce her to us in the year 1790, on her usual visit to Mrs. Garrick.

From H. More to her sister.

Hampton, 1790.

Mr. Walpole has given me two guineas for our poor man who was cut down after he had nearly hanged himself. I have written to Mr. Hare to continue his allowance, and still to endeavour to impress his mind with a sense of religion, and repentance for his crime. I have got an extract of Mr. Fraser's evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons—*le voici*. 'I was on shore with my linguist for the benefit of my health. He conducted me to a spot where some of the countrymen were met to put a sucking child to death. I asked them why they murdered it? They answered because it was of no value. I told them that in that case, I hoped they would make me a present of it; they answered that if I had any use for the child, then it *was* worth money. I first offered them some knives, but that would not do; they however sold the child to me for a mug of brandy. It proved to be the child of a woman whom the captain of our ship had purchased that very morning. We carried it on board, and judge of the mother's joy when she saw her own child put on board the same ship; *her child*, whom she concluded was murdered. She fell on her knees and kissed my feet.' In what light does this anecdote place this detestable trade?

I think very often with concern of poor Yearsley's situation. I could get a famous medicine which has done wonders, if you can contrive to find out if she would take it; but I suppose the poor creature would be afraid to take any thing of my recommending. Perhaps Mr. B—— could contrive to inquire without naming me. I should be happy to relieve her, and no time should be lost. I am much concerned for the loss of good Bishop Halifax, who has left a wife and seven or eight children. This is the second Bishop of St. Asaph, *both* my friends, who have died within the year.

From the same to the same.

London, March 4, 1790.

We came to town on Thursday night. I kept close on Friday, to try to qualify myself for a town life. On Saturday I dined at Mrs. Montagu's, with fourteen people, and went in the evening to meet Lord and Lady Dartmouth; perhaps you may think this was enough for one day, but I was obliged after this to call in at London House, where I found many of my good friends, who received me with great kindness, which, had I been rich, or great, or wise, or witty, might have been feigned, but being neither, I believed to be sincere.

As to improving upon the Cheddar scheme, I have thought it over soberly and coolly. Surely no harm can arise from giving leave to such parents as desire to hear their children instructed, to come in the evening, and be instructed themselves. We

will at first limit the number ; as to the time, an hour will be quite sufficient ; more would break in upon the children's time, and take parents too long from their own families. They are so ignorant that they need to be taught the very elements of Christianity. Speak to Mr. Forster the clergyman on the subject ; he is disposed to be obliging and kind : he must see that it will enable them to understand his sermons better at church, and will bring more people there. On Monday Mrs. Boscawen fetched me to dine with her, and was so kind as to put off going to a concert where she was engaged, that I might sit the evening with her, which I did in my bonnet, snug. Lady Mount Edgcombe made me a long call, and detailed all the particulars of the royal visit.

To the same.

March 20, 1790.

And so the Emperor Joseph and Mr. Howard are both called in the same week to give in their final account. I want Mrs. Montagu to write a dialogue in the shades between these two persons. Her talents would make it entertaining and instructive : the difficulty would be to give it a Christian cast. And I want another dialogue between those two murderers on a great scale, Charles V. and Louis XIV. which would introduce the causes of the present state of their respective countries. I want also a dialogue of a gayer kind, the interlocutors to be Bishop Wilkins and Dean Swift, the one with his wings, the other with his laputa.

Things are getting worse and worse in France. A lady of quality the other day in Paris, rung her bell, and desired the footman to send up her maid Jeannotte. In vain she rung and rung; the man told her, Jeannotte refused to come; or be any longer under any body. At last Jeannotte walked into the room with a pamphlet open in her hand, and sat down. The lady astonished, asked her what she meant. '*C'est que je lise,*' said Jeannotte, without taking her eyes off the book. The lady insisted on an explanation of this impertinence. The maid replied with great sang froid, '*Madame, c'est que nous allons tous devenir egaux, et je me prepare pour l'egalité.*' I have conceived an utter aversion to liberty according to the present idea of it in France. What a cruel people they are! A duel was to be fought between two gentlemen a little way from Paris: it was heard of, and people went to it as to a party of pleasure; the account added, *il y avoit trente whiskeys remplis de dames,*

To the same.

London, April, 1790.

At Mrs. Montagu's the other day, I met Mr. Burke and a pleasant party; indeed he is a sufficiently pleasant party of himself. There was also Mr. Mackenzie (the Man of Feeling), which determined me to go.

As to London, I shall be glad to get out of it; the old little parties are not to be had in the usual

style of comfort; every thing is great, and vast, and late, and magnificent, and dull. I very seldom go to them, and always repent when I do. The old are all growing young, and seventy dresses like seventeen. Plenty of reading here, but not quite time for it. Five volumes of Bruce's Abyssinia on the table. You know he has been suspected, but I believe without reason, to have told a thousand extravagances in these travels.

I rejoice that our dear friend Dr. Horne will be the new Bishop. I have not been so much vexed for a long time, as at Sir Charles Middleton's resignation of the comptrollership. They would not consent to help and forward his excellent plans of reform, in that important branch of the government, and an honest man does not feel happy in a situation where he sees a great deal of good to be done, which he is not allowed to do. I am going to dine with Mrs. Boscawen; the Duchess is just come to town and presents her daughter. How I pity a sober woman who has a daughter to present to this dissipated world!

To the same.

London, April 25, 1790.

You will see by the inclosed notes that the Red Cross Knight (a name Mrs. Montagu gives to Mr. Wilberforce, after Spencer's Knight of Holiness) and I have spent a comfortable day together at the Middletons. Yesterday I dined with the Montagus, and passed the evening in Portman Square. She has fitted up her great room in a

superb style, with pillars of verde antique, &c. and has added an acre to what was before a very large town garden. Still the same inexhaustible spirits; the same taste for business and magnificence; three or four great dinners in a week with Luxembourgs, Montmorencies, and Czartoriskis. I had rather for my own part live in our cottage at Cheddar. She is made for the great world, and is an ornament to it; it is an element she was born to breathe in. We have spent our Easter at Hampton in delightful quiet, suited to the solemn season. Breathing a pure air for a few days has somewhat set me up. Though I think my last winter has not been so bad on the whole as the two preceding ones; yet I have had such a succession of coughs that I yielded to the importunity of Mrs. Boscawen, and sent for Dr. Pitcairn. I told him I did not send for him to cure a cold, but to have a conversation with him about my general health; that he must *do as they do in France*; that is, discard palliatives, and give me a new constitution.

This year Hannah More published a volume entitled 'An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.' It was bought up and read with the same avidity as its predecessor, the 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great.' In this essay she animadverted in a bolder strain on the same prevailing corruptions, though more in detail;—on the decay of domestic piety, and especially on the absence of religion from the education of the higher classes.

Tracing the want of moral restraint to its true source—the prevailing indifference to vital religion, she brought her charges so home to the experience and conviction of her readers, as to make many a Felix tremble, and to touch the consciences of many who were sitting at their ease in self-righteous complacency. The Spectator had the address beyond all the works that went before it, to gain an audience for religion in the societies of the vain, the unthinking, and the unstable; but then it was religion in a compromising form, modified at least, if not unchristianized, to please the trifling and conciliate the unhumbled; but the challenges of Hannah More penetrated the proudest and gayest resorts, and surprised and shamed the votaries of fashion in their full career, without giving to truth either dress or disguise to conceal its awful realities. Her's was the solitary case in the whole history of man and his anomalies, in which severe and sober truth was enabled to make its way through all the obstacles of habit, interest and prejudice, without art, or stratagem, or machinery. She went forth with her sling, and her pebbles from the pure brook, and fought and triumphed. Her clear understanding had no other ally than the sanctity of her cause; and by her honest and vigorous efforts the whole reading world, and a large part of the idle world, were constrained to listen and confess, while she told them in fearless language, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The manner in which one half of the Sunday was spent, even by many who made a

conscience of going to church on the other, was an evil which she saw increasing, and which from the example of the great, had more and more infected the lower orders.

As a proof of this deterioration, she often mentioned what she had heard from some of her older friends, that when Bussy, the French minister at our court, was ordered to leave London instantly, he was forced to delay his departure, because no waggon would stir on a Sunday. In this little work she insisted more strongly on gospel motives, as the only foundation of a Christian life. She had often mourned over that spirit of worldliness, which some of her amiable and benevolent associates did not perceive to be incompatible with real religion. She saw, and felt, and loved much that was good in them; yet perceiving the tone of their piety to be lamentably low, her conscience would not allow her to rest, till she had so far overcome the natural gentleness of her temper, and her unwillingness to give pain, as thus to bear her public testimony to the claims of Christian consistency. Not that she appears to have been sanguine in her hopes, but she acquitted herself of what appeared to her to be a duty, and left the event to God. We find that within two years from its publication, the 'Estimate' had reached a fifth edition.

The reader will find interspersed among the following letters, many interesting and lively remarks, on this publication principally, and on other subjects.

From Mrs. Boscawen to Miss H. More.

1790.

Indeed, my dear friend, your plan of secrecy would have succeeded perfectly, and you would have been completely concealed, if giants could be concealed ; but if, like Saul, you are higher than any of the people from the shoulders and upwards, you must be conspicuous ; if your energy, your style, your piety, is so superior, you must be discovered through all the veils that are so carefully thrown over you : *vous percez tout*. That which you intended I should hold over you, I did with the utmost simplicity, according to your intention ; for being asked one day at Lady Rothes's, if I had seen Miss More's book, and being told it had been out four or five days, I answered I had not heard of it, nor did I believe it was Miss More's, because if it had been, Mr. Cadell would have sent it to me immediately, as he always did by the kind order of my friend ; ' from the author,' being written in the blank leaf : but that I had received no such book. To this plea I was answered, that I had only to read it, and I should find *internal evidence* that would leave me no doubt of the author. Thus you see the giant appeared, and so plainly, that having sent for the book next morning, and read some twenty

pages, I sent the man back for four more. A few days afterwards I received the great favour of a present of a copy from the Bishop of London himself, which you may believe I value highly ; but as it is already out of print till a new edition is published, I have had occasion to lend it, while I have given others to god-daughters, and have not one left.

Your's affectionately,

F. B.

From Mrs. Chapone to Miss More.

1790.

DEAR MADAM,

The same good gentleman who some time ago gave his excellent thoughts to ' the Great,' has again made a powerful effort for their reformation, which they receive with as much avidity, as if they meant to be amended by it ; indeed he has wisely recommended it to their taste, by every charm and ornament of eloquence.

He has been so obliging as to send me a copy of his admirable book, and as I do not know his name and address, I take the liberty of applying to you, (who are, I believe, pretty well acquainted with him, though probably not aware of half his merits) to beg you will convey to him my grateful acknowledgments for his favour, and assure him that he continually rises in my esteem, by the faithful zeal with which he lays out the talents entrusted to him, at the highest interest : and I will venture to con-

fess, (gentleman though he be) that I sincerely love and honour him, and wish the most perfect success to all his laudable undertakings.

We long for you in town, my dear Miss More; hasten and enjoy the applause your friend has gained, and to which his own heart must bear testimony.

I am, my dear Madam,
Your much obliged,
and affectionate Servant,
H. CHAPONE.

From the Bishop of London to Miss H. More.

St. James's Square, 1790.

Aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus, was, you know, the laconic and expressive speech of Sir Thomas More, to a certain stranger who had astonished him with a torrent of wit, eloquence, and learning. *Aut Morus aut Angelus*, exclaimed the Bishop of London, before he had read six pages of a certain delicate *little book* that was sent to him a few days ago. Such precisely was the note I was sitting down to write to you, at the very moment I received your full and true confession of that mortal sin, of presuming once more to disturb the sweet repose and tranquillity of the fashionable world.

Indeed, my dear friend, (if you will allow me to call you so,) it is in vain to think of concealing yourself. Your style and manner are so marked, and so confessedly superior to those of any other

moral writer of the present age, that you will be immediately detected by every one that pretends to any taste in judging of composition, or any skill in discriminating the characteristic excellences of one author from another. You have certainly taken that wise bird the ostrich for your model on this occasion, who, in order to conceal himself from his pursuers, runs his head into the sands, and though his whole body stands out behind him, is perfectly convinced that nobody can see him. There are but few persons, I will venture to say, in Great Britain, that could write such a book ;—that could convey so much sound, evangelical morality, and so much genuine Christianity, in such neat and elegant language. It will, if I mistake not, soon find its way into every fine lady's library, and if it does not find its way into her heart and her manners, the fault will be her own.

Mrs. Kennicott has been in town for a day, and has just called here. She means to come soon and make a little stay. Pray bring with you some 'Bonner's Ghosts.' Mrs. Porteus desires to be very affectionately and gratefully remembered to you,—gratefully for the pleasure she received from the '*Estimate*;' for I read it to her last night, and we thought the evening as well and as pleasantly spent, as if we had been at the Pantheon.

I am, dear Madam,

Your very sincere and obliged,

B. LONDON.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Walpole.

Cowslip Green, July, 1790.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was figuring to my fancy that you were just beginning to hug yourself in the fallacious hope, that I was lying supinely in the ‘Cowslip’s Bell,’ under the sleepy influence which is ascribed to that flower, and that you should happily escape all impertinence and intrusion from me. While I was revolving this in my mind, and resolving that you should not long enjoy such a flattering delusion, a passage in a letter from Mrs. Boscawen spurs my tardy resolution; this passage intimates, that ‘Mr. Walpole has the gout,’ but my considerate informer knowing that it was a communication which would interest me very much, kindly, and I hope truly adds, but it is only a *little* gout. Having however been always apt to think that even a little gout is a great evil, I cannot forbear asking how you do, at the same time with a truly absurd and female inconsequence, I desire you will not give yourself the trouble to tell me; I mean, in case you should not be perfectly recovered, and writing should be in the least inconvenient or painful to you: in the mean time, I shall obtain from some friend in your neighbourhood, a faithful account of the state of your health,—one of the few things to which absolute retirement, and total sequestration from the world and its ways, have not made me indifferent. I live here in so much quiet

and ignorance, that I know no more of what is passing among mankind, than of what is going on in the planet Saturn ; and the feast in the *champ de mars*, with which I suppose

‘ All Europe rings from side to side.’

to me seems as remote, and not half so interesting as the *Champs du Drap D’or* ; because in that splendid farce, the actors were all illustrious, and some of them honourable persons, and there seems to be something of magnificence in the remnants of chivalry and old grandeur, of which modern festivity gives me no idea.

I cannot forbear telling you, that at my city of Bristol, during church-time, the congregations were surprised last Sunday with the bell of the public crier in the streets. It was so unusual a sound on that day, that the people were alarmed in the churches. They found that the bellman was crying a reward of a guinea to any body who would produce a poor negro girl who had run away, because she would not return to one of those trafficking islands, whither her master was resolved to send her. To my great grief and indignation, the poor trembling wretch was dragged out from a hole in the top of a house, where she had hid herself, and forced on board ship. Alas ! I did not know it till too late, or I would have run the risk of buying her, and made you, and the rest of my humane, I had almost said *human* friends, help me out, if the cost had been considerable. Where and how are the Berrys ; I hope they are within reach of your great

chair, if you are confined, and of your airings if you go abroad. I hate their going to Yorkshire; as Hotspur says, ‘What do they do in the north, when they ought to be in the south?’ Adieu, my dear Sir, I am, your dull and worthless correspondent, but your faithful and grateful friend,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to the Rev. J. Newton.

Great Pulteney Street, Dec. 27, 1790.

MY DEAR SIR,

I grieve that the sincere and affectionate sympathy which I feel in your distress cannot in the least mitigate it; and I lament the impotence of human friendship, which is for the most part obliged to waste itself in idle wishes and fruitless desires, without being of any actual service to those whose sorrows it would so gladly relieve; but I check myself for the too hasty expression, for I trust and believe, that the sincere prayers which one Christian (however unworthy in some respects) presents to the throne of grace, for the sorrows of another and a better Christian, are not altogether without fruit. This being the case, I doubt not, dear Sir, that you are now experiencing the comfortable fruit, not only of your own pious resignation, but of the hearty prayers of your many kind and pious friends; particularly of those whom you have been the happy instrument of awakening, and of leading into the paths of righteousness.

It will be a great satisfaction to me to learn

that your health has not suffered from this awful and affecting visitation. I trust the consolations of the Almighty will support you ; but as I have generally found that the best and most rightly turned minds were also the most susceptible of natural affections and tender attachments, I can easily conceive what your feelings must be, though I trust that *that* gracious God whom you love and serve, has made your strength equal to your trial.

I have been confined for some weeks with a severe cough, to which I am subject. I know I ought to reckon this among my blessings, and I trust that in some degree I do so. I am fully persuaded that “all things work together for good to them that love God ;” my only fear is, that I do not love him cordially, effectually, entirely. I recommend myself to your prayers, and am, with sincere regard,

My dear Sir,

Your much obliged and faithful,

HANNAH MORE.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Miss H. More.

Coleman Street Buildings, Dec. 30, 1790.

MY DEAR MADAM,

How very kind ! I thank you : yet had you waited two days longer, I believe I should have been the first. I have begun to levy prayers and praises on my dear friends, and I was on the point of applying to you for your quota of the contribution, when your letter came.

You will observe that I ask not only for prayers but also for praises on my behalf. I could begin every letter with the words of David, "Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together!" Great has been his goodness! I am a wonder to many and to myself. You, perhaps, knew, Madam, from what you have read of mine, and possibly from what you have seen in me, that my attachment to my dearest, was great, yea excessive, yea idolatrous! It was so when it began. I think no writer of romances ever imagined more than I realized. It was so when I married. She was to me precisely (how can I write it?) in the place of God. In all places and companies, my thoughts were full of her. I did every thing for her sake, and if she was absent, (for I made three long voyages to Africa afterwards,) I could take pleasure in nothing. So narrow were my notions of happiness at this time, that I had no idea I was capable of any thing greater or better than of being always with her. By degrees, he who has the only right to my heart, and who alone can fill it, was pleased to make me sensible of his just claim; and my idol was brought some steps lower down. Yet still, I fear, there was somewhat of the golden calf in my love, from the moment that joined our hands to the moment of separation. She was certainly my chief temporal blessing, and the providential hinge upon which all the temporal events of my life have turned. Before I was four years old, she was sent into the world to be my companion, and to soften the rugged path of life. The difficulties in the way of our union

were so many, so great, so apparently insuperable, that my hope of obtaining her seemed little less chimerical, than if I had expected the crown of Poland. Yet at the proper time it took place. Fond as I was of her, I know that inconstancy and mutability are primary attributes of the *human heart depraved*, if left to itself; but as the providence of God joined our hands, a secret blessing from him cemented our hearts, and we certainly understood Thompson when he says

Enamoured more as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love.

Further, though I had deserved to forfeit her every day of my life, yet he spared her to me more than forty years: and lastly, (which is the crowning mercy,) when he recalled the loan,—for strictly speaking, she was not mine but his,—he made me willing to resign her. Through the long course of her very trying illness, he supported me. Though my feelings were often painful, I believe a stranger, who had seen me in company, or heard me from the pulpit, would hardly have suspected what was passing at home. On the evening of the 15th instant, I watched her with a candle in my hand for some hours, and when I was sure she had breathed her last,—which could not at once be determined, she went away so easily,—I kneeled down by her bedside, with those who were in the room, and thanked the Lord, I trust with all my heart, for her dismissal. I slept this night as well as usual, and in defiance of the laws of tyrant custom, I continued

to preach while she lay dead in the house. We deposited her in my own vault the 23rd; and last Sunday evening, I was enabled to preach her funeral sermon, from Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

In these respects, it pleased God to answer my repeated though imperfect prayers. As different ministers have their different turns, mine (if I know my own) has led me much to attempt to comfort the afflicted. I have endeavoured to commend the Gospel to them as the pearl of great price, a catholicon, a sovereign balm for every wound, a cordial for every case; and to convince them that those who have a well-grounded hope of forgiveness and acceptance in the Beloved, however afflicted, can have no just reason to deem themselves unhappy. When my own time of trial came, I felt myself in what the soldiers call the post of honour. I was very solicitous that I might not, by any symptoms of impatience or despondency, disgrace my own principles, or give occasion to the words of Job's friends, (chap. iv. 3, 5,) to be applied to myself. I thought, if my behaviour at such a season should prove the means of confirming others in the truths which I had often proposed to them, in the days when I was in peace and prosperity, it would be a mercy sufficient to counterbalance my own personal sufferings. For I am to live, if I can, not for myself, but for him who redeemed me from the house of bondage in Africa, and called me out of darkness into marvellous light.

In writing to you I feel my heart open: I am assured of meeting from you with that sympathy

and sensibility of which I hope I am not myself wholly destitute; and therefore I will tattle on. This was not a sudden stroke. She did not die by a flash of lightning, by what is called accident, nor by those rapid disorders which break the thread of life in a few days or hours. The Lord gave me time to prepare for it; yea, by the gradual train of his dispensations, he gradually prepared me for it himself. She was confined to the house nearly two years, excepting that in September 1789, she was enabled to go for a month to Southampton, and during the last Autumn, went out every evening in a coach for a little air. But she was shut up from the house of God, and from visiting her friends, though till about September she could generally receive them at home. Indeed, till about that time I did not give up all hope of her recovery. But a total loss of appetite, or rather a loathing of food, then took place, which soon reduced her to a state of great weakness. In the beginning of October she took to her bed, and was soon after, I suppose from some disease in the spine, deprived of all locomotive power. She could neither move herself, nor without the greatest difficulty be moved,—sometimes, not so much as to have any thing about her changed, for a fortnight together. Such, my dear Madam, was the state of my idol; what a rebuke,—what a lesson was it to me, to see her lie for eight or nine weeks in so sad and pitiable a situation! But the case was mingled with many merciful alleviations. Her patience was wonderful—her natural spirits as good as when she was in health. Often when my

eyes were full of tears, she has constrained me to smile. When she could not move her body, she was thankful that she could move her hands, thankful that the Lord had laid no more upon her than what she could bear. And when I once said, ‘You are a great sufferer,’ she replied, ‘I do suffer, but not greatly.’ So to know that we are sinners, and so to know the Saviour, as to feel both the necessity and the liberty of applying to him, constitute that knowledge which chiefly deserves the name; and this I trust was her privilege long before her last illness. But the enemy of our peace found advantage from the weakness of her frame, to distress her with doubts which did not so directly apply to her own state as to the whole system of truth. She said, ‘if there be a Saviour’—‘if there be a God.’ In this interval, which lasted near a fortnight, there was some abatement of that serenity I spoke of, some signs of impatience, and she discovered a strong reluctance to the thought of dying. ‘Then was my sharpest trial; but the cloud gradually wore off, and for the last month she spoke of her departure with great composure, and seemed perfectly reconciled to it. Yet she never recovered strength and freedom to speak much to me about herself. The Sunday before she died, I said to her, If you cannot easily speak, and if your mind be at peace, I wish you to signify it by holding up your hand. She immediately held it up, and waved it for a little time. This from her, who knew the Gospel so well, comforted and satisfied me. It reminded me of the striking scene in Shakspeare, of Cardinal Beaufort,

which closes with, ‘He dies—but gives no sign.’—Blessed be God it was not her case!

In the course of the day she asked for me, though I was seldom long or far from her, but her head was so much affected by lying many weeks in one position, that though perfectly sensible, she could hardly bear the sound of the gentlest voice, or the softest footsteps upon the carpet. I went to her; she stroked my face, squeezed my hand, and said, ‘my pretty dear!’ an appellation she frequently gave me. We both dropped a few tears. These were the last words I heard her speak, and I could say but little. Such was our last farewell. From that night, till she obtained her release, she gave little sign of life but by breathing.

Now, my dear Madam, I have done. I shall trouble you with no more in this strain. She is gone—and may I not add, I am going? For though my health was never better than at present, I am advancing in my 66th year. What is the world to me now? All the treasures of the bank of England could not repair my loss, or even abate my sense of it. My chief earthly tie to this life is broken; yet, I thank God, I am willing to live, while he has any service for me to do, or rather, while he pleases, whether I can serve him or not, provided I am favoured with submission to his will. I have lost my right hand. He has made me willing to part with it, but I must expect to miss it often. However, I thank him, I am by no means uncomfortable. I am satisfied that he does all things well; and though some months ago, had it been lawful, I

would have redeemed her life and health by the sacrifice of a limb, and thought the purchase cheap; yet now his will is made known by the event, I trust I can from my heart say, with Fenelon, ‘I would not take up a straw to have things otherwise than they are.’ Time is short. A new and inconceivable scene will soon open upon us, and if they who now “sow in tears shall reap in joy,” they may smile while they weep.

If I could relieve your cough by an act of mine, you would soon be well. The Lord could do this in a moment, but he does not—therefore, as you happily believe, the continuance of it must be best. When it shall be no longer necessary or salutary, he will remove it; for he delighteth in our prosperity; and they who love and trust him, are never in heaviness of any kind an hour sooner or longer than there is need for it.

The blessed God is an infinite object, and our obligations to him as creatures, and especially as redeemed sinners, are immense. And, therefore, they who know him and who truly love him, will always be sensible, that their love, when in the most lively exercise, is very disproportionate to what it ought to be, and that their warmest returns of gratitude and service fall far short of what they owe him for his goodness. They who think they love him enough, certainly do not love him aright; and a jealousy lest our love should not be cordial, effectual, and entire, is rather a favourable sign than otherwise; and is not peculiar to you, but is experienced at times by all who have spiritual life.

We seem to want some other word by which to denote our supreme regard to God, than that which expresses our affection to creatures. When we speak of loving him, it must be in a different sense ; creature-love is a passion ; divine love is a principle. It arises from an apprehension of his adorable perfections, especially as they are displayed in the great work of redemption, without which, it is impossible for a sinner to love him. Much of his wisdom, power, and goodness are discernible in the works of creation, and in his providential government ; but the only proper, adequate, and full-orbed exhibition of his glorious character, suited to promote our comfort and sanctification, is in the person of “ Christ Jesus and him crucified.” We must go to the foot of the cross to understand what the scripture declares of his holiness, justice, and truth, and the wonderful method by which they are brought to harmonize with the designs of his mercy and grace in the salvation of sinners. There is a sensibility of feeling in creature-love, which is no proper standard of our love to God. This, depending much upon constitution and the state of the animal spirits, is different in different persons, and in the same persons at different times. It is variable as the weather, and indeed is often affected by the weather and a thousand local circumstances, no more in our power than the clouds which fly over our heads. It is no uncommon thing to judge more favourably of ourselves on this point on a bright summer’s day, and while contemplating a beautiful prospect, than in the gloom of winter or the hurry of Cheapside. The

high affection of some people may be compared to a summer's brook after a hasty rain, which is full and noisy for a little time, but soon becomes dry. But true divine love is like a river which always runs, though not always with equal depth and flow, and never ceases till it finds the ocean. The best evidences are—admiration of his way of saving sinners,—humble dependence on his care,—desire of communion with him in his instituted means of grace,—submission to the will of his providence,—and obedience to the dictation of his precepts. To keep his commandments, and to keep them as *His* commandments, from a sense of his authority and goodness, is the best, the most unsuspecting test of our love to him. If we wish to love him more, or to be more satisfied that our love is genuine, we must not love the world nor be greatly solicitous of saving appearances in it. We must not be ashamed of the cross, nor think it strange or hard that the spirit which crucified our Saviour should show itself unfavourable to us, if we have courage to avow our attachment to him. These are hard sayings to us for a time; and for want of a more early compliance with them, we perhaps long walk like a man with a thorn in his foot. Every step we take is slow, difficult, and painful. How often have I in the morning surrendered myself to God, and before the day has closed, have been ashamed or afraid that people should suspect that I thought of him! It is no wonder that such treasonable hesitation should often hinder my comfort. But he is gracious: he gradually convinces us of our folly, humbles us

for it, and strengthens us against it. Whenever he has made us thoroughly willing, we may depend upon him to make us able and successful; yet in such a way, that our whole life will always be a warfare, and we shall always have cause for humiliation and shame.

As it is seldom I have the pleasure of writing to you, I make no apology for the length of this letter. I have not enlarged for want of employment. Many kind letters of condolence remain unanswered till this is written. How glad should I be to see you! to pass a long day in your company! Contrive to gratify me as much as you can when you come to town. Present my sincere respects and best wishes to your sisters. Miss Catlett, whom the Lord has spared for my comfort in my widowed state, is well. She thanks you for your kind remembrance of her.

Believe me to be, most sincerely,
my dear Madam, your
affectionate and obliged friend and servant,
JOHN NEWTON.

Feb. 1791.

The Bishop of Llandaff,¹ begs to return his best thanks for an elegant little book; it is written in a persuasive style and convincing manner, and will do much good, if any writing *can* do much good in a country which is debauched by its riches and prosperity.

¹ Dr. Watson.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Miss H. More.

Coleman Street Buildings, Feb. 1791.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Many good things I do receive in the course of a week. The last week brought me, amongst other good things, ‘An Estimate of the religion of the fashionable World,’ with the words, ‘*from the author,*’ on the blank page. Somebody deserves my thanks for the pleasure the perusal gave me, and I conceive that nobody has a better title to them than yourself. I venture to take it for granted. I had rather be chargeable with a mistake, than suspected of ingratitude; but I think I am not mistaken, and therefore I thank you for it again and again.

The fashionable world, by their *numbers*, form a phalanx not easily impressible; and their *habits* of life are as armour of proof, which renders them not easily vulnerable. Neither the rude club of a boisterous reformer, nor the painted delicate weapons of the author or authoress before me, can probably overthrow and route them. But I do hope that an individual here and there may be wounded, and made to wince, and apply for healing to the leaves of the tree of life. A few instances, yea, a single instance of this kind, will be honestly worth the writing of one book, or the printing of a thousand; for to save one soul from death, is an event of greater real importance, than to save a whole kingdom from *temporal* ruin. Besides, in such an age as this, it is an honour and privilege to

be able and willing to bear a testimony against evil, and in favour of the truth, though it should go no further. We are not answerable for the success, but we are bound to the attempt, according to the talents and opportunities afforded. I trust the unknown, though not unguessed-at, writer of 'the Estimate,' will hear in that day, "Forasmuch as it was in thine heart, thou did'st well that it was in thine heart." They who dare to confess the Lord, and to appear openly on his side, in the midst of this sinful and perverse generation, shall find, to their comfort, that he will confess them, and appear on their behalf, before the holy angels and the assembled world. It will be seen *there*, who acted the wisest part *here*.

I once received a fairy present '*from the author*,' on the 'Manners of the Great,' which likewise cost me nearly a minute's brown study to determine who sent it. I hit the right nail on the head at that time, and I am but a poor critic if they did not both come from the same hand; for while the similarity seems strongly marked, there is that difference which might be expected from the difference of time; the former was like the morning spread upon the mountains, which I accepted as the harbinger of advancing day. *Meliora latent*. I shall now long to see a third publication. In short, Madam, if among the present members of the fashionable world, any can be found unprejudiced, and free from deep prepossessions, or so far as they are so, I expect and hope that 'the Estimate,' if it comes in their way, will prove to them, "as a light shining

in a dark place," for which they will have reason to praise God, and to thank the writer. My prayers will be for a blessing on it, and that in your endeavours to water others, you may be abundantly watered, comforted, and enriched yourself. I have a little publication in hand, very different from 'the Estimate,' but I trust it aims at the same mark. It is 'Extracts from the papers of a woman, who died at the age of thirty-seven, and lived for seven or eight years of that time in the humble capacity of a domestic servant in private families.' Nothing of it is properly my own, except the preface, in which I venture to challenge the philosophers and wise sceptics of the age, to produce such a character among the whole host of those who reject the principles of the gospel. The printer has exercised my patience, but I hope in the course of another month it will be abroad. I shall take care to lodge a copy for you at the Adelphi. I mean to send one to my diocesan, and should be glad if you were in town, and thought proper to introduce it to him under your auspices, otherwise I must do it by letter. It savours a little of what some people call methodism, but my views of his Lordship's candour and judgment, persuade me that he will not reject it. That *you* will approve the book, I have not the least doubt. I think it will display one of the most beautiful exhibitions of the Christian character in retired life, that I ever met with.

Through the goodness of the Lord I jog on not uncomfortably. A slight cast of sombre is spread over all I see, sufficient to darken the glare of

worldly objects ; but it does not burden me, or unfit me for the duties of my calling, or destroy the relish of my many remaining comforts. I have reason to be thankful that my wound does not prove so *deep* as I expected, but it is still as *fresh* as at first, nor can I wish it to be perfectly healed. I hope that while I can recollect where she sat, how she looked, and what she said, without hindering my business, hurting my spirits, or raising a murmuring thought against the will of God, it will not be my duty to forget her.

I know not where this may find you, but hope Mr. H. Thornton will know whither to direct its flight. I send it with a selfish view, in hopes of gaining more than cent per cent by an answer. It gives me great pleasure to hear from you.

With my respects and best wishes to your sisters, if you are with them, and Miss Catlett's to yourself,

I remain, my dear Madam,

Your affectionate and obliged servant,

JOHN NEWTON.

From the Bishop of Salisbury¹ to Miss H. More.

Cavendish Square, Feb. 23, 1791.

MY DEAR MADAM,

No confessor ever was more attentive to his penitent's intreaties for secrecy, than I will be to your's. But neither your wishes nor my silence

¹ Dr. Barrington.

will avail. The internal evidence is too powerful for concealment: and no doubt can remain in the mind of the most cursory reader, if such exists, of the ‘Thoughts on the Influence and Manners of the Great,’ whether ‘The religion of the fashionable world,’ proceeds from the same excellent heart, and most elegant pen. The work is admirably calculated from its topics, the mode of pressing them, and the happy interweaving of scripture language, to produce reformation in those for whose benefit it is professedly written. Whether extensive good will result from the publication, time alone will evince. But you will not have written in vain, if even a few parents, a few masters of families, and a few young persons, shall feel themselves so impressed with the truths you hold up to their view, as may induce them to regulate their conduct accordingly. Be the event, however, what it may, you must enjoy the first of all human blessings—the consciousness of having exerted the talents God has given you in endeavouring to serve the great interests of religion and virtue.

I think it necessary to apprise you that previous to your injunction, I had communicated to your two intimate friends, Mrs. Boscawen, and Mrs. E. Carter, my sentiments of the work, and my more than suspicion of the author. Mrs. Barrington is equally pleased with myself; and like myself will not be contented with a single reading. You may rest assured that I will obey your commands respecting the copy destined for Mrs. Garrick, when it arrives. I have my fears that she is

far from well, since she still remains at Hampton, though I know she intended to be resident in London.

Adieu, my dear Madam, and believe me with the truest regard and highest esteem,

Your most faithful servant,

S. SARUM.

From the Rev. John Newton to Miss H. More.

May 16, 1791.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I hope for the pleasure of dining with you at Sir Charles Middleton's, on the appointed day; but I should be afraid and ashamed to meet you any where, till I have asked your pardon for my involuntary blunder of this morning. Indeed, I acted in the simplicity of my heart, and was not aware of the impropriety till too late. When I saw the effect, I was so confounded, that I neither knew how to recede, nor yet how to go forward. I could bear reflecting, what an awkward appearance I must have made, more easily, if I had not been guilty of giving you pain. What can I say, but that I am sorry, very sorry! A poor amends indeed! But who can recal the day that is past,—the bird that is flown,—or the word (however foolish) that has once passed the lips.

I am obliged to make this my humble confession and acknowledgment to-night, (though I cannot send it till Monday,) that I may in some measure disburden my mind, and prevent my fault from harassing

and teasing me to-morrow in the pulpit, and from morning to night. I will now hope that you have already forgiven me. I believe your goodness would think I have been punished sufficiently already, if you knew how this circumstance, like a dead fly in a pot of ointment, spoiled the pleasure I should otherwise have had, in thinking that I saw you here to-day, and that I saw you well.

This little incident, for such I wish you to think it, though I ought to think otherwise, confirms to me a lesson, which I have been trying to learn during the mortifying experience of many years,—my total insufficiency to regulate my own conduct. I may well say, ‘Help I every moment need.’ I am not only unable to grapple with great difficulties, without assistance from on high, but if left to myself for an hour or minute, I am capable of perplexing myself, and hurting my friends, in the smoothest scenes of life, and when the danger of doing wrong is most out of sight. Witness this day.

It has farther reminded me of my insensibility towards the Lord. Though my repentance to you-wards is very sincere; in a comparative view I have reason to be ashamed of it. I truly love and respect you, and would not, as we say, willingly hurt a hair of your head. Yet I have no reason to boast of my sensibility, when I consider that the uneasiness I occasioned you, has given me more pain than many things which my conscience has witnessed against me were evil in the Lord’s sight. And yet it is he, not you, who was crucified for me.

Ah! had I as quick a sense of his excellence and goodness, and of my obligations to him, as I seem to have respecting some of my fellow-creatures, how much more happy would my life be! How much more ingenuous my walk before him!

Again, when I had considered what I had done, I also considered, What is to be done next? Things are as they are, and I cannot alter them. It occurred to me immediately, that Miss More is generous and kind, though she has reason to be displeased, she is not resentful. If you have offended her, go and own your fault; and the next time you see her, you may expect a smile in token that she is not angry. I did so. I made no attempt to gloss over my imprudence by excuses, but simply applied for forgiveness. But how often have I held back, and kept a sullen silence, when I have sinned against the Lord, though he graciously says, ‘only acknowledge thy offences.’ How often like Adam, have I had recourse to evasions and palliations, as though I expected to hide myself from the All-seeing eye!

A poor creature am I, unable in my own spirit, to ask or answer a question, without giving some proof either of my sin or my folly. Unwilling to confess, even when unable to deny; and because I myself am evil, hard to believe that the Lord is good!

Such have been my reflections upon the *but* connected with your kind visit this morning. I have been willing to make the best of a bad affair, and to draw some instruction for the *future*, from my regret for the irrevocable *past*. I hope, in particular from

henceforth, to be very cautious that I do not wound your feelings.

The latter part of my epistle I write on Monday morning, and propose dropping it in my way to Lady Elgin's, whom I have not yet seen since my dearest left me. I was a little indisposed yesterday—but the Lord enabled me to read prayers and preach twice. Dr. Pulpit is often my best physician, when I am not quite well, nor yet very ill. I was better at night than in the morning; and had upon the whole a tolerable day.

How often have I had cause to adopt the Psalmist's prayer, "Takenot the word of thy truth utterly out of my mouth!" How justly might he silence me, and forbid me to mention his name any more! But he is gracious. He "knows my frame, and considers that I am but dust"—sinful dust and ashes.

May his blessing be with you, my dear Madam, and may he grant you the best desires of your heart.

I am, with great sincerity,
Your affectionate and obliged servant,
JOHN NEWTON.

From Miss H. More to the Rev. J. Newton.

Monday, 10 o'clock.

Forgive you, my dear Sir! No, upon second thoughts I will not either, for your fancying there was any thing that required to be forgiven. I am sure I shall not easily forgive myself for behaving

so as to encourage such an opinion in you. I am now really hurt for fear you should have attributed my confusion to a wrong motive. This, if I discovered any, was the real cause:—Though almost every body knows who wrote that pert little book, and it would be worse than affectation to deny it; yet I have been so little in the habit of owning it, that you took me by surprize, and though both of our friends present were apprised of the truth, I could not courageously bring myself to talk of it before three gentlemen. This is folly, perhaps; but the truth is, I feel myself so every way unfit to presume to set up for a teacher of others, that I wished to keep myself in the back ground. Neither my sex, my abilities, nor my conduct are such as fully to justify me in my own eyes for the things which I attempt, merely because others better qualified will not do it. All these things rushed into my mind together when you introduced the subject, and this operating on my spirits, which were particularly low, made me appear more confused than I was aware. And now my concern is, lest the *cause* was mistaken, and you thought it arose from my unwillingness to hear of my faults. Oh! my dear Sir, think any thing of me rather than that! The more faults you will point out in that book, and in the author of it, the more you will oblige and gratify me. I am afraid I trust too much to my own strength, and that is the reason why I am so weak.

On reading over your letter again, I find I am not so angry with myself as I was, since my folly

has caused you to extract so many good and useful remarks from it. Remember when we meet we have a very pleasant ground of quarrel, for oversensibility on your part, and (perhaps you will say) false delicacy on mine. We shall discuss this and many other subjects, I hope, at my little Cowslip Green. I recommend myself to your prayers, of which I never stood more in need; and am, my dear Sir, with true regard,

Your much obliged,

And faithful friend,

H. MORE.

From the Rev. John Newton to Miss H. More.

May 28, 1791.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I had great reason to be pleased with my visit to Hertford Street yesterday; yet I believe the want of *one More* to make the party quite round and complete, was felt not by me only, but by all who were present. I was sorry that you could not be there, but much more so that you were detained by illness.

Thus our plans and prospects are often disconcerted. Yet the balks we meet with should not be called disappointments. Scripture, experience, and observation concur to teach us the inconstancy and uncertainty of all that pertains to the present state; and can we then be disappointed that things prove in the event exactly as we are previously warned to expect them! Who is disappointed at not seeing

the sun at midnight? We know before-hand, and we can gravely tell others how little dependance can be justly placed on appearances; and yet when our own maxims are realized, we are apt to wonder, and to say, 'Alas! what a disappointment!'

Undoubtedly had it been *necessary*, or even upon the whole, *best*, that you should have been with us, as I hoped you would, the illness which confined you at home would have been either prevented or removed. I trust I would not exchange the persuasion I am favoured with, that all our concerns are under the guidance and management of infinite wisdom and goodness, for all the wealth of the Indies; and I am learning to extend this comfortable thought to the smallest and most common incident of human life, for indeed we are very incompetent to judge which are the great and which are the small. For often those which we deem the most trivial, are the pivots upon which those turn which we comparatively call the important.

Many obvious instances of this kind have occurred in the course of my small pilgrimage. Many have doubtless been entirely unnoticed and unperceived by me; some not a little striking and interesting, at least to myself, are recorded in my narrative, from which I transcribe the following remark, page 48. 'This was one of the many critical turns of my life in which the Lord was pleased to display his Providence and care, by causing many unexpected circumstances to concur in almost an instant of time. These sudden opportunities were several times repeated, each of them brought

me into an entirely new scene of action, and they were usually delayed until almost the last moment in which they could have taken place.

‘About the year 1777, Mr. Thornton desired a gentleman to put a letter for me into the general post office ; telling him that much depended upon my receiving it soon : yet he forgot it, and kept it in his pocket a day or two. Had not his recollection thus seasonably failed him, in all human probability I should have settled for life at Hull instead of London. How seemingly slight and casual was this mistake ; but who can estimate the innumerable consequences to myself and others which depended upon it !’

Oh ! it rejoices my heart to think that the way of man (poor short-sighted man) is not in himself. All things shall work *together* to promote the will of God, and the good of those who love him. We cannot see this in any one thing considered *singly*, and detached from the rest with which it is connected ; but when they are all brought together, like the various pieces in the movements of a watch, each one will be found to have its proper place and use, so that the whole scheme would have been defective without it. It is a privilege to believe this *now* ; but hereafter, when with a brighter light we shall take a distinct and comprehensive view of all the way by which the Lord has led us through this wilderness, I think we shall be filled with an admiration of which we can as yet have no just conception. The catastrophe of the drama when closed will develope the intricacy of the successive

scenes which now pass before us, and of which at present, we can perceive but one at a time. You perceive, my dear madam, under what limitations I must indulge the pleasing hope of waiting upon you at Cowslip Castle. Who am I that I should presume to say, to-morrow I will go to such a place, and continue there a day, or a week, or an hour;—whereas I know not what shall be on the morrow. However, as I have already hinted, should he to whom I belong see that the visit would be to my profit, as well as give me pleasure, (I have an eye to both in the expectation,) or answer some truly valuable end, I believe I shall be gratified. You will perceive likewise how adroit I am in trying to make myself amends for missing you yesterday; for though I have spun out my thread to a mighty length, I took the pen up with the simple design of requesting you to inform me, when you can conveniently, that you are (as I hope) better; and then I flattered myself that perhaps when the pen was in your hand, you would have the goodness to add something that you might have said if you had been at Sir C. Middleton's, or something else, which I can venture to promise will be highly acceptable to, madam,

Your affectionate and faithful friend,

JOHN NEWTON.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Miss H. More.

Teston, July 17, 1791.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Some persons are pleased with the thought that they have trodden classical ground, and seen the hills and dales which Virgil and Cicero once saw. I envy them not; but I was pleased in my walk this morning to think that I was ranging the paths which Miss More had often visited before me; and if a wish of mine could have brought you hither, I should soon have seen you by my side. The good Lord brought us (meaning myself and Miss Catlett) in peace under this hospitable roof, between seven and eight o'clock last night. I cannot say that our journey to Townmallings was the most pleasant; for the afternoon was very wet, and we were seven in the coach, but it was safe, without the least alarm or impediment; and now I find, as I hope to find at the end of a more important journey, that the end truly compensates for the difficulties of the way. I have scope enough here for the exercise of a descriptive talent, if I possessed it, and were writing to one who never saw Teston—but to you I need not say a word either of persons or things here. Nor is it necessary to inform you, that a situation like this, so different from the noise and hurry of London, is highly pleasing to me, and the more so because it is so seldom my lot. It is the nature of all sublunary pleasures, to lose much of their relish by frequency. I praise God that my health

and spirits are good: though it is true that in one respect, like the poet's wounded deer, I carry the arrow with me wherever I go. I cannot forget her:—no! not for five minutes at a time. One place reminds me of her, because she had been with me there, and another, because I see something to admire that I cannot now point out to her. This weakness (if philosophers will call it so) I expect not to be freed from while I remain in this world, nor indeed do I heartily desire it. I hope that it does not unfit me for the duties of my station; nor abate my sense of the many mercies and blessings which I am still favoured with; nor awaken in me one thought or wish contrary to the will of my God, who I am satisfied has done all things wisely and well; and given me cause to praise him for all, perhaps most for what the flesh is disposed to deem the severest. And yet I may be ashamed: how does the apostle disparage all inferior love and obligation, by that short but lively question, Was Paul crucified for you? Much we are ready to do or bear, for those whom we dearly love; but there is a point beyond which we cannot pass. Jesus the Lord of glory emptied himself; took upon himself the form of a servant, that he might suffer, groan, bleed, and die for sinners. This was surpassing love, such love as none but he could shew. Why then cannot I tell you that *he* is always upon my thought; that I cannot forget *him* for five minutes at a time? Ah, my heart—ungrateful heart! boast of thy sensibility no more.

St. Paul was crucified to the world; I am wil-

ling to hope that I can now in some measure say the same;—it appears to me a very little thing indeed. It can do nothing towards filling up the void which the late dispensation has made in my mind. But his indifference to the world he obtained by contemplating the cross of Christ;—mine, alas, I fear, is too much owing to the removal of a creature, a sinful worm like myself; but it behoves me to be thankful, if a smaller means are sanctified, to produce in any degree the effect, which, if I had not been very stupid and earthly, would long ago have been produced by the greater. I am now upon my second progress; my former was Cambridgeshire; it was pleasant, and I hope profitable to myself. May the Lord give his blessing to the frequent opportunities I had of preaching, that it may prove useful to others! I was from home three weeks, which will perhaps be about the limits of my Kentish tour. I shall then, if the Lord please, think of travelling westward. I have several friends to see in different places, but my two principal objects will be, Southampton, and Cowslip Green. Which of these I shall visit first, will probably depend upon the orders I may receive from you. Please to favour me with a line by the end of this month, and if you inclose it to Mr. Thornton, it will be forwarded to me wherever I am. If there is any difference to you between August and September, in point of convenience, I will endeavour to accommodate myself to your instructions. My dear friend's Homer is coming abroad. I have received my copy, but the *publica-*

tion is not yet. I have cursorily surveyed the first volume; it seems fully equal to what I expected, for my expectations were not high. I do not think it will add to the reputation of the author of the *Task*, as a poet; but I hope the *performance* will not be unworthy of him, though the *subject* is greatly beneath the attention of the writer, who has a mind capable of original, great, and useful things; but he could not at the time fix his thoughts upon any thing better; and they who know his state will rather pity than blame him. I hope we shall have no more translations: I hope likewise, the author of a late 'Estimate' will not be idle. You have a great advantage, Madam;—there is a circle by which what you write, will be read; and which will hardly read any thing of a religious kind that is not written by you. May the Lord bless, and guide, and guard you!

Your affectionate and obliged servant,

J. NEWTON.

From Miss H. More to the Rev. J. Newton.

Cowslip Green, July 26, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your obliging and kind letter, made still more agreeable, I think, by the local circumstance of its being dated from Teston, gave me much pleasure, especially as it announced the tidings of your intended visit. As you give me the privilege of choosing between August and September, you will not wonder that I prefer the former, if it were only

because it is the nearest, and it is the natural bent of selfish human nature, always to make sure of a good thing as soon as possible. As early, then, in August as may fall in with your general projects, we shall rejoice to see you, and as soon as you have made your arrangements, you will be so good as to let me know your time, that I may order my other little matters with an eye to it; for having a good many little schemes and desires in my head, I shall contrive to work the harder before your appearance, that I may afford to give myself some holidays while you are here. Pray, my dear Sir, try to divest your memory of the delights and elegancies of Teston, before you turn your face towards my little thatched cottage, where a quiet cell, and a few books, and a maple dish, and ‘a dinner of herbs,’ are all you can in reason expect; but then I hope we shall be able to furnish the appropriate sauce of ‘quietness therewith,’ for which I trust you will be contented to renounce the ‘stalled ox’ of noisy London. Pray let me know what time you intend to bestow upon us;—the more the better. I hope you will do some good in this dark region, where the light of Christianity seems scarcely to have penetrated. We are sending missionaries to our colonies, while our villages are perishing for lack of instruction. You will hardly believe the things you will see and hear, in this neighbourhood.

I must not conclude without expressing my thankfulness to the Almighty, that I have my little cottage standing to receive you in. “It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed.” My

house has been on fire. Silently did it burn the whole night, and had so nearly burned through the beams of the ceiling, as to reach within a few inches of my sister's bed, where she lay insensible of her danger. But we were not, I trust, insensible of our deliverance, which was very providential; for we had no water. As it is, a few days will repair the damage. My sisters join in kind regards with,

My dear Sir,

Your much obliged and faithful

HANNAH MORE.

From Mrs. Montagu to Miss H. More.

1791.

MY DEAR MADAM,

If I had not been sensible that an intrusion on your time would have been a breaking in upon what was dedicated to piety and virtue, I could not so long have forborne to have troubled you with a letter. I had flattered myself, that whenever Mr. Locke's urn was finished, you would inform me to whom it was to be paid for; but I fear you have made me incur the blame of the artificer, who must think I am forgetful of the debts I owe, and the honour and pleasure I receive: the last article is indeed beyond my power to repay, so you must be content to let it lie a mortgage on my gratitude; but from the artist who made the urn, by a few words on Hoare and Co. or Newbury Bank, I can very easily obtain a receipt in full; so I beg you will have the goodness to inform me of the sum, and the

person to whom it is due, and no time shall be lost to re-establish my reputation with him. I believe too, in the few and short interviews I had with you in London, I omitted paying you five guineas, which you did me the favour to convey for me to a distressed farmer.

I will get Mrs. Barbauld's verses on Mr. Wilberforce; he is a subject worthy of the nymphs of Solyma. I received the first intelligence of them from your letter.

The elements of air and water at Bath agreed so ill with Dr. Beattie that he returned to us in less than a week, and we were in hopes of enjoying his society in the autumn; but a letter arrived from a relation of his at Aberdeen, which induced him to return immediately, to attend the invalid who had tenderly nursed his dying son. The doctor is himself in a very bad state of health and spirits.

As I know the generosity and tenderness of your heart, I will not tell you how much I was mortified at your informing me, that I must not flatter myself with the hopes of seeing you at Sandleford this summer. The external forms of the place and house are much improved, but I had flattered myself you would give it *a soul*. Mr. Wilberforce informed me of the great pains you are taking for the poor villagers; and those pains are so judiciously directed, that I find the success answers your laborious efforts and kind attentions; but let me beg you to be careful of your health, which is an object of importance to the world.

As the posture of writing disagrees with me, I

must not indulge myself in expressing how much I feel myself flattered by having my name placed with your's and Mr. Locke's on the urn. The highest honour I can pretend to, is being known as the admirer of your talents, and the friend of your virtues.

I beg of you to present my best respects to the Duchess Dowager of Beaufort ; you cannot by any expression exceed my real respect for her grace. Mr. Montagu and his amiable wife present their best compliments.

I am, my dear Madam. with the most perfect and affectionate esteem, your most obliged

and faithful humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

From the Rev. John Newton to Miss H. More.

Priestlands, near Lymington, Sept. 7, 1791.

In Helicon could I my pen dip,
I might attempt the praise of Mendip,
Were bards a hundred, I'd outstrip 'em,
If equal to the praise of Shipham ;
But harder still the task I ween,
To give its due to Cowslip Green !

MY DEAR MADAM,

I send to you and by you my five-fold thanks to five ladies who will always be dear to my heart. I have no reason to think that I ever lived a single day so as to wish to live it over again. But were I obliged to retrace some one past week, and to choose which it should be, I think the week I spent at the

foot of Mendip, though it might have competitors, would certainly put in its claim.

I contracted a sort of friendship for Mendip while I was with you, and therefore you will not wonder that when I was at King's Weston, it gave me some pleasure to see my new old friend peeping at me over the inferior hills. I immediately recognized him or her, (which Miss Sally pleases,) and was so foolish as almost to envy a hill which, if it had eyes like me, might look at Cowslip Green from morning to night. I descended from King's Weston hill with some reluctance. What a prospect was I forced to give up! I thought, like Peter, "it is good to be here." But neither he nor I were designed to spend our days on the top of a hill. He had something to do for his Lord, and so I hope have I. If so, farewell the retirement of Mendip and King's Weston; and welcome the noise and dirt of Cheapside and of Coleman Street.

I proceeded from Mr. Ireland's to Bath on Tuesday, the 23rd of August; while I was there, I called, as permitted, in Great Pulteney Street, and admired the prospect from the drawing-room windows. But as I could neither see the ladies of the house nor Mendip, I made but a short stay.

On Tuesday the 30th, we travelled over all the high hills between Bath and Poole, and came hither to dinner on Saturday last, the 3rd instant. Our gracious Lord led us in perfect safety;—not only preserved us from real harm, but kept danger out of sight. And we are still favoured with health; only Betsy's spirits sometimes flutter a little, espe-

cially when she sees black clouds ; for she remembers the thunder-storm, and is not sure of finding so convenient a cupboard to hide in at every place. But now to be a little serious. Every Sunday morning my thoughts set out in quest of you and Miss Patty, and though I know not what road you may have taken, I think I seldom miss finding you. There is a communion in spirit among the believing members of that body of which Jesus is the living head, which I believe is not impeded by local distance. Thus the Apostle speaks of being present with the Colossians, though he had never seen them, chap. ii. 5. The powers of the mind in this respect are wonderful, though little attended to, and perhaps are heightened when we think of those whom we have seen, and whom we know and love. How often in writing a letter have I been led, without choice or design, to such subjects as have exactly suited my correspondents, no less so than if I had been upon the spot with them, or had previously known their situation, and even their thoughts. I cannot account for this sympathy, but of the fact I am assured by a thousand instances. And it helps me to understand why such a man as St. Paul was so earnestly solicitous for the prayers of his friends, though doubtless many of them were greatly below him in grace. If, sometimes, when riding over the mountains, you should happen to think of me, it is possible, perhaps probable, that I am thinking of you at the same moment. Depend upon it, I am often near you and with you in the Apostle's sense, and my thoughts are thoughts of

prayer, that the Lord may bless and keep you and your companions, protect your persons, comfort your hearts, and crown your endeavours with growing and abundant success.

When I think of your turn of mind, what you give up, and to what hardships and fatigues, not to say dangers, you expose yourself for the instruction of the ignorant and the relief of the wretched ; and especially knowing, as surely I do know, that the Lord whom you serve has given you the grace of humility,—so that, far from valuing yourself upon your exertions, you can sit down at his feet ashamed and sorry that you can do no more,—I adore and praise him who has put it into your heart, strengthens your hands, and has hitherto prepared your way. I am not often charged with flattery, and here I mean not to flatter, but to encourage you in the name of the Lord. He has highly honoured you, my dear Madam, he has allotted you a post of great importance, and for which perhaps no person in the kingdom has equal advantages with yourself. Zeal, perhaps, sufficient to attempt something in the same way might be found in many ; but other requisites are wanting. If a prudent minister should attempt such an extensive inroad into the kingdom of darkness, he might expect such opposition as few could withstand. But your sex and your character afford you a peculiar protection. They who would try to trample one of *us* into the dust, will be ashamed *openly* to oppose *you* : I say *openly* : I believe you do not expect they will thank you, much less assist you. There are those who will probably show their

teeth, if they are not permitted to bite. But you are prepared for consequences ; the Lord will be with you, and the blessing promised to those who appear decidedly on the Lord's side, and who are instrumental in turning many to righteousness, will make you rich amends for all that you may meet with, of the unpleasant or unkind. What a world do we live in, that it should require a good degree of resolution and grace to be able to say, ' I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ ! ' Though the Gospel be the brightest display of the wisdom, love, power, and glory of the great God,—though it be the highest object of admiration to all superior intelligences, the greater part of mankind are ashamed of it ; yea ! despise and hate it to such a degree, that an avowed attachment to it is sufficient to dissolve the strongest and closest ties of friendship, and often to make those of our own household our enemies. Poor mortals ! Is it not enough that you reject the authority of God, and trample upon his holy commandments, unless you despise his mercy likewise ? But so it is ; and such is the awful extent of our depravity. Many are thus disposed, and we also should have been like-minded, if left to ourselves. Where there is a difference, grace has made it ! for by nature we are no wiser or better than others. What do we owe to the great Shepherd, who not only died for his sheep, but who seeks them out, while they are heedlessly wandering in the paths that lead to destruction ! When he first knocked at the door of our hearts, we (or at least I) attempted to bar and bolt it against him.

Like the man possessed by the legion, I thought he was come to torment me before the time. Could my wretched will have prevailed, he would have departed from me, and left me to perish. But he pitied my madness, and if I see his face with comfort at last, as I trust I shall, I must confess that he saved me not only in defiance of my enemies, but in defiance of myself. What shall we render to the Lord for all his mercies ! He needeth us not. We can add nothing to his all-sufficiency and glory—yet he leaves us scope for the exercise of our gratitude—he invites us to take himself for our exemplar, and his merciful conduct towards us is a pattern for us to follow in our behaviour towards our fellow-creatures. To forgive as we have been forgiven ; to return good for evil ; to overcome evil, if possible, with good ; to imitate in our little circles his diffusive benevolence, and thus to walk in his footsteps, will cause the spirit of the world which crucified him to act more or less against us. But the lions are chained, and the chain is in his hands. They cannot stir without his permission, nor go an inch beyond the bounds he prescribes.

Fear not, my dear ladies, all the praying souls upon earth, all the saints in glory, all the angels of the Lord, and the Lord of angels himself, are with you. If the veil were withdrawn, if you could see with the eyes of Elisha's servant or of Stephen, you would see that there are many more for you than against you. But faith is the evidence of things not seen. I trust you can look up to the Saviour and behold him as looking down upon you, holding forth the

prize in view, and saying, "Fear none of these things"—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." May you fight under this banner, and go forth conquering and to conquer.

If the Lord please, I shall be at Southampton till about the 26th or 27th of this month. Knowing your engagements, I will not expect a letter, but if one should come unexpectedly, I shall highly prize it. I believe I have formerly sent you some account of this beautiful place. Much still remains unsaid, but I have neither time nor room to say it at present. My dear Miss Catlett unites with me in respects, love, and thanks to you all, jointly and severally. May the blessing of the Most Highest rest upon you all, abroad and at home, in temporals and in spirituals, in time and in eternity. Amen. Pray for us. And believe me to be,

Your very affectionate,

and much obliged,

JOHN NEWTON.

From Miss H. More to the Rev. J. Newton.

Cowslip Green, Sept. 19.

MY DEAR SIR,

I should have thanked you sooner for your very agreeable letter, but have been a good deal indisposed with a cold caught by walking over our mountains pretty late at night, which I was made to do by a frightful accident of a horse falling, but without doing me the least harm;—Not a bone of me was broken. This is the second striking deli-

verance I have had within two months ; the other you know, was from fire. I hope I am not unthankful to divine providence ; though I grieve to say, my cold heart is not so much animated by a sense of these great mercies, as by the comparatively small favours and kindnesses I receive from poor perishing mortals like myself.

I assure you your kind wishes, and your affectionate remembrance of the mountains of Mendip and of the little hermitage at the foot of it, are returned with great sincerity. Your pipe still maintains its station in the black-currant bush, and that hand would be deemed very presumptuous and disrespectful which should presume to displace it. For my own part, the pipe of Tityrus, though in my youthful days I liked it passing well, would not now be deemed a more venerable relic ; and even the little sick maid Lizzy, who gratefully remembers the spiritual comfort you administered to her, often cries out ‘ Oh dear ! I hope nobody will break Mr. Newton’s pipe.’

Poor Miss Catlett ! I hope she has had no more terrors. Whatever other compliments and kindnesses she may have received since she left Cowslip Green, I will venture to say not one of her friends has treated her with a grander thunder-storm ; which, if she had happened to admire it as much as I do, she would have reckoned among the august spectacles of her tour. In such alarms, however, may she always find friends as commiserating, and cupboards as convenient. All beg to be recommended most kindly to her.

I thank you very cordially, my dear Sir, for the encouragement you give me, and the kind assurance of being remembered in your prayers; though I am not (I thank God) what is called low-spirited, my spirits are not strong;—from the make of my mind I am too easily acted upon by things without. This is partly owing to that natural infirmity which those who flatter us call sensibility, and partly to a weak faith, and the little progress I have made in the divine life. I live in the hope of growing every year wiser and better, but that hope has been hitherto so little realized, that it would be quite faint were it not sometimes refreshed by those gracious promises so frequently held forth to us. I feel I *do* nothing, and the motives of my best actions (I use that epithet only comparatively) are not pure; some human mixtures, some debasing alloys enter into those things which appear to others the most right. I am anxious about events which yet I know and acknowledge to be in higher hands; I do not bend my own to the divine will, and feel an impatience under such dispensations as are against my liking. Some which do not really cross me I bear well enough, and thence get a great deal of commendation which I do not deserve.

Patty and I remember you as we are trotting over the hills. She desires her affectionate regards, as do all the rest. You would enjoy the vale of Cowslips in this renewed spring:—we have every thing of the golden age except the innocence; the garden is full of roses as in June, and we have an apple tree literally covered at the same moment with fruit nearly ripe and fresh blossoms.

Adieu, my dear Sir. Pray remember that no one stands more in need of your prayers than

Your most obliged and faithful,

H. MORE.

From the Rev. John Newton to Miss H. More.

October 8, 1791.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Your unexpected, though hoped-for letter, found me at Southampton. Though I am so often with you in spirit, I knew nothing of your fall till you informed me. Such is the state of this world. A dear friend may be suffering either a hundred miles off or in the next room, while we suppose them in health, peace, or safety. I would be thankful that you received no harm; but in reality you were in no danger. You are the Lord's servant, in the path of duty, and he is your protector. While your horse was falling, it was not a matter of any hazard whether you should be hurt or not.

I do not know that in the whole course of our travels, about 750 miles in all, any of the horses concerned in carrying us along the road, made a single false step. We were as free from alarm as from hurt. We staid at Portswood Green, near Southampton, eighteen days, with my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, who accompanied, or rather conducted us to Reading, where I preached on the Thursday evening.

Last year was a time of heavy trial, though intermingled with numberless mercies. Clouds and

storms surrounded me, and sometimes I feared I should sink ; but I was for the most part enabled to keep in sight of my gracious and infallible pilot ; and in the midst of my sharp conflicts, I possessed something of a peace at bottom, which only He could have maintained in such a heart and at such a time. Since then, and especially during my late excursions, I have been remarkably favoured with a halcyon season. My health and spirits were good. I hardly met with a slight inconvenience, much less with any thing that deserved the name of a trial. No perplexing news from home—nothing in the families I visited to render our interviews embarrassed or uncomfortable. Safety conducted me on the road—kindness waited to receive me wherever I stopped. “ Praise the Lord, O my soul ! ” and do you, my dear madam, help me to praise, as I doubt not you helped me with your prayers.

I was enabled to keep my appointed time, but Mary Woolnoth was not quite ready to receive me. I hope to find a *clean and a full church* to-morrow, and especially that the Lord will condescend to meet us. For what is a court, or a levee, or a drawing-room, unless the king be present ! His courtiers do not assemble to look at each other, but to see him.

Though I have been at home a week, so many things call for attention after a long absence, that I have not yet been able to execute your commission ; but in another week I hope to forward you one of each sort of such books as I think will suit your purpose, with their prices.

How capacious is the human mind! While one or a few leading objects seem to fill and engross it, there is ample room for the admission of a thousand more, without crowding. I wish to think, in a manner, of nothing but “Jesus Christ and him crucified.” Could I forget for an hour who is the sinner, and who is the Saviour, it would be a dark and indeed a dangerous hour to my soul. Besides this, the idea of my dear Mrs. Newton is always present; and the cheering hope of meeting her again in a better world, is, next to the truths and promises of the gospel, the chief cordial and support of my spirit. While I was abroad, I acquired a large number of new and pleasing ideas, and among these none more pleasing, more brilliant, more frequently present, than the impressions of Cowslip Green. O my dear ladies! O Mendip! O root-house! O chamber of peace! O ye walks and seats! if I never visit you more, I shall think of you, and pay you a mental visit often and often. Surely no pipe in Somersetshire is so honoured as that which dwells (there may it long dwell) in your black-currant bush. I thank Lizzy for her care about it. Indeed it is very frail, and if once broken cannot be replaced by me. I could send you one I had smoked in here; but without the merit of having been used in your garden, it would have no claim to a place in the bush, nor be worth sticking up.

Please to tell Miss Patty that when I wrote to Mr. Cowper from Southampton, I mentioned her request, and by way of hint how he might fill his quarto page, I sent him my verses (rhymes they are

at least, if not poetry). I have not heard from him yet, but I expect something very suitable and very elegant. Perhaps he will wait the opportunity of a *flat* conveyance, for I told him the paper must not be doubled, if it could be avoided. I think he stands too much in awe of my displeasure to send me a *flat refusal*. Besides he is a friend of the sex, and though perhaps he may not have heard of Miss Patty before, he is no stranger to Miss Hannah. I think he will be glad of the honour of being in Miss Patty's books. I congratulate you on Mr. J——'s preferment to a living of £40. per annum. Though he will have all the profit, you will go more than halves with him in the pleasure. The Lord has made you an instrument of relieving a poor but deserving servant of his, and you will feel the force of that divine aphorism which the apostle has preserved from oblivion in Acts xx. 35. I mean with you to say nothing worse of deans and chapters for some time to come, than that they are *capable* of doing a good thing. Oh! how well did those words "It is more blessed to give than to receive" become the mouth of Him, who when he was rich made himself poor,—took upon him the form of a servant, and to enrich those who by nature were his enemies, endured the cross, despising the shame! Happy they who admire and adore this Saviour, and study the display of his unspeakable benevolence and philanthropy, till they imbibe his spirit and are transformed into his image! A *Christian indeed*, who takes his Lord for his pattern, and like him,

and for his sake, “goes about doing good,” is a public light and a public blessing. May grace increase their numbers, and enlarge their spheres!

May the blessing of God rest upon you all, jointly and severally! Amen. Pray for

Your obliged and affectionate

JOHN NEWTON.

From Sir James Stonehouse to Miss Sarah More.

Oct. 17, 1791.

Sally is a very good Sally. Sally came and took care of me when I was sick. Sally will answer my letters. Poetess is a great lady, and flies abroad on the wings of cherubims, twenty miles from Cowslip Green, and for what?—why, truly to see poor ragged boys and girls, and to teach them to fly.

I send you a copy of my letter to your Bishop of St. David's, but I have not yet read it, and so send it me back; were I to live at Bath, and any of the sisterhood desired me to lend them a book, I should say, answer me these three questions.

When will you *begin* to read it?—How many days do you desire to keep it?—Will you assuredly send it me back in that time, that I may read it *again myself*, or lend it to others?

I have had a good letter from a good woman, Mrs. Trimmer, who tells me the sixth edition of ‘Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,’ is in the press, and it is in vain for your sister any longer to deny the production. Let her fix her name to this edition. Never surely was any little treatise

more universally applauded. I hope she is preparing all her works for the press : send volume by volume to Cadell, that there may be no delay in printing. Do not let her stay till she has corrected the whole.

The music on the terrace on Sundays is pregnant with evil from Windsor to London; it infects all the neighbourhood ten miles round Windsor, and oh! what an irreligious example to the youths of Eton! Yet a proclamation against vice and profaning the sabbath, is ordered to be read quarterly in our churches.

Do come and see us, we have scarcely a friend in the world we can open our minds to, as we can to the sisterhood.

Your's most affectionately,

JAMES STONEHOUSE.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Miss H. More.

Nov. 19, 1791.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Enclosed you have my apology for breaking in upon you again so very soon. I was willing to send you Mr. Cowper's letter, while it is fresh and new, and not quite willing to deny myself the pleasure of paying a pepper-corn acknowledgment in my own name. As I told him the paper must not be doubled, he is waiting till somebody comes to town, who has a parcel long enough and broad enough to receive the paper in its extended dimensions; and he still waits, because so many persons who travel

hither from Olney, carry their travelling wardrobe in their pockets.

I have, as he says, heard of the pompous edition of Milton that is to come abroad. I have not seen the printed proposals; the report sufficed for me. I am sorry to see the author of the 'Task' degraded into a mere editor, though of Milton himself, whom I certainly prefer to a hundred Homers. But it seems he is not to be merely an editor; he thinks he may do some service by notes and elucidations, not in the manner of Dr. Newton, but in a moral and religious strain.

Yet it is pitiful, and to many who love him, it seems strange, yea passing strange, that a writer so truly original, should not favour us with writings in his own original way. It is not, however, quite strange to me. He has many friends, so called, who, in the time of his recess, cared little about him, till his name and fame as an author began to be spread abroad in the polite circles. Since that period they have buzzed about him, and by their fine words and fair speeches, have imperceptibly given an inferior direction to his aims, and withdrawn him more out of my reach. For there was a time when he would not have undertaken a work of any extent, without previously apprising me. The state of his mind makes me cautious how I express my grief and disappointment, otherwise I should write to him in large letters. But as it must be so, I will try to be glad that he has not been led to a worse subject than Milton, or to a worse task than to translate his untranslated poems. I hinted to him my fears, lest

your attention to your important services around Mendip, should deprive the public of what they still expect from your pen. He has caught my fears, but I hope both his and mine will prove groundless. I should still like Cowslip Green, even in November, if you, or any of the ladies were there; otherwise, perhaps, I might begin to think it dreary. I am now at a loss where to find you and Miss Patty on a Sunday morning, for I think you can hardly travel much in the weather we have had lately, but Mr. H. T. will tell my letter where to look for you.

Mr. Thornton is so much engrossed by the Sierra Leone business that I can seldom see him. My hope that the Lord will breathe a blessing upon this design, has been much confirmed since he has inclined the hearts of two faithful and competent ministers to accept a mission to that inhospitable bourn. One of them, Mr. Gilbert, is my intimate friend, and I know no man in our line who seems better suited for the service. The other, Mr. Horne, bears an exceedingly good character; he is sensible, lively, and zealous; they are first cousins and dear friends; perhaps Gilbert is the more solid and temperate. Mr. Horne seems to have more of fire, imagination, and that impetus, which some brand with the stigma of enthusiasm, but without which attempts in the great and arduous style seldom succeed. I trust their different talents, when blended like the bass and treble on the same instrument, will so correspond, as that the effect will be harmony. I believe this is the first instance we can find in the annals of mankind, in which the

civilization and salvation of the inhabitants were the primary objects in settling a colony.

You will allow me gently to sigh over the poor account you give me of your health ; yet I know all is right. Methinks if I could, I would give you and Miss Patty, not shoes, but nerves and sinews of brass and iron, to fit you for traversing Mendip ; but I should do wrong, for how then would the *power* of God be manifested in your *weakness*. It is really singular, that such an athletic service should be appointed for such delicate instruments. It is the Lord's doing ; and it is marvellous in our eyes ; may he have all the glory, and may you have that comfort and satisfaction, which may make you a rich compensation for all you suffer in so good a cause.

I send a large portion of my best love, respects, and thanks to be distributed among the five ladies, together with Miss Catlett's. If any of them have left you, I beg you to send their quota after them to Bath. We are, through mercy, both well. I am in perfect health, and as comfortable, in a temporal view, as I even wish to be. But still I miss—I feel—alas ! my poor heart ! it will beat. There is a void within, which the creature cannot fill, but the Creator can. Blessed be the Lord my Saviour, I can say, ' All is well.'

I am, most sincerely,

Your affectionate

and much obliged servant,

JOHN NEWTON.

From Mr. Cowper to Mr. Newton.

1791.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I should not have waited till Mr. B——'s journey would afford me an opportunity to send by him, but should have given you an earlier account of Mrs. Unwin, knowing how kindly you interest yourself in her recovery, had not her amendment been so very gradual, that the difference between day and day has been almost imperceptible. The course of many days, however, has at last made a considerable difference, and would the season allow her more air and exercise, she would soon, I believe, be restored, if not absolutely to health, at least to such a share of it as she usually enjoys:—a greater temporal mercy than this I cannot know, and should be happy if my spiritual mercies were such, as enabled me to be as thankful for it as I ought.

I send you at last the long-expected verses, not worth the package or the carriage, and claiming no other merit than merely that of evidencing my readiness to comply with the request both of an old friend and a fair lady.

In vain to live from age to age,
We modern bards endeavour;
In Patty's book I wrote one page,
And gained my point for ever.

WILLIAM COWPER.
Exemplar verum.
Witness, J. N.

For yours I return you many thanks; if they do not pretend to the laurel, all ambition of which you disclaim, they at least deserve it; not indeed on account of the labour you have expended upon them, for it is evident they did not cost you much, but for the ease and unaffected simplicity of their manner, which prove the author's good sense and judgment, and are a thousand times more pleasing, in a composition on such a subject, than fine tropes and figures. I never yet believed that a poet, if he could be very flowery on the death of a friend, cared much about it. No tears are so ostentatious as those of the weeping muses.

My hands are very full of business of various kinds, and I cannot at present add more than that, with Mrs. Unwin's best remembrances, and with Lady Hesketh's compliments,

I remain, my dear friend,

most truly your's,

WILLIAM COWPER.

From Miss H. More to the Rev. J. Newton.

Bath, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

I believe I ought to thank you for one, two, three (I fear I might go on) very kind, very agreeable, and very instructive letters. Perhaps I could bring no very *good* excuse for not having answered them directly; though, if I were disingenuous, I could bring a great many *bad* ones; but I am so far from countenancing that vulgar doctrine of 'a bad excuse

being better than none,' that I really think none is better than such middling ones as I should bring ; so I throw myself on your mercy, and proceed to thank you in Patty's name for Mr. Cowper's stanza. It is elegantly turned, but I confess if it were to me, I should not have been contented to be put off with a compliment, from a hand which can deal out so much nobler things. You know my admiration for this truly great genius, but I am really grieved that he should lower his aims so far as to stoop to become a mere editor and translator. It is Ulysses shooting from a baby's bow. Why does he quit the heights of Solyma for the dreams of Pindus ? ' What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba ? ' In his own original way he has few competitors ; in his new walk he has many superiors ; he can do the best things better than any man, but others can do middling things better than he.

I was indeed much pleased with your friend Mr. Stillingfleet ; a very solid, judicious, serious man ; with a great deal of piety, regulated by a great deal of prudence. Another acquaintance of yours, of a directly opposite cast of character, I think, has lately been to see us—Mr. Collins ; he seems very amiable, and I believe does a great deal of good by that very eccentricity, which, if practised by Mr. Stillingfleet, would utterly defeat his usefulness. There is nothing in which I more admire the wisdom and goodness of God than in his various gifts to ministers ; so accommodated to the various wants of their hearers, that I believe he works his will by every sort of instrument, from the dry logician who suc-

cessfully defends the outworks, to the awakening preacher, who attacks corruption in its secret citadel, the heart. That the latter is more useful, and turns more to righteousness, who can doubt? yet we must not deny the usefulness of the other.

My sisters desire me to say a great many handsome things for them; I only say a *true* one when I assure you that I am, dear sir,

Your faithful and obliged,
H. MORE.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Miss H. More.

I am glad Mr. Stillingfleet had the pleasure of seeing you when he was at Bath; he is a valuable man; of all my many friends I know no one with whom my heart is more in unison, or in habits of greater intimacy, than with him. To him, to Mr. Robinson of Leicester, and Mr. Cecil here, I can open my mind with greater freedom than to most: they are tried and chosen and faithful servants of our Lord. When I look back upon my former state in Africa, and compare it with my present situation, (which retrospect is a part of every day's employment,) there are few instances of the Lord's goodness which affect me more than the pleasing and profitable connections he has afforded me with many who, if they could once have met with such a creature in the street, would have crossed the way to avoid him. That strong feature in the Apostle's picture of human nature,—'*hateful and hating one another*'—applied emphatically to me. I hated God and his people,

and was in myself more detestable ; and according to my conduct and deserts was my lot ; I had not a friend upon the earth. But now, I could draw out a long list of friends, whom if I only valued (which would be undervaluing them) at a thousand pounds a-piece, would constitute me very rich ; and indeed these appear to me to be the principal temporal riches of which it is worth while to take an inventory. What would it avail me to sit in a large and open room, to have wax tapers in candlesticks of gold, and to be attended by twenty mercenaries, if I had no friends ? What can these toys contribute to the real enjoyment of life ? But the pleasures of friendship will bear reflection ; especially when friendships are formed upon a common union with the great Friend, whose influence, like that of the sun, enlightens and enlivens every thing else.

How I digress ! but it is my way, and I know you will bear with me. How comfortable and honourable does religion appear under the idea of a state of friendship with God ! He loved us when we were enemies, and has taken a wonderful and the only possible method of reconciling us to himself. He knew that nothing less than the sacrifice upon the cross could subdue our enmity, and that this, when rightly understood, would subdue it effectually. Therefore he gave himself for us, Col. i. 21, 22. This was love passing knowledge indeed !

And now, what a privilege we have, in an ever-living, ever-present, all-sufficient, infinitely wise and compassionate friend and ally. When he constrains us by love to engage on his side, he engages on

ours, and we shall be surely safe, while he protects us. With what confidence does David call upon his ally for assistance, Psalm xxxv. 1—3, and how may we rejoice if we can use his words in Psalm xli. 7. Then we need not greatly care who can be against us.

But friendship is delicate: though we would do or suffer, bear and forbear much for a friend, there are some things we can better brook from an enemy, than from those whom we love. How tender is that admonition, how forcibly should it affect our hearts,—Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God. Ah! what a heart have I! to be capable of grieving such a Friend.

When I write to you, I write to all the ladies, I love them all; I send my love and duty to them all; and so does my dear Betsy.

May the blessing of the Lord unite, persuade, strengthen, comfort, and animate you, that with one heart and mind you may burn and shine, striving together for the faith and hope of the gospel.

I am, dear Madam,

Your very affectionate and
much obliged,

JOHN NEWTON.

From Bishop Porteus to Miss H. More.

Sundridge, Kent, 1791.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I shall soon advertise the restorative virtues of the moat and the tides of Fulham, for Dr. Beattie

was another of the patients whom we sent away much recruited and refreshed in body and mind, after trying the salutary springs of Bath in vain. He complained most bitterly of that place. He said that all the elements were in conspiracy against him; the fire of the sun burnt him, the dust of the earth choked him, the grossness of the air oppressed him, and the waters totally unbraced and dissolved him. He was glad to have recourse to the pure vivifying atmosphere of Fulham again for a few days, before he returned to Scotland, which he did soon after in tolerable health and spirits.

The meadow on the banks of the Thames has advanced much in beauty since you left us; and if I should be rich enough to erect a little thatched cottage upon it next summer, I am not sure whether this place will not grow jealous of it, and whether even your cowslips must not bow their yellow heads and make obeisance to it. I have made old father Thames a fine easy grass slope, to walk up as far as he pleases upon my lawn, and this has put him in such good humour, that after staying a very short time there, he walks quietly back again, without doing me the least injury.

We came here last Wednesday, travelling like the old patriarchs, with all our household and our herds and our flocks, (that is, one Alderney cow,) and found this country and our little domain in high bloom and beauty. All our alterations and improvements are now finished, and they answer to admiration. I shall have no peace till you see my walks, and lawns, and groves, and haunted streams, and

become as well acquainted with my naiads and my dryads here, as you are with their elder sisters at Fulham.

We heard of your alarm at Cowslip Green, and congratulate you most cordially on your providential escape. We agree entirely with a certain elegant textuary, 'that it is of the Lord's mercies that you were not consumed.'

The Birmingham riot was an unfortunate thing. I do not love any thing so like the savages and the Poissards of France. The mob may sometimes *think* right, but they always *act* wrong. I am certainly extremely sorry to see them take the administration of justice into their own hands.

Have you seen the life of Thomas Paine? if not, pray send for it immediately. It is curious, entertaining, and authentic. That life and the pamphlet (which I enclosed to you under another cover) are the best antidotes I have seen to the poison of his publications: they ought to be printed in cheap penny pamphlets, and dispersed over the kingdom.

Accept Mrs. Porteus's affectionate compliments, and be assured that no one can entertain for you a more sincere regard than,

Dear Madam,

Your faithful and devoted servant,

B. LONDON.

From Mrs. Boscawen to Miss H. More.

1791.

So kind and pleasant a letter as your's, my dear friend, ought to have been acknowledged immediately ; but now a few days delay have produced unforeseen events, which have scarcely left me spirits to write. I think of Birmingham as soon as I am awake ; not that I have any friends there, or thereabout, or that I deal in politics, for I hate the subject, but I love peace, and order, and mutual good-will, and most heartily join in your prayers, ' that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by God's providence, that his faithful people may serve him in godly quietness.' But where are the faithful people ? Where are those that devote themselves to his service ? Alas ! there is the mischief ! restless and discontented in the midst of his bounties, they stir up strife and inflame the heads of those who should be gratefully receiving them, and now how dreadfully is the misery fallen upon themselves ? Last week we were in fear of *celebrations* in London, and probably there would have been commotions, had not prudent care and precautions preceded ; but little did we think of celebrations in the provinces—why any ? Methinks it is like celebrating with joy the anniversary of an earthquake, which should rather be remembered with penitence ; for whatever happiness France may hereafter arrive at (and God grant she may) surely she knows none yet. Indeed, my dear friend, I am a perfect Cas-

sandra respecting these internal commotions; what malignity, what animosity will they cause! From differing modes of Christianity, *they* say,—alas! from no Christianity at all. The worthy people whom we call Presbyterians used to decline all celebrations; they never would celebrate the ascension of our Saviour, or the conversion of St. Paul; why then must they commemorate the demolition of the Bastile? Oh for a Doddridge or an Orton among them! if these were their guides, Dr. Priestley would not have to lament the spoiling of his goods, and the destruction of his house.

My dear friend, I hope you have taken an uncommon portion *de l'esprit de notre bien heureux*¹ this summer, and have read many of his excellent chapters to defend you against vanity, else how did you escape it when you found yourself entertaining, informing, instructing, edifying all Austria, Bohemia, Wallachia, Transylvania, Bavaria, Sclavonia, Styria, Prussia, and Pomerania?² But I correct myself,—those who are capable of such great things are never vain, but give the praise to Him from whom every good and perfect gift cometh. If I had the book before me I could quote some speech of Daniel, or David, sweetly expressing this. I suppose it is impossible to tempt you eastward so soon as October, else with very pleasant rides in the morning, and good tough reading in the evening, writing and discoursing, we should, I assure you,

¹ St. Francois de Sales.

² This was a pleasantry upon some of Miss More's works being translated into German.

be quite surprised that November was coming so soon. I *have been* so, but now I am old, and therefore very apt to say,

‘That all the happiness mankind can gain,
Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain.’

So that if I have good health and good fires, and good news from my children, the autumn passes most pleasantly with a friend in the house. But where shall I find such a one as you? Are you planting more gardens in the country, or are you planting more wreaths for yourself; *enfin que faites vous?* Pray tell me.

Your’s, my dear friend,

Very affectionately,

F. B.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING the summer of the year 1791, the sisters resided altogether at Cowslip Green, and recognising the hand of the Almighty in the success of their undertaking at Cheddar, they resolved upon attempting an extension of their benevolent efforts, by setting forward other schools in the neighbourhood. The difficulties they had to surmount, appear in a regular and simple journal kept at that time. Some of the opulent farmers to whom they applied in making their extensive rounds, received them with civility: but upon opening their business, assured them that the novelties they were introducing would be the ruin of agriculture. Others, more favourably disposed, told them that they had read something about Sunday Schools in the Bristol papers, and believed they might be very good things for keeping children from robbing their orchards. And upon the whole, as it was distinctly announced that no subscriptions would be called for, they were met by the farmers with less hostility than they had expected. Two mining villages at

the top of Mendip particularly attracted their attention. These were ignorant and depraved even beyond those of Cheddar,—so ignorant as to apprehend a design to make money by carrying off their children for slaves. The place was considered as so ferocious that no constable would venture there to execute his office; and these bold instructresses were warned by their friends that they were bringing their own lives into danger. They were not, however, to be deterred by any consideration of personal hazard; and beginning to perceive who was helping them, by the solid improvement which was spreading around them, and particularly by an increasing attendance at church, they did not rest, till they had procured the same benefits for no less than ten parishes in a neighbourhood where there were no resident clergymen. Their first step upon entering each parish was to obtain from the incumbent of the living, his acquiescence in their interference; which was generally granted with alacrity; and in a short time the number of children under their instruction exceeded twelve hundred.

The distance to many of the schools was great; one of them was fifteen miles from their residence, so that they were obliged to sleep in the neighbourhood during the period of their visitation. It cannot be supposed that their own funds were adequate to such very enlarged undertakings; and it is due to their friends to observe, that they obtained ■ ready assistance from such of them as were in circumstances to afford it. Their evening readings, which consisted of a printed

prayer, a plain sermon (read always by one of the sisters when her health permitted,) and a Psalm, were found to be productive of effects the most strikingly beneficial. It seems that an adversary had endeavoured to give to the worthy rector of one of the most populous of these villages, an unfavourable impression of this part of their plan: but this gentleman, at his annual visit to the parish, having visited the school, talked with the mistress, and examined the children, found reason to commend and applaud the manner in which these readings were conducted, and to approve the books selected for the purpose.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

1791.

MY DEAR SIR,

Perhaps it is the best answer to your question, to describe the origin and progress of one of our schools detached from the rest. And I select Cheddar, which you were the immediate cause of our taking up. After the discoveries made of the deplorable state of that place, my sister and I went and took a lodging at a little public house there, to see what we could do, for we were utterly at a loss how to begin. We found more than two thousand people in the parish, almost all very poor; no gentry, a dozen wealthy farmers, hard, brutal, and ignorant. We visited them all, picking up at one house, (like fortune-tellers) the name and character of the next. We told them we intended to set up

a school for their poor. They did not like it. We assured them we did not desire a shilling from them, but wished for their concurrence, as we knew they could influence their workmen. One of the farmers seemed pleased and civil; he was rich, but covetous, a hard drinker, and his wife a woman of loose morals, but good natural sense; she became our friend, sooner than some of the decent and the formal, and let us a house, the only one in the parish that was vacant, at £7. per annum, with a good garden. Adjoining was a large ox-house; this we roofed and floored; and by putting in a couple of windows, it made a good school-room. While this was doing, we went to every house in the place, and found each a scene of the greatest ignorance and vice. We saw but one Bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop a flower-pot. No clergyman had resided in it for forty years. One rode over, three miles from Wells, to preach once on a Sunday, but no weekly duty was done, or sick persons visited; and children were often buried without any funeral service. Eight people in the morning, and twenty in the afternoon, was a good congregation. We spent our whole time in getting at the characters of all the people, the employment, wages, and number of every family; and this we have done in our other nine parishes. On a fixed day, of which we gave notice in the church, all the women, with all their children above six years old, met us. We took an exact list from their account, and engaged one hundred and twenty to attend on the following Sunday. A great many refused to send their chil-

dren, unless we would pay them for it ! and not a few refused, because they were not sure of my intentions, being apprehensive that at the end of seven years, if they attended so long, I should acquire a power over them, and send them beyond sea. I must have heard this myself in order to have believed that so much ignorance existed out of Africa. While this was going on, we had set every engine to work to find proper teachers. On this every thing depended. I had the happiness to find a woman of excellent natural sense, great knowledge of the human heart, activity, zeal, and uncommon piety. She had had a good fortune for one in middling life, but a wicked son had much reduced it. She had, however, still an estate of £40. a-year, or very nearly. She brought with her a daughter, twenty-five years old, quite equal to herself in all other points ; in capacity superior.

It was winter, and we all met at the school on Sunday morning at nine o'clock, having invited many parents to be present at the opening. We had drawn up some rules, which were read ; then some suitable portions of Scripture ; part of the 34th Psalm ; then a hymn sung ; and then a prayer read, composed for the occasion.

For the first year, these excellent women had to struggle with every kind of opposition, so that they were frequently tempted to give up their laborious employ. They well entitled themselves to £30. per annum salary, and some little presents. We established a Weekly School of thirty girls, to learn reading, sewing, knitting, and spinning. The latter,

though I tried three sorts, and went myself to almost every clothing-town in the county, did not answer,—partly from the exactions of the manufacturer, and partly from its not suiting the genius of the place. They preferred knitting after the school hours on week-days. The mother or daughter visited the sick, chiefly with a view to their spiritual concerns; but we concealed the true motive at first; and in order to procure them access to the houses and hearts of the people, they were furnished, not only with medicine, but with a little money, which they administered with great prudence. They soon gained their confidence, read and prayed with them, and in all respects did just what a good clergyman does in other parishes.

At the end of a year we perceived that much ground had been gained among the poor; but the success was attended with no small persecution from the rich, though some of them grew more favourable. I now ventured to have a sermon read after school on a Sunday evening, inviting a few of the parents, and keeping the grown-up children; the sermons were of the most awakening sort, and soon produced sensible effect. It was at first thought a very methodistical measure, and we got a few broken windows; but quiet perseverance, and the great prudence with which the zeal of our good mistresses was regulated, carried us through. Many reprobates were, by the blessing of God, awakened, and many swearers and sabbath-breakers reclaimed. The numbers both of young and old scholars increased, and the daily life and conversation of many seemed

to keep pace with their religious profession on the Sunday.

We now began to distribute Bibles, Prayer Books, and other good books, but never at random, and only to those who had given some evidence of their loving and deserving them. They are always made the reward of superior learning, or some other merit, as we can have no other proof that they will be read. Those who manifest the greatest diligence, get the books of most importance. During my absence in the winter, a great many will learn twenty or thirty chapters, psalms, and hymns. At the end of three years, during the winter the more serious of the parents began to attend on a Wednesday night; and on Tuesday nights, twenty or thirty young people of superior piety met at the school to read the Scriptures, and hear them explained.

Finding the wants and distresses of these poor people uncommonly great, (for their wages are but 1s. per day,) and fearing to abuse the bounty of my friends, by too indiscriminate liberality, it occurred to me that I could make what I had to bestow go much further by instituting clubs, or societies for the women, as is done for men in other places. It was no small trouble to accomplish this; for though the subscription was only three half-pence a week, it was more than they could always raise; yet the object appeared so important, that I found it would be good economy privately to give widows and other very poor women money to pay their club. After combating many prejudices, we carried this point, which we took care to involve in the general

system, by making it subservient to the schools, the rules of the club restraining the women to such and such points of conduct respecting the schools. In some parishes we have one hundred and fifty poor women thus associated ; you may guess who are the patronesses.

We have an anniversary feast of tea, and I get some of the clergy, and a few of the better sort of people to come to it. We wait on the women, who sit and enjoy their dignity. The journal and state of affairs is read after church ; and we collect all the facts we can as to the conduct of the villagers ; whether the church has been more attended, fewer or more frauds, less or more swearing, scolding, or sabbath-breaking. All this is produced for or against them, in battle array, in a little sort of sermon made up of praise, censure, and exhortation, as they may be found to have merited.

One rule is, that any girl bred in the school, who continues when grown up to attend its instructions, and has married in the past year with a fair character, is presented on this day with five shillings, a pair of white stockings, and a new Bible ; and several very good girls have received this public testimony to their virtuous conduct. Out of this club, (to which we find it cheaper to contribute a few guineas, than to give at random,) a sick woman receives 3s. a week, 7s. 6d. for a lying-in, &c. &c.

We are now in our sixth year at Cheddar, and two hundred children and above two hundred old people constantly attend. God has blessed the work beyond all my hopes. The farmer's wife, (our

landlady,) is become one of the most eminent Christians I know; and though we had last year the great misfortune to lose our elder mistress, her truly christian death was made the means of confirming many in piety; and the daughter proceeds in the work with great ability. She has many teachers under her, who are paid 1s. a Sunday. Once a year each young person receives some articles of dress; but having so many other schools to run away with our money, we cannot do quite so much for any as I could wish. I should add, that we have about twenty young men, apprentices, servants, &c. who attend the whole Sunday with the humility of little children; and these, as they try hard to get a few clothes, we think it right to help with a small present. Amongst the collateral advantages resulting from the clubs, one is that the women who used to plead that they could not go to church, because they had no clothes, now come. The necessity of going to church in procession with us on the anniversary, raises an honest ambition to get something decent to wear, and the churches on Sunday are now filled with very clean-looking women. Perhaps a loose sketch of expences may not be amiss; it is not accurate; I have no papers here.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
House Rent	7	0	0
Repairs, white-washing, benches, &c.	2	0	0
Salary, head mistress	30	0	0
Under-teachers	10	0	0
Bibles, Prayers, and other books	10	0	0
Caps and tippets, 100 girls, &c.	8	0	0
Shoes and stockings for 80 girls, &c.	15	0	0
Shirts, 20 young men	5	0	0
Club subscriptions and expences	6	0	0
Incidental charities	6	0	0
	£99 0 0		

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Cowslip Green, August 2, 1791.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I had been meditating a letter to you long before I received yours, but that *one thing or another*, which we so constantly hear pleaded, was continually suggesting to me to defer doing, what might have been done in much less time than was actually spent in the deliberation, the resolution, and the delay.

And so this letter will actually find you in the principality, and with the *Prince* of Durham! I rejoice with you that so much power and wealth are so worthily bestowed. It is an awful account which so high a trust involves. In the hands of our excellent friends it will, I believe, be an instrument of good to many, and I hope to themselves also, or I would not wish it to them, as desirable as it may be thought.

My health, about which you kindly inquire, has been, as usual, of all sorts of descriptions: I am endeavouring to make a little use of a tolerably good interval which I now have, in setting a going some new works, at so considerable a distance from me, as to require rather more strength and spirits than I commonly have. For some of them being nine or ten miles from my cottage, and having no carriage, I often contrive to get so tired before I come to the field of action, that my exertions when

there are not worth much. Do not *pity* me for this, for it is only momentary fatigue, and does not do me any essential harm ; and I am so far from speaking of it either in the way of boast or complaint, that I rather like it ; only I sometimes regret that my parishes, of which I have now nine in hand, lie so far asunder that it prevents turning my time to so good account, as that of those who have the same number under their immediate eye in a town.

Lest you should hear from any other quarter that my *thatched* house has been on fire, and be more alarmed for me than is necessary, I mention it myself. All night did it burn silently through the beams of the kitchen ceiling, and when I was roused in the morning with the cry of fire, it had not far to penetrate through to Patty's bed, who was insensible of her danger ; providentially the day-light and there being not a breath of air, saved us, for in a few minutes our water, all drawn from a deep bucket-well, was exhausted. The damage is inconsiderable ; and the only inconvenience was that we could not use the kitchen for about a week which it took to repair it. I hope I shall remember this great deliverance.

Oh ! you have no notion what a country this is. In one parish, where I opened a school of 108 on Sunday se'nnight, there were not any boys or girls of any age whom I asked, who could tell me who made them. I suppose the north of England is much better, at least I have always heard so.

Pray present my kindest respects to the Bishop of Durham and Mrs. Barrington, and tell them

that though honours are not always pleasures, I feel that they are very much so in *their* kind attention to me, and that I know what a loss I have when I am not able to avail myself of their goodness.

I have kept this scrawl some days for want of time to finish it—so busy have we been in preparing for a grand celebrity, distinguished by the pompous name of *Mendip Feast*; the range of hills you remember in this country; on the top of which we yesterday gave a dinner of beef and plumb-pudding, and cider, to our schools. There were not quite 600 children, for I would not admit the *new* schools, telling them they must be good for a year or two, to be entitled to so great a thing as a dinner. We had two tents pitched on the hill, our cloth was spread around, and we were enclosed in a fence, within which, in a circle, the children sat. We all went in waggons; and carried a large company of our own to carve for the children, who sung Psalms very prettily in the intervals. Curiosity had drawn a great multitude, for a country so thinly peopled; one wondered whence five thousand people, for that was the calculation, could come. I was very uneasy at seeing this, lest it should disturb the decorum of the festivity. Almost all the clergy of the neighbourhood came, and I desired a separate minister to say grace to each parish. At the conclusion I permitted a general chorus of ‘God save the King,’ telling them I expected that loyalty should make a part of their religion. We all parted with the most perfect peace, having fed about nine hundred people

for less than a *fine* dinner for twenty costs. The day was the finest imaginable, and we got home safe, and I hope thankful, about eight miles, in our waggons. Write me all about Durham.

Your's ever,

H. MORE.

Miss H. More to a Friend.

Bath, January 1, 1792.

MY DEAR MADAM,

May this year and many succeeding years open and close upon you with health, and peace, and comfort, and add both to your usefulness and your happiness. In looking back myself upon the past year, I see so much to be thankful for, that my heart is full of gratitude : and so much to be humbled for, that it is full of sorrow and self-abasement. The waters I think are doing me good, and I have been very much better since I came to close winter-quarters, owing, under God, to my being quite shut up : much as I love air and exercise, the loss of them is but a petty sacrifice to what many are called to make ; and as I have no avocation at present which makes it a duty for me to run risks by going out, I am thankful to be furnished with so good a pretence for returning no visits ; and also for the prospect of laying in a little health for future services ; for I have partly pledged myself in my own mind, if I live and have health and money, and the French do not come, to take up two new parishes next spring ; but as they are four

miles below Cheddar, I have never dared reveal my intention to any one. I know sloth and self-love will say often, 'spare thyself,' and I feel the extreme concern it will give to those to whom I would wish to give nothing but pleasure; but I have *counted* *he cost*. These parishes are large and populous; they are as dark as Africa, and I do not like the thought, that at the day of judgment, any set of people should be found to have perished through ignorance, who were within my possible reach, and only that I might have a little more ease. I will not say that I am not at times discouraged from this idea; for example, this last week, when with all my boasting I have been laid by with five or six days of nervous head-ache. As the waters evidently agree with me, I am trying to *compel* myself to the extravagance of chair-hire, without which I cannot drink them to any advantage.

All things considered, I like your sentiments on the subject of St. Paul's. Such a little sacrifice now and then, not only serves as an example to others, but, rightly used, is a little evidence to oneself, of the state of one's own mind. To persons, however, like you and Mr. —, whose natural bias I think is not on the side of levity and gaiety, less vigilance is perhaps necessary on these points. Even to me, whose natural taste is rather on that side, I think I can say, that when gay society and splendid scenes ceased in some measure to be a snare, they became a burthen to me; so that now I have more merit in sometimes practising occasional conformity to them, than I have in flying from

them ; this last being really, as far as I am judge of myself, the indulgence.

As to myself, my days are sadly laid open to the inroads of all manner of invaders of time. As it is known I return no visits, I am therefore supposed to be always at home. Now a party comes recommended by some friend ;—these must be seen for the friend's sake. Then come some old friends of my own. Now and then indeed there is a little chance of being useful, and I feel obliged to lend myself to the most distant claim of this sort. Of a few young ladies I have some sort of hope. But in general it is an unpleasant loss of time. I am sick of the turbulent politics of ignorant *politicians* ; of rancour, violence, and misrepresentation.

This sort of unprofitable talk secularizes, unhinges, and discomposes my mind, because I see so much prejudice, and so little truth and candour on either side ; yet all speak as confidently of things they know nothing about, as if they were in the cabinet. Bath, happy Bath, is as gay as if there were no war, nor sin, nor misery in the world ! We run about all the morning lamenting the calamities of the times, anticipating our ruin, reprobating the taxes, and regretting the general dissipation ; and every night we are running into every excess, to a degree unknown in calmer times. Yet it is the fashion to affect to be religious, and to show it by inveighing against the wickedness of France ! I really know many who believe they are pious on no other ground.

Adieu, my dear Madam, I will finish with the

Apostolic benediction: "May you grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Your's very affectionately,

H. MORE.

From the same to the same.

1792.

MY DEAR MADAM,

When I wrote to Mr. T. about setting up a new school, I did not at all know of the scenes which have since opened upon us. I then only meant a little scheme in Shaw's parish, which would not require a great deal of our personal attention; but if the *new* plan be put in practice, it will probably be the largest thing we have ever undertaken, and if it were *not* large, it would not be worth the great distance, difficulty, and expense attending it. I desired Mr. W. to communicate it to *you*. Now pray tell *him* that on Sunday we went down to reconnoitre, and if any thing ever *can* be done, it must be through the very fire. We had borrowed the pulpit for a friend, but the opposition we met with so damped his sanguine spirits, that he had not courage to preach, because he said his indignation would make him imprudent, and his imprudence would make me angry. B——, however, had prepared a very judicious sermon. Patty and I, though not more convinced than he of human depravity as a doctrine, yet being longer accustomed to its practical effects, were hardly moved at all. The great man of the place, illiterate but very sen-

sible, is a shrewd speculative *atheist*. The next, a farmer of £1000. a year, let us know that we should not come there to make his ploughmen wiser men than himself; he did not want saints, but workmen. His wife, who, though she cannot read, seems to understand the doctrine of philosophical necessity, said, ‘the lower class were fated to be poor, and ignorant, and wicked; and that as wise as *we* were, we could not alter what was *decreed*.’ To this the husband subjoined, ‘Very true; besides he liked the parish very well as it was; if the young men *did* come and gamble before his house of a Sunday evening, when they might as well do it farther off, it was only for him to go out and curse and swear at them, and they went away, and what could one desire more? Before we went to church all these encouraging and ingenious things were conveyed to us; and during the prayers I took out my pencil and wrote across the church to B——, to be sure to mention in his sermon, that the *ladies* would defray all the *expences*—that they wanted nothing of the parish but their countenance, desiring that after service the approvers of the institution would stay to give their support, and the enemies to propose their objections. This bright thought had a most happy effect. B—— repeated three times, that no *subscriptions* would be asked, and every heart was cheered, and every eye brightened. We had after sermon an hour or two of discussion in the church.

Poor Fry had been so shocked at such to him new instances of depravity, that he said not a word, but looked ready to faint. The opposers were, how-

ever, by this time so softened, that several actually got warm enough to declare they had *no objection* to the ladies coming; and one rich man clapped his hands, and declared he believed it would turn out a very good *job*. It was affecting in the mean time to see the poor stand trembling behind lest the project should fail.

The sun shines in at my window, but I dare not be tempted by its blandishments, but am still a close prisoner.

I thought to have sent a line to Mr. T. but I have done my *possible* in writing for to-day.

Monday afternoon.

Alas! the poor Africans. Grieved as I was at the loss of the question, I could not help laughing at Canning's speech, which really had a great deal of wit. As to Pitt, I could have hugged him, to borrow Patty's constant phrase when she is pleased with any body.

Our village of Shipham has suffered dreadfully from a raging fever—we lost seven in two days, several of them our poor children. Figure to yourself such a visitation in a place where a single cup of broth cannot be obtained; for there is none to give, if it would save a life. I am ashamed of *my* comforts when I think of their wants; one widow, to whom we allow a little pension, burnt her only table for firing; another, one of her three chairs. I had the comfort, however, of knowing that poor Jones distributed what we sent most conscientiously, and ran the risk of walking into the pits with which

the place abounds, and which were so covered by snow that he was near being lost. ‘No words,’ he wrote me, ‘could describe the sensations of this poor village at seeing a waggon-load of coal we sent, enter the place!’ I feel indignant to think that so small a sum can create such feelings, when one knows what sums one has wasted. Most providentially we had a most respectable mistress at the school, who entered so tenderly into their wants, that they would send to fetch her at midnight, and she supplied all the sick with broth, medicine, &c.

To the same.

Cowslip Green, 1792.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Patty has been very poorly indeed, but the weather for the last ten days has enabled us to prosecute our labours with more ease. I ought thankfully to acknowledge that, on the whole, our work is going on prosperously. Who does not clearly see that the work is entirely God’s own doing, when he is pleased to do it by such poor instruments? It seems a paradox, to say that we have more difficulty and anxiety now in this advanced stage of our progress, than we had six or seven years ago; and that we have most to do now in those parishes, where, by the blessing of God, we have seen the greatest improvement. But so it is. There is great delicacy required in the management of our young converts. Some of them are very sincere, devout, and holy in their lives, but

now and then fall into a zeal so fiery, that it wants cooling ; and then they relapse into dejection and sadness, on finding that earth is not heaven ; and that they must submit to carry about with them human infirmity, and be still struggling against sin and temptation, as long as they live in this world. I have, however, the comfort to say, that hardly any of them have fallen back into sinful courses, and many, I trust, very many, are striving after excellence. It is curious to see the ignorant and undisciplined mind falling into the same errors, and deviating into the same eccentricities, with philosophers and divines. Some of our poor youths, who did not know their letters when we took them in hand, have fallen into some of the peculiarities of William Law, without ever having heard that there was such a man in the world ; and I fear they judge unfavourably of my zeal, because I have refused to publish a severe edict against the sin of *wearing flowers* ; which would be ridiculous enough in me who so passionately love them. I find it necessary, in some instances, to encourage cheerfulness, as austerities are insisted on by some of them, rather of a serious nature. Two young and very pious persons, who are over head-and-ears in love with each other, and whom I strenuously exhort to marry, will not hear of it. They say they can serve God better as they are, and this would be very well, only that while they refuse my injunctions to marry, they are spending almost all their time together ; and though I verily believe that both of them would rather die than commit any wilful sin, yet I have

found it difficult to impress on them the evil of giving room for scandal ; however, I think they are at last convinced of the danger of reposing too much on their own innocence.

The excellent young collier who was so cruelly maimed by the pit falling in upon him, I have been sadly puzzled what to do with. He has too good talents to be sent back to the pit, the damps of which also threatened him with insanity ; so I have sent him to a good school, to add writing and arithmetic to his religious knowledge, and I hope to be able to set him up as a schoolmaster, for the sons of farmers and tradesmen on week-days, and for the poor people on Sundays ; but he will be a good while upon hand, though he now walks twelve miles on Saturday nights, to assist at one of our schools.

One great object in our establishment of the poor women's clubs, has been to back with penal statutes, the religious instruction of the schools. This summer I have had the satisfaction of seeing the first dawn of hope on a subject of great difficulty and delicacy. My young women who were candidates for the bridal presents which I bestow on the virtuous, gravely refused to associate with one who had been guilty of immoral conduct ; whereas it formerly used to afford matter for horrid laughter and disgusting levity. It was a very trying matter to me, for I thought it my duty at one of our late anniversaries, in presence of three hundred people, and half a dozen of the clergy, to deliver a solemn remonstrance on this very subject.

I did not think myself at liberty to be excused, for it was a matter paramount to all misplaced delicacy, and I had the pleasure of witnessing the most becoming gravity and exact decorum in that part of my audience which I most feared, when I excluded from the pale of our establishment a female offender. It was a comfort that she had not been one of our disciples. No small difficulty then remained, to prevent the others from being vain of their virtue, and to convince them that though *she* had been singularly bad, there was nothing very meritorious in their goodness.

The worst of our business is, that having so many places, and all at a good distance from each other, to look after,—when all goes smoothly on in one place, something breaks out in another, and hinders the instruction of the children and parents. The teaching of the teachers is not the least part of the work; add to this, that having about thirty masters and mistresses, with under-teachers, one has continually to bear with the faults, the ignorance, the prejudices, humours, misfortunes, and *debts* of all those poor well-meaning people. I hope however that it teaches one forbearance, and it serves to put me in mind how much God has to bear with from me. I now and then comfort Patty in our journeys home at night, by saying that if we do these people no good, I hope we do some little good to ourselves.

I should not send such petty details to any one else, but as you are engaged in the same warfare, and will, I trust, be doing good, long after I am

forgotten, I thought you might pick up some encouragement from knowing the difficulties which have been encountered by those who have trodden the same path before you.

I had a kind message for you from Lady —— lately, hoping she shall see you and Mr. —— late in the autumn; but you will hear from her first. I have had several letters from her, but have never sent her a single line; quite brutal this, for she has claims on my kindness, because she is not happy otherwise. I desire to have little to do with the great. I have devoted the remnant of my life to the poor, and those that have no helper; and if I can do them little good, I can at least sympathize with them, and I know it is some comfort for a forlorn creature to be able to say, ‘there is somebody that cares for me.’ That simple idea of being *cared for*, has always appeared to me a very cheering one. Besides this, the affection they have for me, is a strong engine with which to lift them to the love of higher things: and though I believe others work successfully by terror, yet kindness is the instrument with which God has enabled me to work. Alas, I might do more and better: pray for me that I may.

Your’s very affectionately,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Bath, 1792.

I think it right that you and Mr. W—— should know what a sad spirit sets these new Seceders at work. You may depend on the truth of the inclosed. They do not now so much go to places which are in darkness and ignorance, as they once professed to do, but rather where the gospel is preached, in order to draw people away from the church. I begin to fear they will quite knock up our labours at Cheddar, but we must strive the harder. I leave you to judge whether they are wanted at that place. Poor D—— preaches most faithfully to them on Sundays, and gives them a lecture in the church on Tuesday evenings, all for £25. per annum. We have at school, a sermon on Sunday evening, with a more select meeting of the most serious on Wednesdays; add to this, that both D—— and our excellent Mrs. T. at the school have their doors open at all seasons to the distressed or inquiring. The sectaries are more inflamed against me than the high church bigots; such an inconvenience is it to belong to no party, and so discreditable is moderation. A high-flier, (a friend too) told me the other day, he would advise me to publish a short confession of my faith, as my attachment both to the religion and the government of the country had become questionable to many persons. I own I was rather glad to hear it, as I was afraid I had leaned

too strongly to the other side, and had sometimes gone out of my way, to show on which side my bias lay.

I had not room in my letter to Mrs. — to tell her a true story recently transacted in London. A lady gave a very great children's ball: at the upper end of the room, in an elevated place, was dressed out a figure to represent *me*, with a large rod in my hand prepared to punish such naughty doings. Mrs. Holroyd has a letter from London describing this.

Ever your's sincerely,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

Bath, 1792.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I hope your mind is somewhat prepared for the sad news I have to impart to you. But your mind is so schooled and broken in to losses and afflictions, that I believe it is always in some degree of preparedness to receive them. You will too naturally conclude that this is a prelude to the closing scene of our beloved friend the Bishop of Norwich. He was so much better four or five days ago, as to be in the pump-room without his servant, and I was expecting every day that they would send for me to sit an evening with him, he being always out in a morning. But having neglected to send to inquire rather longer than usual, Patty called yesterday, and found him actually dying. He had just

received the sacrament with his family, with extraordinary devotion; every word he uttered, every text he repeated, consisted of praise and the most devout thankfulness. He took leave of all separately, exhorted and blessed them. Patty begged to have a last look at him, which, as his eyes were shut, she could do without disturbing him. She did not see the ladies, but had the comfort to hear that Mrs. Horne was extremely resigned and composed. This morning, at eight, she called again, and found that all was most happily over. She only saw his man, who told her that about two, I think, he calmly pronounced the words, ‘Blessed Jesus!’ stretched himself out and expired with the utmost tranquillity. She saw him again; which I intend to do, as a lesson of deep instruction. A more delightful or edifying death-bed cannot well be imagined. I wished to have been of some use to poor Mrs. Horne; but as the chaplain, Mrs. Selby, and her daughters, are all with her, I imagine she wants no assistance; only the maid Betty said she thought her mistress would be glad if I would write to Mrs. Kennicott. This I should naturally have done.

We *ought* to rejoice that he is released from a painful and burdensome body; and surely we *do* rejoice that his death was so consistent with his life, and that he honoured his Christian profession with his dying breath.

How wise and how witty, how pleasant and how good he was, we shall often remember. I, and indeed all of us, have been, for near three weeks,

closely engaged in another triumphant death-bed scene, for such it *must* prove. You heard me speak, I think, of two young ladies of uncommon parts and piety, cousins to Mrs. Wilberforce, settled at Bath, quite alone in a lodging, of course wanting friendship and attention. One of these has been dying for these eighteen days past, to all appearance; but in a manner more truly heroic and pious than any thing of the kind I ever witnessed. She talks of her departure constantly and with pleasure; and though, when in health, she was remarkably diffident and timid, she now exhorts, awakens, and instructs all who come near her; and tells them what a wretched state she should now be in, had she not a better righteousness than her own to trust to. I go to her in a chair every day, for I have never yet been free enough from a cough to walk out. It is a profitable attendance. Two such dying beds, so near each other, are not easy to be found.

The Bishop, I learn, is to be deposited at Eltham; the family, I suppose, will remove directly. You will doubtless hear from themselves.

Adieu. God bless you! May you and I be prepared!

Your's affectionately,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to a Friend. (Extract.)
1792.

I cannot forbear remarking to you and Mrs. —, what has lately so forcibly struck myself, I mean the transforming power of the Christian religion. It seems literally to have new-made the very tempers and constitutions of those who have lately fallen under my particular attention. Mrs. —, the most dejected, humble, I had almost said helpless woman I ever knew, animated with this divine principle, seemed another creature; was active, cheerful, useful, as long as her husband needed her services. Though the tenderest of wives, she revealed to him his danger, and supported him in his religious preparations, with a fortitude quite foreign to her natural character. She read hours on his coffin, and made me read the burial service to her.

Miss H——, shy, reserved, cold, and so hesitating in her natural manner, that few ever discovered, what a great intimacy enabled me to discover, a most accomplished mind, hid behind a thick veil of humility,—acquired in the near views of death and eternity, a sort of righteous courage, an animated manner, and a ready eloquence, which were all used as means for awakening and striking others. This extraordinary change was manifested in various ways during the eighteen days in which she was given over, but shone out with complete lustre the last night of her life.

It may be more profitable to consider the behaviour exhibited in her last hours, as the make of

her mind particularly exempted her from the charge of enthusiasm. There was little ardour in her temper, her affections were rather languid, and there was not an atom of fever in her complaint; so that her head was never more clear, nor her judgment more sound. When I expressed my concern that her sufferings were prolonged, she said she saw clearly the wisdom of that dispensation; for that if she had been taken away in the beginning of her illness, she should have wanted much of that purification she now felt, and of those clear and strong views which now supported her. She once observed, that it was a strange situation to be an inhabitant of no world; for that she had done with this, and was not yet permitted to enter upon a better. In the night on which she died, she called us all about her, and with an energy and spirit quite unlike herself, she cried out with an animated tone—‘ Be witnesses all of you, that I bear my dying testimony to my Christian profession. I am divinely supported, and have almost a foretaste of heaven: Oh! this is not pain but pleasure!’ After this, she sunk into so profound a calm, that we thought her insensible. We were mistaken, however; for she had still speech enough to finish every favourite text I began: and to shew how clear her intellects still were, when I misquoted, she set me right, though with a voice now scarcely intelligible. To perfect *her* faith, and to exercise *ours*, it pleased her heavenly Father to try her after this with one hour of suffering, as exquisite as ever human nature sustained; and I hope I shall

never forget that when, in order to save myself the pang of seeing her unutterable agonies, I wrapped my face in the curtain, I heard her broken inarticulate voice repeatedly crying, "Let patience have its perfect work—Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him—Thy will be done." This, with a fervent ejaculation to be kept from temptation, and the powers of darkness, she repeated till her strength failed. Her prayer was heard; and her last hour was so peaceful, that we knew not when she sunk to her everlasting rest.

Two little things are worth recording, merely to shew how consistent she was: for I am anxious to rescue such a death-bed from the imputation of enthusiastic fervours. She desired, if the physicians thought it might be useful for any future sufferer, that she might be opened; which was accordingly done. The other instance was, that early in the night, when I saw the pangs of death approaching, I had prevailed on her afflicted sister M—— to quit a scene she was so little able to bear. H—— begged to see her, and said she should like M—— to see her die. I represented to her how unfit her shattered nerves were to go through it; and that if she should fall into fits, what should I do with both? She was convinced in a moment, begged she might not come, and only desired I would explain to the woman that her sister was doing her duty by staying away; that she did it because it was right, and not because she liked it. I ought not to omit remarking, that the power of true Christianity has been no less conspicuous in Miss

M——, whose humble submission to the divine will is the more valuable in one of her extreme susceptibility, and strong feelings; and that the parting is almost like that of soul and body; for Miss H—— was the mouth, and tongue, and organs, of which she was the informing spirit.

Extract from another letter on the same subject.

H—— has been dying since last night. I have held her clammy hand, and watched her still changing countenance all night. She is, at this time, speechless; so to get over a few heavy moments, I will try to write to you. Perhaps I may not send it. As soon as the terrifying symptoms came on I gave poor M—— her opiate, and put her to bed: thank God she is pretty quiet. The silence about me is solemn, but not terrible. I feel rather elevated that, now every one of my friends is, I hope, asleep in peace, I am ministering to those two sisters, going backwards and forwards from the dying to the mourning chamber. Instead of fearing that this last scene should be too affecting, I am only dreading (such is the levity of my nature) that it will depart from my memory before it has done its errand on my heart. Till the last hour I have been whispering into her dying ear all the promises I can recollect. She is pleased at it—takes every sentence out of my mouth, and finishes it with her inarticulate voice.

Four o'clock.—She has just had a moment of satisfaction more than human. Her pallid face was

irradiated, and with a broken voice she declared she was almost in heaven. She blessed me rather with the compassionate energy of an angel, than with the weakness of an expiring creature, and said some things from which your letter just before received seemed to allow me to take comfort. I then asked her if she had a blessing to send to Mr. —— and yourself; with the utmost fervour she prayed for you both, and then for the —— too.

Five o'clock.—We have had a terrible hour. The mortal pangs are dreadful; my heart dies within me: I fear I cannot stand it: happily her poor sister does not hear. Groans of agony beyond what my fears ever painted: and I have seen many dying beds. I go into the next room to spare myself a moment, and write to quiet myself. In the extremity of anguish she cries, “Thy will be done!”

Six o'clock.—She is alive, but the bitterness of death is past. All is peace; and my terrors have subsided, so far as to enable me to keep my post. I dreaded being driven to a cowardly desertion. One is puzzled why such a conflict of body and spirit was necessary for her, but I can only repeat her own words, “Thy will be done!” If she departs peacefully, I shall have cause enough for thankfulness.

Seven o'clock.—She is departed peacefully; not a sigh.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Bath, 1792.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I have brought home with me the broken-hearted sister of Miss Bird, whose eyes I have just closed, and who completed her pious course at six-and-twenty. Within a few hours, and not a hundred yards distant, died my much honoured friend, Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, whose end was peace. His mind being a good deal hurt by his disorder, (water on the chest) he rambled much at intervals; but the instant any religious exercise was proposed, he was perfectly sound, composed, and happy: his very rambling showed the habit of his mind; it was all praise and devotion. Mr. Hume perhaps would have excepted against his last words, which were, 'Blessed Jesus!' he then sunk to rest without a sigh. His pious and afflicted widow removed to our house, while the last sad ceremonies were performing, and stayed some days shut up in an apartment, where she scarcely saw any body but me, our other mourner being in another apartment.

As I contemplated the dead body of my beloved Bishop, which I did several times, I could not help reflecting, to what a mind it had belonged! so wise and so witty, so pleasant and so pious. I am thankful to Providence for giving me the opportunity of being in the smallest degree instrumental to the comfort of these sufferers; I am not afraid

that these scenes will affect me too much; my fear is, that the impression may escape before it has wrought its full benefit upon my soul. I know your goodness for me, my dear Madam, will make you glad to hear I was not the worse for these little exertions. Let me recommend to you a very little book, written by Mr. Cecil, called, 'A Visit to the House of Mourning,' as a very proper little tract to keep by one, to give away to friends under affliction. I have often been in want of such a thing, when asked to recommend something; and find this more suitable and less exceptionable than most others that have fallen in my way; the style too being rather elegant, will recommend the matter.

I did not visit Madame de Sillery, alias Genlis. I was ill the whole time she was at Bath; and to say truth, the edge of my inclination towards her is much taken off. I have the same admiration of her talents, but very little veneration for her person: *et—l'un ne va pas loin sans l'autre.*

I have often cast a thought, but I begin now to cast an eye, towards my many pleasant and kind friends assembled together in London. I look forward to the pleasure of appearing among you in a week or two. May I then find you, my dear Madam, enjoying health and peace, and comfort in all your dear and multiplied connexions. I congratulated you in heart and mind, though not with pen and ink, on the birth of a little Plantagenet. Adieu my dear Madam, ever affectionately,

Your's,

H. M.

From Mrs. Boscawen to Miss H. More.

1792.

No ! certainly, my dear friend, you did not write me a second letter. You have had far other subjects for your thoughts ; or if you thought of me at all, I hope it was to pray for me.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life,—quite in the verge of heaven.

There you have been, my dear friend, and it is impossible to read your account of Miss Bird's and Bishop Horne's death, and not recal these lines. Your soul's health has been confirmed and strengthened, I doubt not ; all I could wish is, that your bodily health were equally so.

You give us hope of being an eye-witness ; but what do you call the spring, my dear madam ? The lilacs are already budding, and the rose-leaves green in my garden ; but there are such gardens with you, and such friends, that I fear you will be in no haste to come among us. You have saints, too, (have we any ?) Oh what a fine picture you have given me of one, who in the morning of life did not cast a 'longing lingering look behind.' She looked only to the Author and Finisher of her faith ; and how strong was that faith, and how blessed the hope it inspired ! But I pity her sister—'tis the survivor dies ! How well you must understand the office of comforter, with all its

lenient arts. Indeed poor Mrs. Horne wanted one. Her's was a loss indeed ; nor did she mourn alone. The church, and all its members that had but a spark of piety, lamented the Bishop of Norwich. When shall we have such another Bishop to fill his vacancy ? Those upon the bench, whom you love and honour (and I am sure love and honour you) do not forget to inquire after you. Adieu, my very dear friend,

Your truly affectionate and obliged

F. B.

CHAPTER VII.

HANNAH MORE'S visits to London were now more contracted, as her time became more engrossed in the interesting occupations in which we have lately seen her engaged; and in addition to this busy train of constant employment in promoting the improvement of the younger part of society, she was called upon to make an extraordinary exertion to rescue an unfortunate young heiress who had been trepanned away from school at the age of fourteen. She was led, from circumstances, to take a deep interest in this tragic event, and in her efforts to discover the unhappy victim, she was often engaged in harassing and terrifying situations, (sometimes going about to search houses with armed Bow Street officers,) to the great injury of her health and spirits. All efforts, however, proved fruitless, the poor girl having been betrayed into a marriage, and carried to the continent. Miss M. had considered this object of so much importance, as to sacrifice to it her time, her health, and the comforts of society, while there was any remaining hope of success. The following

letter gives an interesting account of this transaction.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Kennicott.

London, April 23, 1792.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Could you form the faintest idea of the life I have led, the scenes I have been engaged in, and the company I have kept since I came to town, you would cease to wonder at my unnatural silence. The day after I came, my sister, overcome with hurry and anxiety, fell alarmingly ill, in a miserable lodging, taken only for the day, to be near Bow Street. I had not only to sit up with, and nurse her, but the whole weight of this unhappy business fell on me, as an assistant to poor Miss M. My time has been literally past with thief-takers, officers of justice, and such pretty kind of people. I have made no visits, but snatched a hasty dinner in Cavendish Square, or at London House, in my dishabille, and away again, and this only two days ago; so long had I been in town without seeing those dear friends. Others I have not seen. I will give you a little sketch of the manner of life I have been engaged in. When we had information brought us of any house where our unhappy child and her atrocious companion were supposed to be, Miss M—— and I were obliged to go under pretence of wanting lodgings. One lawyer went with us into the house to look at the rooms, another stood at the door: a hackney coach full of Sir Sampson

Wright's men at a little distance: to these we were directed to make signals in case we had discovered the object of our pursuit; our share in the business being to identify the dear little girl; the lawyers with all their professional nonchalance coolly directing us to betray no emotion, nor to discover ourselves, in case we found them. You know, I believe, my silly terror of fire-arms—it is inexpressible. What therefore made these visits so particularly distressing to me, was the assurance that P—— never sat without a pistol on the table, which he seized at every noise. Every morning presents some fresh pursuit, and every day closes in disappointment. You may believe that nothing would justify these exertions on our part, but the deepest persuasion of the sweet child's innocence. It was the most timid, gentle, pious little thing! How far the endearments and flattery of a wretch who they say is specious, may have corrupted her in five weeks, I tremble to think; but though I shall mourn, I shall not repent. Diligent pursuit is now making after them in France. I cannot drop this subject without naming the noble exertions of my friend Mr. H. T——, whose zeal and piety has made him take it up as the cause of justice. His labours and influence have done more than all the lawyers: he got the King's Proclamation, did every thing with the Secretary of State, and gave up every moment of his time which was not engaged in the other great cause, the abolition. Alas! we have lost that cause for the present.

I have hardly had an hour with Mrs. Garrick, but hope I shall soon. Tell Mr. Bryant he may venture to buy the Estimate. The truth is, though I am sorry to have it found out, I have never denied it when fairly asked. To affect secrecy about a thing that is known is absurd. I have never had time to see Cadell, nor do I know any thing about it. I hardly dare talk of engagements to Mrs. G. yet, as she has heard nothing of me; but I did hint to Mrs. Porteus, that I hoped to go to Fulham the last week in May. I mention this to you in a general way. I shall be sorry to have it later. The Mongewell friends too are very pressing for us. I know not what to say. I lead such a life of uncertainty, I fear to promise myself any thing.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours very affectionately,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to her sister.

London, 1792.

Do you know I am become quite an ancient: I do not mean an old woman, but an old author; a copy of Bishop Bonner's Ghost having been sold the other day at Dr. Lort's sale for half-a-guinea, on account of its scarceness. Poor De Lolme has called upon me. He is in prison, but got leave to come so far. I have lodged, from myself and others, five guineas in Elmsley's hands, which he is to give him one at a time, without hinting that they came through me. He is, I fear, inconsiderate and

forgetful of what becomes him; but so are some others, who yet have very good dinners to eat. I think it cruel that a foreigner, who has done so much honour to our country, by his book on ‘The Constitution of England,’ which has been repeatedly quoted in both houses of Parliament, should be suffered to starve. On Saturday we had a political dinner at Mrs. Hare’s;¹ Sir Charles Blagden and I opposed the adversaries of government with might and main. All the rest I think were on the other side. No! poor Mrs. Carter sat speechless with rage, at hearing of the perfections of the French, and of the oppressions and grievances of the English. I am just called down; Lord and Lady Mendip being below. I think I ought to go out of respect to our mountains.

To the same.

London, 1792.

I could not go to Lord Fife’s dinner, where I was invited to meet Messrs. Burke, Smelt, &c. My mind and time have been much engaged by a circumstance of which the story is too long for my short leisure; I will just give you a brief sketch.

I heard yesterday morning by a person who was an eye-witness, that a fine young creature had thrown herself into the canal in St. James’s Park, in a masquerade dress. She was taken up for dead, but by the usual means recovered, and carried to

¹ Daughter of Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph.

the Middlesex Hospital. Mrs. Clarke¹ and I resolved immediately to set out and see what could be done ; when we got there, we found she had just been carried in a hackney-coach to her lodgings in a street of very bad fame. Nothing intimidated, we followed her ;—she came down to us looking deadly pale ; her fine hair still drenched with the water ; we told her we came as friends, and begged to know how we could serve her ; she said her father had sold her at sixteen in the King's Bench, to a fellow-prisoner, after having given her a lady's education, which her language and manners confirmed ;—that she was at present (to use their absurd term) under the *protection* of an officer of the Guards, to whom she was strongly attached ;—that she had lately found he neglected her ;—that he had gone the night before to the masquerade without her ;—that suspecting this, she had followed him—that she had seen him there with another of her own sex ; had fallen into fits, and made such an eclat, that he was obliged to go back with her to her lodging. Mrs. Clarke and I were so much affected by this story, that we staid some hours with her, offered to provide for her if she would abandon her present mode of life, and at last prevailed upon her to quit her present lodging ; engaging to pay her debts. She consented in an agony of mind ; but when we had got her away, and thought ourselves sure of her, she would return once more, for the chance of seeing her betrayer ; protesting we should hear of her again next day,

¹ Mr. Wilberforce's sister, late Mrs. Stephens.

which we did not believe : she kept her word, however, and next night we again brought her off ; but it was near one in the morning before we could safely deposit her. She is pretty, very sensible, and but eighteen ; has much the manners and figure of a lady. We have put her in a lodging near us. Sunday we agree to go to church at different times, not to leave our penitent too long to her sad reflections. We are by no means sure of her going on well, and shall not be surprised if she leaves us in a moment. We are, however, looking out for a permanent situation for her. I leave town for Kent to-morrow, to stay till next Monday. They all wish me not to go, on account of this poor girl, but I have promised to stay with her on my return, if needful.

From the same to the same.

Fulham Palace, 1792.

I suppose before this you are all settled down in the vale of cowslips. Our parties here have been almost every day spoiled by the business of both houses, which commonly takes off the flower of our company. This mischievous decision of trying evidence for the abolition below stairs, is very troublesome and perplexing to both friends and foes. There is no chance, or even possibility of getting through it this year. The Bishop of Lincoln and Mrs. Pretyman spent a little time with us, and were very agreeable. A certain great lord¹ has

¹ Lord Thurlow.

made it such a point to oppose Pitt in every thing, and obstruct all his plans, that the minister was obliged to tell the King he could not stay in, unless the other went out. The King was wise enough to know which to prefer. *We* abolitionists have an additional reason for rejoicing, as an enemy is abstracted from the cabinet, who will now only give his single vote like any other hard-hearted lord.

Fulham Palace, 1792.

I have received great benefit from the air, and other comforts of this place. Our party consists of Dr. Beattie and Mrs. Kennicott; the former gentle and amiable, but in a low, broken-spirited state. We have formed quite a friendship. He has taken much to me, I believe chiefly because I cordially sympathise with him, on the death of his son, the *Edwin* of his 'Minstrel.'¹ He regretted to me the sad want of consolation in his society at

¹ This accomplished young man translated Miss H. More's Poem of 'Bonner's Ghost,' into Latin, at the age of sixteen; it is here inserted.

Macclesfield Street.

Bonneri umbra Episcopum quondam sedile ejus, apud hortos Fulhamios, pervetustum, septum¹ undique et vestitum vepribus et dumetis indagantem, suaque manu purgantem et aperientem locum his versibus indignabunda alloquatur.

Favete linguis: hoc procul, O! procul
Absiste luco, neu temerarius
Aude latebrosum recessum
Præcipiti violare gressu;

¹ Cicero, Tusc. Qu. L. 5, 23.

home, and said that it was deficient in the only subject that was soothing in his present state. I told

Est infulato pontifici sacer ;
 Has ipse sedes incolui, Deo
 Olim dicatas ; huc adito
 Non nisi Papicolis amicus.

Indigne Præsul ! quo pietas abit,
 Cultusque Papæ debitus optimo ?
 Quò gaza vectigalis, Urbi
 Perpetuò tribuenda Sanctæ ?

Avis scelestis ipsa scelestior
 Ætas, prpfanum quæ Lutherum tulit,
 Faustàmque, ‘ posthàc editura
 Progeniem vitiosiore ! ’

Quisnam hunc, sacerdos, te furor impulit
 Inire lucum ? postea, debitum
 Manes lacessenti quietos,
 Supplicium luitare, Præsul.

Maria ! sanctis, quæ, decus addita,
 Sedes beatorum incolis arduas,
 Et patrio donato cælo,
 Inter avos atavosque regnas ;

Spectare ab alto si vacat æthere
 Terras relictas, scilicet impio
 Cultu sacerdotum videbis,
 Et populi, vitiata corda.

Eheu ! videbis fœdere præsules
 Junctos nefasto conjugii ; ah ! tuos
 Videbis effusos labores,
 Atque pias periisse curas.

At iste, sedes qui violat pede
 Meas profano, scilicet improbus
 Ne forsàn intentata quædam
 Linqueret hic sceleris dolive ;

him I thought all the Scotch, especially the divines and academical persons, were religious. He shook his head, but answer made he none. He talks of going to Bath; if so, he will go to Cowslip.

The Bishop carried me one day to London, to hear the King make his speech in the House of Lords. As it was quite new to me, I was very well entertained, but the thing that was most amusing was to see, among the ladies, the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, wife to the Pretender, sitting just at the foot of that throne, which she might once have expected to have mounted; and what diverted the party, when I put them in mind of it, was, that it happened to be the 10th of June, *the Pretender's birth-day*. I have the honour to be reckoned very much like her, and this opinion was confirmed yesterday, when we met again.

We did a very gay thing for quiet country people. You must know Mrs. Montagu had, last week, the honour of entertaining the Queen and six princesses at breakfast, in Portman Square; and yesterday she made a great breakfast for *subjects*, to which we went. Almost all the fine people were there, to the number of two or three hundred. Breakfast

Jam Mauricis en ! vincula gentibus

Dempsisse tentat; Gambia quà fluit

Extendit hic lucem, eximitque

Membra animósque simul catenâ.

Beattie, in a letter to Sir William Forbes, printed in his life, says, 'I have just borrowed Mrs. H. More's Sacred Dramas. I have had a curiosity to know her ever since Dr. Johnson told me with great solemnity, 'She was the most powerful versificatrix in the English language.' This was several years before they actually met.

was ready at one;—there was a fine cold collation. The Duke of Gloucester and Mrs. Montagu sat at the head of the table,—the foreign princes next. There was great profusion of ices, fruits, and all sorts of refreshments, and the gay *coup d'œil*,—the sight of so many distinguished persons, was pleasant enough; but we were glad to get back to the *Monk's Walk*.

From the same to the same.

Fulham Palace, 1792.

I have only time to say that Harriet Lester, (the unhappy girl whose sad story I told you of,) took advantage of my absence to elope. She wrote a most clever letter, lamenting what she called her *fate*, but she could not *yet* resolve on a life of penitence. She desired me to write to her: I did so, and, while I lamented her criminal mode of life, told her, if ever it should please God to touch her heart with true penitence, to write to me, and I would still receive her.

Four years after, we find the following account of this individual.

A letter from Mary Bird informed me that poor Harriet Lester is quite in a fit of despair; her conscience so tortured that she is quite miserable, but yet declaring she fears she cannot give up her present connection, though she expects eternal perdition will be the consequence of her voluntary

wickedness. I have not read many things more eloquent or more affecting than her letters. Her present keeper, a great lawyer, has put infidel books into her hands ; but she has considered all the arguments on both sides of the question in the deepest manner, and reasons surprisingly well on either side : she is very accomplished, understands music, drawing, fine works, and has a mind much cultivated. What a pity such a creature should not finally be preserved. I have still *some hope*.

In the course of this year, 1792, affairs began to wear a very gloomy and threatening aspect in this country. French revolutionary principles seemed to be spreading wide their mischievous influence. Indefatigable pains were taken, not only to agitate and mislead, but to corrupt and poison the minds of the populace, by every artifice that malice could suggest ; and such had been the success of these efforts, and of the inflammatory publications by which they were prosecuted, that the perverted feelings and imaginations of men appeared to be propelling them fast into the same abyss into which the French had already fallen. At this crisis of consternation, letters poured in upon Hannah More by every post, from persons of eminence, earnestly calling upon her to produce some little popular tract, which might serve as a counteraction to those pernicious writings. The sound part of the community cast their eyes upon her as one who had shown an intimate knowledge of human nature, and had studied it successfully in all its varieties,

from the highest to the lowest classes, and the clear and lively style of whose writings had been found to be generally attractive. She declined the undertaking, being possessed with a conviction that no efforts of hers would avail to stem so mighty a torrent.

Still, however, after having publicly refused it, she felt it her duty to try her powers in secret, and, in a few hours composed the dialogue of ‘Village Politics, by Will Chip.’ But distrusting her ability to produce any thing efficacious on such a subject, she clandestinely sent it, by a friend, to Mr. Rivington; employing him instead of her regular publisher, Mr. Cadell, to avoid suspicion. She waited not long for the event, for, in three or four days, every post brought her from London a present of this admirable little tract, with urgent entreaties that she would use every possible means of disseminating it, as the strongest antidote that could be administered to the prevailing poison. It flew, with a rapidity which may appear incredible to those, whose memories do not reach back to that period, into every part of the kingdom. Many thousands were sent by government to Scotland and Ireland. Numerous patriotic persons printed large editions of it at their own expense; and in London only, many hundred thousands were soon circulated.

Internal evidence betrayed the secret; and, when the truth came out, innumerable were the thanks and congratulations, which bore cordial testimony to the merit of a performance, by which the tact

and intelligence of a single female had ‘wielded at will the fierce democratic of England,’ and stemmed the tide of misguided opinion. Many persons of the soundest judgment went so far as to affirm that it had essentially contributed, under providence, to prevent a revolution; so true was the touch and so masterly the delineation, which brought out, in all its relief and prominence, the ludicrous and monstrous cheat, whereby appetite, selfishness, and animal force, were attempted to be imposed upon us, under the form of liberty, equality, and inexpressible right.

We shall here introduce a few letters written to her upon the publication of ‘Village Politics,’ and will insert among them two little notes from the Bishop of London.

From the Bishop of London to Miss H. More.

Fulham, 1792.

MY DEAR MRS. CHIP,

I have this moment received your husband’s Dialogue, and it is supremely excellent. I look upon Mr. Chip to be one of the finest writers of the age; this work alone will immortalize him; and what is better still, I trust it will help to immortalize the constitution. If the sale is as rapid as the book is good, Mr. Chip will get an immense fortune, and completely destroy all equality at once. How Jack Anvil and Tom Hod will *bear* this, I know not, but I shall rejoice at Mr. Chip’s elevation, and

should be extremely glad at this moment to shake him by the hand, and ask him to take a family dinner with me. He is really a very fine fellow. I have kept your secret most religiously.

Your very sincere and faithful,

B. LONDON.

A few days after, the Bishop sent the following note.

Fulham.

MY DEAR MADAM,

‘Village Politics’ is universally extolled, it has been read and greatly admired at Windsor, and its fame is spreading rapidly over all parts of the kingdom. I gave one to the Attorney General, who has recommended it to the Association at the Crown-and-Anchor, which will disperse it through the country. Mr. Cambridge says that Swift could not have done it better. I am perfectly of that opinion. It is a master-piece of its kind. I congratulate myself on having drawn forth a new talent in you, and on having thereby done much service to my country.

Your sincere and faithful,

B. LONDON.

P. S. Mrs. Porteus sends her love to you.

From Mrs. Montagu to Miss H. More.

1792.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Though I know how little you are apt to believe in the excellence of your compositions, I think you

can hardly doubt that your 'Village Politics' is allowed to have been the most generally approved and universally useful of any thing that has been published in the present exigency of the times. I sent many copies to all the counties where I had any correspondence, and had the satisfaction to hear of their most happy effect; particularly in Northumberland, where the worthy parson of my parish found them so useful, that he intended to get a thousand copies printed.

Speculation in politics has brought a bankruptcy on the French constitution, and speculations in trade on our bankers. The safe and true maxim in the moral and political world is *peu à peu*, as it is the law of the natural. How long I might encroach on your time, so precious to society, I cannot tell, if my eyes would allow me to act so improperly, but they will only assist me to say, I long most impatiently for your arrival in London.

My young friends in Manchester-square, and their fine babes, are all in good health. The three jolly boys, and two little girls have been placed round me this morning. My best respects attend all your amiable and respectable family. With most perfect and affectionate esteem,

I am, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and obedient

humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Bath, 1793.

Health and every blessing which the new year can bring to my most dear and honoured friend, the ci-devant Lady of Rosedale, but now, I trust, of warm and cheerful Audley Street.

As soon as I came to Bath, our dear Bishop of London came to me with a dismal countenance, and told me that I should repent it on my death-bed, if I, who knew so much of the habits and sentiment, of the lower order of people, did not write some little thing tending to open their eyes under their present wild impressions of liberty and equality. It must be something level to their apprehensions, or it would be of no use. In an evil hour, against my will and my judgment, on one sick day, I scribbled a little pamphlet called ‘*Village Politics, by Will Chip* ;’ and the very next morning after I had first conceived the idea, I sent it off to Rivington, changing my bookseller, in order the more surely to escape detection. It is as vulgar as heart can wish ; but it is only designed for the most vulgar class of readers. I heartily hope I shall not be discovered ; as it is a sort of writing repugnant to my nature ; though indeed it is rather a question of *peace* than of *politics*. I did not send one to you, my dear madam, nor to any friend, as that generally furnishes a clue to discovery, which it was my object to avoid. Rivington sends me word that ‘they go off very greatly, and the purchasers are

people of rank.' The very day the bishop came to me, Mrs. Montagu sent me a strong request on the same subject. Having relieved my conscience by owning my malefactions to you, my dear madam, I proceed to tell you that I know no more good of the author than of the book.

It is impossible to divert one's thoughts, one's talk, or one's pen long together from the horrors that have taken possession of every creature that has an atom of head or heart left. Yet I am afraid that even the bloody catastrophe of this deplorable tragedy has not filled up the measure of French iniquity. If ever one of their sixty-six monarchs deserved the appellation of *most Christian King*, surely it was the innocent Louis. When I used to weep for his calamities, little did I think I should ever have been benefited by his piety ; instructed, informed, and edified by his conduct and his compositions.

It is only in the *testament* of this murdered king, and in the *charge* you had the goodness to send me of the amiable Bishop of Leon, that my understanding and my principles have been refreshed with a little ci-devant christianity and good sense. I had the pleasure of *bestowing* pleasure by making that charge *faire le tour de ce quartier*, which is a good deal inhabited by considerable Roman Catholics, Howards, &c. &c. They met every day at mass, as soon as it was light, and hung their chapel with black.

My franking friends are so good as to send me down loads of papers, pamphlets, &c. as they come

out : but I confess I have not had *nerves* enough to trust my eyes with the inspection of that horrible guillotine. I can *generalize* misery with as much comfort as another ; but there is something in detail and actual representation which I cannot stand. But of all the things I have seen, none appear more seasonable, or seem likely to do more good than Bishop Watson's sermon, and especially his appendix which he had the goodness to send me. The *date* of the sermon, before the question was agitated, adds to its value, and both coming from such a known assertor of liberty must open many eyes.

I enclose you a hasty sketch, excited by indignation on first reading Dupont's speech, some weeks since, which was sent me by the Bishop of London. It struck me that such poison should not be doled out to the English without some corrective. These dreadful subjects so run away with one, that I have neither room nor time to say more than that I hope you have quite lost that bad cold, and that those you most care about are well. Alas ! must we go to war ?

From Mrs. Boscawen to Miss H. More.

1792.

Oh, oh ! say you so ! It must have been *instinct* then that has made me send for a quarter of a hundred more of ' Will Chip,' and still for more and more ; the last bale came in yesterday, and I see they will not last the week out ; I had better have had a hundred at once. Last week I sent a packet

to Badminton, and my Duchess answers me thus : ‘ We have all read, and delight in your ‘ Village Politics.’ A gentleman here says, he shall send for a gross of them to distribute about in his neighbourhood. I have not had a gross, to be sure, like this Gloucestershire gentleman, but I have had them past counting, little thinking —— why, yes, I did think, too, of somebody, though not just the true body ; for you must know the first word I ever heard of the grievances of poor Tom Hod, or the sprightly consolations of his facetious neighbour Jack Anvil, was one night at Lady Cremorne’s, where the Bishop of London pulled them out of his pocket, and read the delectable dialogue to us, in tones so suitable that he was interrupted continually with our bursts of laughter (ask Mrs. Kennicott else, for she was of the audience) and when he came to ‘ my lady’ and sent her ‘ to cold water, and hot water, and salt water, and fresh water,’ he could not get on at all, we laughed so immoderately. I suspected his lordship was the author. ‘ Well,’ as Tom says, I went home, and sure enough I wrote upon a bit of paper that minute, ‘ A quarter of a hundred of Will Chip ; or Village Politics, to be had at Rivington’s,’ and this I gave to citizen Brown, and bid him carry it early next morning to a certain walking bookseller of mine, who procures me all the learning I deal in ; and this was accordingly done, but did not hold me (as I said) three days. I have had many recruits since, and must have more. Last night a gentleman gave me ‘ Reasons for Contentment,’ by Archdeacon Paley, addressed

to the labouring part of the British public. I cast my eyes over it, and though I honour Archdeacon Paley, yet I assured the giver that I would send him the production of one, the minute I got home, who understood the language much better: and accordingly I despatched a little packet of Will Chip, before I sat down at home. You will believe that I have not forgotten to supply Richmond. Our minister and our apothecary are supplied, and the first went to the house of Cambridge and there excited envy, Mr. Cambridge declaring he wished he had written it. Mr. Rivington still dispenses them by thousands, (I hope some go to France) and though he cannot get any thing by them, nor the pleasant author, yet both will allow that this is success. Proceed we then to secrecy—but how shall I be credited when I tell you, my dear friend, that your kind and gracious confession which I received this day, came to me without the smallest particle of seal of any sort or kind, nor wax, nor wafer, nor semblance of either; none had ever been applied to it, nor had any attempt been made to obliterate one of the precious words: dear they are unto me; so it is not my concern if the post-master, and the post-mistress, and all on the road know, to whom they are indebted for this incomparable and perfect code of Village Politics. There let them rest,—they can have no better. But you are astonished, and almost tempted to exclaim, ‘No, surely I did not send you a letter without a seal!’ Yes, indeed you did, my dear friend, and that letter expressed your hope and earnest desire that you should avoid discovery;

whether you have avoided it, depends on the curiosity of those into whose hands my letter has fallen, for I have told no one.

F. B.

From the Earl of Orford to Miss H. More.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 21, 1792.

MY DEAR SAINT HANNAH,

I have frequently been going to write to you, but checked myself. You are so good and so bad, that I feared I should interrupt some act of benevolence, on one side; and on the other, that you would not answer my letter in three months. I am glad to find, as an Irishman would say, that the way to make you answer is not to speak first. But ah! I am a brute to upbraid any moment of your silence, though I regretted it, when I heard that your kind intentions have been prevented by frequent cruel pain! and that even your rigid abstemiousness does not remove your complaints. Your heart is always aching for others, and your head for yourself. Yet the latter never hinders the activity of the former. What must your tenderness not feel now, when a whole nation of monsters is burst forth. This *second* massacre of Paris has exhibited horrors that even surpass the former. Even the queen's women were butchered in the Thuilleries, and the tigers chopped off the heads from the dead bodies, and tossed them into the flames of the palace. The tortures of the poor king and queen, from the length of their duration, surpass all example, and the brutal

insolence with which they were treated on the 12th, all invention. They were dragged through the Place Vendome to see the statue of Louis XIV. in fragments, and told it was to be the king's fate; and he—the most harmless of men, was told he is a monster; and this after three years of sufferings! King, and queen, and children, were shut up in a room without nourishment for twelve hours. One who was a witness has come over, and says he found the queen sitting on the floor, trembling like an aspen in every limb, and her sweet boy the Dauphin asleep against her knee! She has not one woman to attend her that she ever saw, but a companion of her misery, the king's sister, that heroic virgin saint, who on the former irruption in the palace, having flown to and clung to her brother, and being mistaken for the queen, and the hellish fiends wishing to murder her, and somebody aiming to undeceive them, exclaimed, '*Ah! ne les detrompez pas.*' Was not that sentence the sublime of innocence? But why do I wound your thrilling nerves with the relation of such horrible scenes? Your *blackmanity*¹ must allot some of its tears to these poor victims. For my part, I have an abhorrence of politics, if one can so term these tragedies, which make one harbour sentiments one naturally abhors; but can one refrain without difficulty from exclaiming, such a nation should be exterminated? They have butchered hecatombs of Swiss, even to *porters* in private houses, because they often are,

¹ Alluding to the lively interest she took in the abolition of the slave trade.

and always are called, *Le Suisse*. Think on fifteen hundred persons, probably more, butchered on the 12th, in the space of eight hours. Think on premiums voted for the assassination of several princes—and do not think that such execrable proceedings have been confined to Paris; no, Avignon, Marseilles, &c. are still smoking with blood! Scarcely has the Alecto of the north, the legislatress and the usurper of Poland, occasioned the spilling of larger torrents!

I am almost sorry that your letter arrived at this crisis—I cannot help venting a little of what haunts me. But it is better to thank providence for the tranquillity and happiness we enjoy in this country, in spite of the philosophizing serpents we have in our bosom, the Paines, the Tookes, and the Woolstoncrafts. I am glad you have not read the tract of the last-mentioned writer. I would not look at it, though assured it contains neither metaphysics nor politics: but as she entered the lists in the latter, and borrowed her title from the demon's book, which aimed at spreading the *wrongs* of men, she is excommunicated from the pale of my library. We have had enough of new systems, and the world a great deal too much already.

Let us descend to private life. Your friend Mrs. Boscawen, I fear, is unhappy: she has lost most suddenly her son-in-law, Admiral Leveson. I sent to inquire after her yesterday.

Mrs. Garrick I have scarcely seen this whole summer. She is a liberal Pomona to me; I will not say an Eve, for though she reaches fruit to me, she

will never let me in; as if I were a boy and would rob her orchard.

As you interest yourself about a certain trumpery old person, I with infinite gratitude will add a line on him. He is very tolerably well, weak enough certainly, yet willing to be contented; he is satisfied with knowing he is at his best. Nobody grows stronger at seventy-five, nor recovers the use of limbs half lost; nor, though neither deaf nor blind, nor in the latter most material point at all impaired, nor as far as he can find on strictly watching himself, much damaged as to common uses in his intellects,—does the gentleman expect to avoid additional decays, if his life shall be farther protracted. He has been too fortunate not to be most thankful for the past, and most submissive for what is to come, be it more or less. He forgot to say that the warmth of his heart towards those he loves and esteems has not suffered the least diminution, and consequently he is, as fervently as ever, Saint Hannah's most sincere friend and humble servant,

ORFORD.

Miss H. More to the Earl of Orford.

Bath, Jan. 7, 1793.

MY DEAR LORD,

I cannot but remember with pleasure and gratitude those good times when my winter evenings used to be so enlivened by your conversation, and my summer days so brightened by your letters. If this is the language of regret, I am sure it is not

of complaint ; for well do I know that my own want of health puts it out of my power to enjoy the one ; and that my own silence, proceeding from the same cause, has prevented me from entitling myself to the other. I do not know, however, that your lordship was ever more frequently present to my mind than during the late terrible transactions. Not that your idea very readily or naturally associates itself with images of blood and slaughter ; but because I fancied I could so exactly enter into your feelings of compassion, grief and indignation, in the progress of this most deplorable tragedy. I was fool enough till the last to entertain a secret hope that this most innocent of kings would have just got off with life ; as the miscreant murderers seemed struggling to reconcile two incompatible points, the pleasure of killing him, with the credit of saving him. Of the ill-fated king of Sweden I could not help exclaiming, ‘ No action of his life became him like the leaving it ; ’ but *all* the late actions of *this* poor king seemed to have been the result of dignity, piety, and sound sense. The temper he exhibited at his death, when those assassins drowned his parting prayer with their (I had almost said infernal) music, classes him with true Christian kings ; and his will, both for its piety and composition, almost swallows up the sentiment of pity in that of reverence and admiration. From liberty, equality, and the rights of man, good Lord deliver *us* ! As to these convention-men, their fantastic phraseology offends my taste, almost as much as their conduct shocks my principles. It is quite

refreshing to one's understanding, after reading their jargon, to find such a novelty as French good sense in the defence and will of the king; and the charge of the good Bishop of Leon. I wonder if I shall ever live to read a book again that shall cost a shilling. I have lived so long on halfpenny papers, penny cautions, twopenny warnings, and threepenny sermons, that I shall never be able to stretch my capacity even to a duodecimo! I shall try though, for I find my present studies very harassing to the nerves, and although like dram-drinking, they invigorate for a moment, yet like that too, they add to the depression afterwards. It is so difficult to divert one's mind to any other subject, that I make no apology for dwelling so long upon these now stale horrors; for these active monsters almost banish from one's remembrance the evils of yesterday, by the accumulated mischiefs of to-day. But while they are so wicked, that when one stretches one's imagination to fix on the most atrocious crime for their next performance, it will not be found too wicked for them to perpetrate; yet on the other hand their wickedness has an absurdity, and a folly, which mocks all calculation, so that the iniquity of to-day furnishes you with no data to conjecture of what sort will be the iniquity of to-morrow.

But turn we to a more peaceful and pleasant subject,—your own health, and goings on. I had the cordial satisfaction to hear from Mr. Bowdler that he saw your lordship looking and being in good health and spirits. Pray remember me affectionately to

your fair travellers, of whose health I hope to hear a good account. I have not set my foot out of doors for nine weeks, but my cough gets better. They have been worrying me to go abroad, as if it were not better a thousand times to be sick, and even to die in this country, than to be alive and well in almost any other! Adieu, my dear Lord, you have many wiser, wittier, and better friends, but you have not a more attached or more faithful one than

Your's,

H. MORE.

Her pen, which had been so eminently successful in the service of her country, was not long suffered to lie idle, but was, after a very short interval, again employed in the cause of religion and humanity.

About this time appeared the famous atheistical speech of Dupont to the National Convention. Blasphemous as was this production, it did not want admirers in this country, and this ominous reception here, was the motive which engaged her active pen in a vigorous endeavour to repel the mischief. She was the more strongly stimulated to execute this design, by her wish to contribute towards the relief of the French emigrant clergy (for whose sufferings she felt the deepest commiseration) a larger supply than her slender purse could afford. She made her present work, therefore, conducive to a double purpose, by dedicating the whole of its profits, amounting to about £240, to the fund raised for their relief.

The thanks of the committee for the management of this fund were transmitted to Mrs. H. More by their chairman,¹ in a very handsome manner. Here follow some documents upon the subject, amongst others, a letter from her agreeable friend, Dr. Burney, whom she had long known.

At a meeting of the United Committees of Subscribers for the relief of the suffering clergy of France, refugees in the British dominions, held at Freemason's Tavern, April 5, 1793.

Resolved unanimously,

That the thanks of this committee be presented to Mrs. Hannah More, for having given the profits of her excellent *remarks on the speech of M. Dupont*, to the use of the French emigrant clergy, and likewise for her elegant and pathetic address to the ladies of Great Britain in their behalf, by which means she has doubly contributed to this charitable work.

JOHN WILMOT, *Chairman*.

By order of the Committee,

April 5, 1793.

THEODORE JOHN HESTER, *Secretary*.

¹ The late Mr. Wilmot, son of the Lord Chief Justice, Sir E. Wilmot.

From Miss H. More to the Earl of Orford.

Bath, April, 1793.

MY DEAR LORD,

As I begin to hope, if my health continues to improve, that I shall have the happiness of thanking you in person, early in April, for your most friendly and feeling letter, I would spare you the trouble of an answer, if I had not two or three words to say, which I cannot so well defer till that time. As paper cannot blush, I will proceed without apology, though I doubt if I could have the courage any other way to expose myself. Dupont's and Manvel's atheistical speeches have stuck in my throat all the winter, and I have been waiting for our bishops and our clergy to take some notice of them; but blasphemy and atheism have been allowed to become familiar to the minds of our common people, without any attempt being made to counteract the poison. The attempt I have presumed to make, I need not tell your lordship, is a very weak one, and I will tell you on what occasion I have presumed to make it. I happened to know of a good many of the religious people, both in the church and among the different sects, whose fondness for French politics entirely blinds them to the horrors of French impiety. They actually deny the existence of such principles among them; to such as these, therefore, chiefly, I have addressed a trumpery pamphlet, which Cadell is printing, and which I suppose will be out in a few days. He has been very dilatory about it, and sends

me one solitary sheet a week. But I have a further motive; the pressing distresses of the poor emigrant priests. I know how paltry is the little I can do, but my conscience tells me that that *little* ought to be done. The title is, ‘Remarks on the speech of Mr. Dupont, made in the National Convention, on the subjects of religion and public education. Published for the relief of the Emigrant Priests.’ It is really a poor thing, and for once I can truly say, I do not write for fame, but for shillings. I have not courage to put my name, for fear I should be thought pert and political, but I do not affect to make it a secret. All here is ruin and misery. Two banks broken at Bath; at Bristol things are worse, every hour presents me with some fresh instance of somebody I know undone! Adieu, my dear lord, believe me ever most gratefully and faithfully,

Your’s,

H. M.

Friday.

I find I have been writing you a parcel of fibs. That naughty Bishop of London *compels* me to put my name. I am sorely grieved at it; but he says, a shilling pamphlet which is sold for half-a-crown will not make its way without a name. Alas! is not any name better than such a one as mine.

From Mrs. Montagu to Miss H. More.

Portman Square.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Your work is so much above praise, your mind so superior to vanity and the desire of fame, that I shall not repeat to you a word of the universal admiration it has excited, and the great approbation of the sentiments which prompted you to write it. I will barely assure you, of what alone interests you, that this work will afford great assistance to the poor refugees, and by the impression it has made on every one who has read it, will be of infinite service to the souls of thousands. Every mind owes you the tribute of gratitude; and that the expression of mine may not be troublesome, I will only present my warmest and most sincere thanks. With the highest esteem and most perfect respect,

I am, my dear Madam,

Your most obliged, affectionate, and
faithful humble servant,

E. MONTAGU.

From the late John Wilmot, Esq. (then Member for
Coventry,) to Miss H. More.

Bedford Row.

MADAM,

The contribution you enclosed was not only considerable in itself, but may be the means, like your former ones, of adding thousands to the support of so good a cause, and above all, of disposing and

preparing the minds of the public to approve of some parliamentary aid, if unfortunately it should still be requisite. What infinite pleasure, Madam, it must give you, to reflect that you have contributed so largely to this religious as well as charitable work in different ways, and in each more largely than any other person of either sex I know of. I beg leave to subscribe myself with great esteem,

Your faithful and obliged servant,

JOHN WILMOT.

I here insert an effusion from the pen of Hannah More, first written in a letter, and afterwards expanded into a short tract.

1793.

M. Dupont, in a speech made in the French convention asserted that there was *no God*; and with only the exception of one or two of the members, this most daring profession of atheism was applauded. The under-written is an English postscript to the above speech, earnestly addressed to Christians of every denomination.

The above is the confession of faith of a leader of the French convention. The impiety of it is so monstrous, that some have thought it dangerous to make it familiar to the minds of Englishmen; for there are crimes with which even the imagination should never come in contact. But, as an ancient nation intoxicated their slaves, and then exposed them to their children, in order to inspire them with a greater horror of intemperance, so, it is believed,

that the Christian reader will find his piety confirmed by such a bold attempt to shake it.

A love of liberty, generous in its principle, has drawn in some good men to continue to favour the French convention, though their present licentious wildness no more resembles liberty, than drunkenness does cheerfulness.

But the above speech, though delivered in an assembly of politicians, is not a question of politics; it is of as much higher concern as the soul is of more value than the body. It is not now in question to dethrone kings, but Him by whom kings reign. It does not here excite the cry of indignation that *Louis* reigns, but that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Nor is this the declaration of an anonymous scribbler, but an exposition of the creed of a public leader. It is not a sentiment hinted in a journal, hazarded in a pamphlet, or spouted in a debating club, but it is the implied faith of the rulers of a great nation. Candour might have passed over the single sentiment of one vain orator, but that such a speech should have been heard, received, applauded, (with one or two exceptions only) is a fact which you will hardly credit, and which posterity will totally reject. We have too often seen the mischiefs of irreligion in a neglected or abused education. But what will it not produce, when in the projected French schools, impiety shall become a system? when education shall be poisoned in the springs? when the bitter fruit of atheism, dropping from the tree of liberty, shall pollute the very fountains of knowledge?

when every man and every child shall venture to say with his tongue, what even the fool has hitherto only dared to say in his heart,—that “there is no God.”

Countrymen, this is not a controversy about a few disputed opinions, such as you have been used at home to hear even good men differ upon: but this, with a vigorous stroke, is laying the axe to the root of all human happiness: it is tearing up the foundation of human hope, and extirpating every principle of human excellence. It is annihilating the very existence of virtue by annihilating its motives, its securities, and its end. In that wild contempt of all opinion, which has lately had the arrogance to call itself toleration, it is not impossible that Christianity itself may be tolerated in France as a sect, not persecuted indeed, but derided; but that Atheism will be the predominating, the encouraged, and the popular principle, there remains little doubt. This is not invective, for we produce proof; this is not bare assertion, for we give you the applauded speech.

Christians, it is not a small thing, it is your life. Let France choose this day whom she will serve; “but as for us and our house, we will serve the Lord.”

From Bishop Porteus to Miss H. More.

Ashbourne, July 17.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

As you certainly belong to my diocese, and are on many accounts fairly entitled to the benefit of clergy, (for you cannot only read, but also write, and even preach to the great world more eloquently than most clergy-women,) I cannot do very much amiss, I think, in sending you the inclosed charge. There are two things at least you will learn from it—to sing Psalms more melodiously in your parish church, and to reside more constantly in your proper diocese, from which (as I know by experience) you are but too apt to wander, and to be led astray into the flowery paths of Cowslip Green, and suchlike seducing and dangerous places; where you forget amidst the dissipations of solitude, your duty towards your neighbour, and never think of bestowing one single solitary line on Lord Orford, or on me. I have lately received a letter from him, in which he complains most bitterly of your pertinacious silence.

Mrs. Porteus and I left Fulham about a fortnight since, and I have been here all that time with her friends, in one of the prettiest country towns in the world, situated amidst the most delightful picturesque scenery that can be imagined. We are surrounded on all sides by places famed in modern story, such as Okeover, Thorney, Dovedale, Matlock, &c. &c. which unite in the highest degree amenity with grandeur, and present to the eye

every thing that is sublime and beautiful in nature. Here we shall stay till Monday, and then make excursions and visits to different parts of my former diocese, till the meeting of the new Parliament, when we return to Fulham.

I have been much amused in my post-chaise with Lord Monboddo's ninth volume on the Origin and Progress of Language, which he sent to me. It is certainly a very odd book, but there is learning and originality in it, and that will make amends for a large portion of singularity. You will not, however, easily forgive him for his very severe animadversions on your friend Dr. Johnson, who, he says, was one of the most malignant men he ever knew; and with all his pretensions to learning, understood very little of Latin, and nothing at all of Greek. In this I certainly differ from him very widely, and not less so when he says that Livy is no historian, and Virgil no poet; that Cæsar and Horace are the only Roman authors worth reading; and that Dionysius the Halicarnassian is the first of Greek writers.

Pray let us hear soon how your cowslips and daisies and acacias go on, and how many tons of hay you have this year; for I take it for granted you are a great farmer. I will be very generous to you, and give you three weeks respite before you write to me, but if I do not find a letter on my return to Fulham, you must expect no mercy. Mrs. Porteus is entirely yours, and so is your

Very faithful and obedient servant,

B. LONDON.

From Bishop Porteus to Miss H. More.

1793.

What can I write to you about? Any thing is better than talking of public matters, which are in so dreadful a state, that I cannot bear to speak or to think of them. We seem to be deserted by all our allies, and left to carry on alone, one of the most formidable and desperate wars in which this country was ever engaged. I see nothing that should prevent the French from becoming masters of the whole continent; while we are conquering all the islands in the world, but may find it, I fear, a matter of some difficulty to preserve our own. Yet *here* I trust that Providence will still befriend us. We are not yet, I hope, ripe for destruction, though deserving of punishment. If ever there was a war of absolute necessity and self-defence, this is one. We took up arms to protect our government and our religion, and in *this* therefore we may humbly hope that we shall not ultimately fail. Heaven has often interfered in our favour, and rescued us from impending destruction, even within our own memory. Nothing but this interposition can now save us. Let us amend our hearts and lives, and never cease importuning the throne of grace, both in public and in private, and I will not yet despair.

With respect to Paine's book, the first impression was seized by government, and the circulation of it stopped as much as possible, but still many copies have got abroad, and as I am just informed, have

done much mischief. Your help, therefore, is as much wanted, and as strongly called for as ever. I will venture to say, that the eyes of many are fixed on *you* at this important crisis. Both upon my visitation and at my return, I have been repeatedly asked, whether you would not once more, in this alarming exigence, exert your superior talents in the cause of Him who gave them. I do in my conscience think you bound to do so, and I cannot help considering this general concurrence of the wise and the good, in looking up to you on this occasion, as a kind of call upon you from Heaven, which, I am sure, you will not feel yourself disposed to withstand. There is no occasion to enter into any thing controversial or doctrinal, but simply to draw out a very plain summary of the Evidences of Christianity, brought down to the level of Will Chip and Jack Anvil, exactly as you have done in Village Politics, to which Village Christianity would be a very becoming companion. This would be so excellent a match, that your good nature alone would prompt you to promote it.

Mr. Paley's book has been universally well received, and the first edition is already gone. As he wrote and published it at my desire, I have just given him a prebend of St. Paul's, as a mark of my approbation and gratitude. It has given me much pleasure to find that it has been much read and approved at Cambridge, where I think it will do essential service; and indeed it is admirably calculated for all the higher orders of the community, as yours will be for all the lower, which I think

a more difficult and more useful achievement ; and you must not deny me the unspeakable satisfaction of having given birth to two publications on the subject of religion, which, with the blessing of God, will, I firmly believe, tend to secure the principles and confirm the faith of all ranks of men, from the highest to the lowest.

Dr. Beattie's book, or rather his son's, was sent to you by me, at his desire. I knew you would be pleased and affected, as every body has been, with the life prefixed, written with so much simplicity, soundness, and feeling. Were not you delighted with the ingenuity of the contrivance by which Dr. Beattie first made the child acquainted with the existence of a God? Would it not be a right thing, if in these times of extreme danger, every one were to add the prayer for the time of war, both to their family and private prayers? It is an admirable prayer. Adieu, my dear friend,

B. LONDON.

From Bishop Porteus to Miss H. More.

Fulham Meadows, August 12, 1793.

I wish you joy, my dear maid of honour, of your dignity ; you have chosen a most amiable and sweet-tempered Princess for your mistress, and will, I doubt not, taste the truest felicity under her mild and gentle sway. Ah, sainted Mary, how properly and how judiciously have you rewarded the fine compliment paid you by this artful flatterer, who certainly must have had this prize in view when

she inserted that well-merited testimony to your virtues in one of her most beautiful poems.

From the specimens you have given me of Gideon's cake, I am impatient to see the whole of that admirable composition; it brings one back to the good old times of fanatic fury, and makes one fancy oneself surrounded with the saints of Cromwell's days. I have sent to Payne for it, but I am afraid he will have some difficulty in finding it: you should have sent me the bookseller's name. I really did not think we had so much fanaticism and nonsense existing amongst us.

Your friend Lord Orford and myself, are, I believe, the only persons in the kingdom who are worthy of the hot weather,—the only true genuine summer we have had for the last thirty years; we both agreed that it was perfectly celestial, and that it was quite scandalous to huff it away as some people did. A few days before it arrived, all the world was complaining of the dreadfully cold north-east wind; and in three days after the warmer weather came in, every body was quarrelling with the heat, and sinking under the rays of the sun. Such is that consistent and contented thing called human nature. As to ourselves, we enjoyed with gratitude and delight, this truly Italian, but short-lived summer. We lived in Bishop's noble northern room all the day, and in the evening, the meadows were our drawing-room: there our little lawn was as green as an emerald, and kept constantly cool with fresh breezes from the Thames, while every other field and garden in the kingdom was burnt up, and

brought actually to the colour of a gravel walk. Our little cottage was indeed quite delicious, and this summer alone has amply repaid me for all my trouble and expense.

Have you begun the edition of your works, which you promised me should be ready against the winter? You sometimes profess to pay a most implicit obedience to my commands; I shall be very glad to see a proof of your obedience in this instance, and, to encourage you, I have set the example. I am now in the very act of obeying your commands, for my second volume is already in the press, and I have already had two proof-sheets to correct. I wish I could see, in some folks, a little portion of that virtue, called, by statesmen, reciprocity.

It was impossible to let the East India question pass the House of Lords, without something being said from our bench. I said but little, but it had the good fortune to be well received, and it drew on others to say more. Whether it will produce any effect I know not, but it was doing all that could be done.

On Thursday we hope to make good our retreat to Sundridge. Our neighbours, Lord and Lady Frederick, tell us it is now in high beauty. We are not insensible to its charms, as you well know, but it has a formidable rival springing up in Fulham Meadows, which we really leave with regret. Mrs. P. is entirely yours.

May Heaven long preserve you, and continue to me the comfort of receiving and reading your letters.

B. LONDON.

From Miss H. More to the Earl of Orford.

Cowslip Green, 1793.

MY DEAR LORD,

The fortunes of petty people can only be attended with petty consequences; for instance, my having been free from excruciating headaches, scarcely six days in almost as many months, can be attended with no greater consequence to your Lordship, than that of saving you from the trouble of a few pert and prating epistles; whereas had the same megrim taken a fancy to the turbulent brain of the autocrat Catherina, half Europe might have been the better for it, as I think it would have left her neither capacity nor inclination to disturb its quiet. But though I have neglected to entitle myself to the pleasure of a letter *from* you, I have enjoyed one of the next best things, that of hearing good accounts *of* you: your recovered health and amended looks having made a very interesting part of several letters I have lately had from your neighbourhood.

As I do not see by the newspapers (those authentic sources of intelligence), that you have separated yourself from your sweet neighbours, I figure to my imagination that you are all going on as delightfully together as can be. I must really love you all as well as I do, not to feel a little envious of the comfort you have in each other's society, and in the enjoyment of some of the best of mere human pleasures, taste, literature, and friendship.

I have been much pestered to read the ‘Rights of Women,’ but am invincibly resolved not to do it. Of all jargon, I hate metaphysical jargon: besides there is something fantastic and absurd in the very title. How many ways there are of being ridiculous! I am sure I have as much liberty as I can make a good use of, now I am an old maid; and when I was a young one, I had, I dare say, more than was good for me. If I were still young, perhaps I should not make this confession; but so many women are fond of government, I suppose, because they are not fit for it. To be unstable and capricious, I really think, is but too characteristic of our sex; and there is perhaps no animal so much indebted to subordination for its good behaviour, as woman. I have soberly and uniformly maintained this doctrine, ever since I have been capable of observation, and I used horridly to provoke some of my female friends, *maitresses femmes*, by it, especially such heroic spirits as poor Mrs. Walsingham. I believe they used to suspect me of art in it, as if I wanted to court the approbation of the other sex, who, it must be confessed, politically encourage this submissive temper in us; but I really maintained the opinion in sincerity and simplicity, both from what I felt at home and have seen abroad.

My hair stands on end at what I just hear of Poland and France; but in this angle of creation we do not hear of events till they are almost forgotten by you, who live in the world. Two kings in one week? What a page for history! What

a lecture on human instability. As to those diabolical French, I think my friends of Sierra Leone polished people and good Christians, compared with them.

Adieu, my dear lord, and believe me most gratefully yours,

H. M.

From the same to the same.

Cowslip Green, Sept. 14, 1793.

MY DEAR LORD,

To any one who is truly acquainted with the sincerity of my regard for your Lordship, it would appear incredible that I could suffer myself to pass the whole summer, without any outward sign of that sentiment. But really, independently of much indolence, much occupation, and no small share of sickness on my own part, I believe I grow modest and humble, as I grow old, and hardly feel myself entitled to break in upon your pleasant employments or your quiet leisure. It is one of my interesting pleasures to receive a letter from your Lordship, while I am cut off, as I have been almost completely for the last three years, from the more lively satisfaction of your society, which I have ever had taste enough to rank in its proper place. I need not say how high that place is.

I wish you joy of the true genuine summer we have had. The Bishop of London writes me word that only he and your Lordship were worthy of it,

for that you were the only persons who did not huff the warm weather away. As I value your health, even more than your pleasure, it will be a real comfort to me to know that it has contributed to the former at least as much as, I am assured, it has to the latter.

My little garden is now so sweetly green, that your French friends would abuse its *tristesse*. I was sorry I could not see *little* Strawberry in its beautified state. We had a sort of scheme to take a peep at it, when I was at Fulham; but as we could not, at the same time, have taken a peep at you; and as we think that there are certain living creatures which warm the heart, and please the eyes beyond all rural scenery, we did not go.

My heart and my imagination are saddened by the slaughter and devastation of my species, with which every newspaper is full. There are some terms, which, though commonly coupled together, appear to me so incongruous, that I hardly admit of their union, such as pious frauds, short war, bad peace, &c. These mad monkeys of the Convention do contrive to enliven my unappeasable indignation against them with occasional provocatives to mirth. How do you like the egregious inventions of the anniversary follies of the 10th of August? Before I have dried my eyes after weeping at the picture of the Queen carrying her little bundle into her narrow and squalid prison, I am compelled to '*exhibit a ghastly smile,*' at the idea of a warm bath solemnly marching in procession. I was going on, but I am too much in a rage.

I have had the honour of being presented with three very severe answers to my pamphlet against Dupont ;—the first accused me of opposing God's vengeance against popery, by my wickedly wishing that the French priests should not be starved, when it was God's will that they should ; the second undertakes the defence of Dupont, and justifies his principles ; the third declares, that I am a favourer of the old popish massacres. I can truly assure your lordship, that all three have not given me one minute's uneasiness. I was only sorry that so much reproof could not possibly do me any good. Had my adversaries accused me of almost anything but a fondness for bloodshed and popery, I think my conscience might, in some degree, have pleaded guilty, and I might have set about a serious reformation, the proper end of all repentance. However, all censure is profitable, for if one does not happen to deserve it for the thing in question, it makes one look into oneself ; but my mind is of such a sort of make, that my chief danger lies not in abuse but in flattery ; it is the slaver that kills, and not the bite. Yet let me not try to pass for better than I am ; these hostilities do not happen to be *my* trials ; it costs me but small effort to forgive these angry men. My feelings are excited by other objects than pamphlets, paragraphs, reviews, or magazines, written against me by people I do not know, and whose opinion makes no part of my happiness. But an unkind look, a severe word, or a cool letter from one of those very few persons who

make up my world, would very painfully convince me that it is not a deadness or insensibility, to the opinion of others that keeps me so quiet under certain provocations; that my patience is only partial, and that if the right, or rather the wrong string be touched, I have as much discord in me as any other. Can your lordship forgive all this egotism? I have been betrayed into it by my subject, and I am afraid it is so pleasant to talk of oneself that one had almost rather talk of one's faults, than not talk of oneself at all.

I have been in trouble for Mrs. Boscawen. If I had been set to look out for that person whom I thought built for the longest duration, I should have fixed on the young, healthy, stout, robust Lady Falmouth; five of the prettiest babes left! Pray, my lord, assure your sweet neighbours of my kind remembrance, and tell Miss Mary that I hope, if I live, to have many more such conversations with her, as we have once or twice attempted together, and wherein she displayed so much good nature in bearing the strong things I said to her, if I discovered but little wisdom in venturing them.

I am, my dear lord, with unfeigned regard, your lordship's ever faithful,

H. MORE.

From the Earl of Orford to Miss H. More.

Strawberry Hill, 1793.

Though it would make me happy, my dear madam, if you were more corresponding, yet I must not reproach your silence, nor wish it were less; for all your moments are so dedicated to goodness, and to unwearied acts of benevolence, that you must steal from charity, or purloin from the repose you want, any that you bestow on me. Do not I know too, alas! how indifferent your health is? You sacrifice that to your duties: but can a friend, who esteems you so highly as I do, be so selfish as to desire to cost you half an hour's headache? No, never send me a line that you can employ better, or that would trespass on your ease.

Of the trash written against you, I had never even heard. Nor do I believe that they gave you any other disquiet than what arose from seeing that the worthiest and most *humane* intentions are poison to some *human* beings. Oh! have not the last five years brought to light such infernal malevolence, such monstrous crimes, as mankind had grown civilized enough to disbelieve, when they read any thing similar in former ages—if indeed any thing similar has been recorded. But I must not enter into what I dare not fathom. Catherine Slayczar triumphs over the good honest Poles, and Louis Seize perishes on a scaffold, the best of men. While whole assemblies of fiends, calling themselves *men*, are from day to day meditating torment and torture for his

heroic widow ; on whom, with all their power and malice, and with every page, footman, and chambermaid of hers in their reach, and with the rack in their hands, they have not been able to fix a speck : nay ; do they not now talk of the inutility of evidence ? What other virtue ever sustained such an ordeal ? But who can wonder, when the Almighty himself is called by one of those wretches, the *soi-disant* God !

You say their outrageous folly tempts you to smile—yes, yes ; at times I should have laughed too, if I could have dragged my muscles at once from the zenith of horror to the nadir of contempt : but their abominations leave one not leisure enough to leap from indignation to mirth. I abhor war and bloodshed as much as you do : but unless the earth is purged of such monsters, peace and morality will never return. This is not a war of nation and nation : it is the cause of every thing dear and sacred to civilized men, against the unbounded licentiousness of assassins, who massacre even the generals who fight for them—not that I pity the latter : but to whom can a country be just, that rewards its tools with the axe ? what animal is so horrible as one that devours its own young ones ?

That execrable nation overwhelms all moralizing. At any other minute the unexpected death of Lady Falmouth would be striking : yet I am sorry for Mrs. Boscawen. I have been ill for six weeks with the gout, and am just recovered : yet I remember it less than the atrocities of France ; and I remember, if possible, with greater indignation, the traitors

here at home ; amongst whom are your antagonists. Do not apologize for talking of them and yourself. Punish them not by answering, but by supporting the good cause, and by stigmatising the most impudent impiety that ever was avowed.

Mrs. Garrick dined here to-day, with some of the quality of Hampton and Richmond. She appears quite well and was very cheerful. I wish you were as well recovered. Do you remember how ill I found you both last year in the Adelphi ? Adieu ! thou excellent champion, as well as practiser of all goodness. Let the vile abuse vented against you be balm to your mind ; your writings must have done great service when they have so much provoked the enemy. All who have any religion or principle must revere your name. Who would not be hated by Duponts and Dantons ; and if abhorrence of atheism implies popery, reckon it a compliment to be called papist. The French have gone such extravagant lengths, that to preach or practise massacres is with them the sole test of merit,—of patriotism. Just in one point only they have merit—they sacrifice the blackest criminals with as much alacrity as the most innocent or the most virtuous : but I beg your pardon : I know not how to stop when I talk of these ruffians.

Yours most cordially and most sincerely,

ORFORD.

From Bishop Porteus to Miss H. More.

Sundridge, Nov. 11, 1793.

We are now, my dear Miss More, on the point of quitting this place, and I cannot resign all its comforts without enjoying, once more, that of writing a few lines to you, and thanking you for the trouble you so kindly took on account of poor Lady ——. I have no hope but from you, when you come to town. A serious and friendly conversation with her, in your interesting, impressive, and persuasive manner, might, I think, touch her heart, and inspire her with those devout and pious sentiments which can alone, I am convinced, compose and tranquillize her mind. As to myself, I feel I am not equal to the task, and that I have no talents for such an undertaking; come then, and mend and console us all as soon as you can. I stand in need of your advice and assistance as much as any one. I perceive every day more and more, that I fall far short of what I ought to be. I wish earnestly to become more detached from the world, more spiritual, and heavenly-minded, and yet in that busy and tumultuous scene of life in which I am unavoidably engaged, I almost despair of ever accomplishing my wish.

The appearance of affairs on the Continent is, it must be owned, not very comfortable. The carnage has been dreadful, and the advantages almost equally balanced. But we must console ourselves with the reflection that the French declared war

against us, and not we against them, and that of two tremendous evils, war or certain destruction, we chose the least; for I am perfectly convinced that if we had suffered the French to have overrun Holland and Flanders, (which without our interference they must infallibly have done,) all the horrors and miseries of France would in three years time have been renewed in this country. The campaign, upon the whole, has been rather a successful one, and they who believe in a God and a Providence, cannot but entertain a hope that a nation which has openly renounced both, will not, in the final result, be successful;—will not be allowed to disseminate anarchy and atheism through the world.

I must once more implore you to get the better of that criminal indolence, and that unnatural aversion to the offspring of your own brain, which prevents you from taking proper care of them, and from setting them out handsomely in the world. If you continue inexorable, I shall try what I can do with Cadell, whom I hope to find more tender-hearted than you.

Accept Mrs. Porteus's kindest and most affectionate regards, together with those of,

Dear Madam,

Your very sincere and faithful,

B. LONDON.

From Miss H. More to Mrs. Boscawen.

Cowslip Green, Nov. 1793.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Though I do not know that it is in friendship, as in natural philosophy, where the attraction increases in proportion as the squares of the distances lessen ; yet I am almost tempted to think, too, that geography has something to do with one's feelings, for though I must have left you quietly alone for some weeks after receiving a letter from you from Richmond, yet a letter from Badminton or Bath sets the heart and spirits in motion, and makes one feel, that being so near, it is a sad thing not to be nearer. I felt gratified that you had even been at the door of our Bath habitation ; and if it had not been for the trouble of getting out of your coach, I wish you could have seen how very pretty that situation is ; the best rooms looking down directly upon Spring Gardens, which have all the appearance of belonging to the house. I have generally the mortification of finding that this month brings to Bath some dear friend or other, whom it would much rejoice me to see ; while the period I pass there seldom brings more than common acquaintance, who come in shoals from every point of the compass. My more interesting friends, unless driven by actual illness, are always lodged in their winter quarters in town before I get to mine at Bath ; to which place nothing but inability to stand the cold of this situation would ever

drive me, for there is something in the genius of Bath which is opposed to my spirit and feelings. I was born for the country.

I have had a third attack sent me upon my pamphlet on Dupont, accusing *me of being a favourer of the old Popish massacres*. My mind is too much afflicted with the modern massacres to have leisure or disposition for one emotion of resentment against any but these. The enemies of God, of morality, of human nature—occupy one's thoughts and one's conversation almost too much; and while we exhaust upon them the indignation which their unparalleled crimes excite, we should never forget that we partake with them of the same corrupt nature; and that only religion and the restraining grace of God, preserve us from the same enormities. As to the poor queen, she comes out so white from the mock trial, that they seem madder than ever in publishing it. A few empty bottles, and an old hat, seem the heaviest part of the charge; and as to the accusation respecting her poor child, it is so diabolical, that if they had studied an invention on purpose to whitewash her from every charge, they could not have done it more effectually.

It has been no small support under the great labour of the Cheap Repository, that it has met with the warm protection of so many excellent persons, and has brought me to the acquaintance of many of the wise and good in very remote parts of the kingdom, who are anxiously catching at even the feeblest attempts to stem that headlong torrent of vice, and that spirit of licentiousness and insur-

rection, which is threatening to undo us. They would have me to believe,—but I ought not to tell you, it savours so much of arrogance and egotism, (and I should tell it hardly to any one else,)—that a very formidable riot among the colliers in the neighbourhood of Bath, was happily prevented by the ballad of ‘*The Riot.*’ The plan was thoroughly settled; they were resolved to work no more, but to attack first the mills, and then the gentry. A gentleman of large fortune got into their confidence, and a few hundreds were distributed and sung with the effect, as they say, mentioned above. It is a fresh proof by what weak instruments evils are now and then prevented. You will be so kind as to thank Mrs. Theobald for the subscriptions to Mr. Haggitt; and though I ought not to revert to the cheap publications, yet I wish her to know, that the object of the leading tract for the next month is the bad economy of the poor; and that I have been led to it by repeated applications in newspapers. I have endeavoured to show them that their distresses arise nearly as much from their own bad management as from the hardness of the times. It is called ‘*The Way to Plenty.*’ You, my dear Madam, will smile to see your friend figuring away in the new character of a cook, furnishing receipts for cheap dishes. It is not, indeed, a very brilliant career, but I feel that the value of a thing lies so much more in its usefulness than its splendour, that I have a notion I should derive more gratification from being able to lower the price of bread than from having written the *Iliad*.

But let me not forget to do homage to real talents, for which I still retain something of my ancient kindness. I therefore, wish it were in my power to offer ten subscriptions to Miss Burney, (I always forget her French name,) instead of one, for which I take the liberty to request the favour of your setting down my name; for I am too proud not to wish to stand in *your* books, as I told Mrs. Chaponne, who wrote to me on this subject. I am delighted that you have generously undertaken to raise levies for this superior genius. I would not, I think, willingly be acquainted with that man or woman, who, being able to afford it, could withhold their guinea from such an author, and such a patroness. Her father, too, was a great friend of mine, and is, as Johnson told me, the only learned and accomplished musician we have had since Pepusch.

I cannot obey your commands in giving a bright account of myself, being seldom without my cough for two days together. My very respectable friend, who will frank this, has been my guest for a week. From the hurry and bustle of public life, my little cottage, and the quiet scenery about it, is a transition he does not dislike.

I hope all is well at Badminton, and the anxiety for Lord Charles happily at an end. Mrs. Leveson too, I hope is at ease respecting her son. Adieu, dearest Madam.

I am most faithfully, and very gratefully,

Your obliged,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to her eldest sister.

Teston, 1793.

I was quite ill indeed while I stayed in town, and am very glad to get into this sweet place and pure air. I am still poorly, not able to walk out, but go out in a carriage. I cannot say I made my London jaunt turn to any brilliant account in the way of pleasure, having never been out of the house but once. I saw Madame la Fite twice, in consequence of the inclosed, and took no small pains to draw her from her purpose; it was not much like a courtier, for I did not flatter her, but told her it was a foolish scheme; she then wished to bring it out in Holland, as the new principles prevailed much there; I combated that too, but fear without success; she is also sending *Guillaume Shipe* there.

On Tuesday I sent £100. to the emigrant clergy, and next day Mr. Wilmot, chairman of the committee, made me a visit of thanks. He said he did not think the sum sent was a tithe of the money it had brought them in by means of the preface. He brought me from the Bishop of Leon, part of a translation of my pamphlet, which he has caused two of the priests to make, and asked my opinion about publishing it. I gave them as little encouragement as I did to Madame la Fite; I think it lost labour.

Mrs. Swinburne came one day to see me, from whom I learnt a great deal I wished to know of

the poor French King, and Marie Antoinette. She has wept so much for the death of the former, as to have almost destroyed her health. The Queen, she says, was so pious when she first came to France, that it was her practice to shut herself up two days, before she received the communion. In that profligate court it was no wonder if she fell into the prevailing gaieties. A great friend of the Queen, on her first entrance into the world, said, ‘*Elle aura de grands succès, elle aura de grands revers, et puis elle redeviendra pieuse.*’ This passed into a sort of prophecy, which is supposed to be accomplished; for since her troubles, she finds her support in her religion, in which the society of Madame Elizabeth has contributed much to confirm her.

I was invited to dine in Portman Square with the chimney-sweepers on May-day, a feast I should have liked much, had I been well enough. Wednesday evening —— walked in, saying he had just come from making a long speech in the House of Commons about a halfpenny, and was then going to make another on the Sierra Leone business, so he called during the pause between the two, took a dish of tea, and was off. Mary Bird came while he was there. This exertion of Pitt’s for the commercial interest may, perhaps, save the country. Mr. Grant is to be one of the new committee, which I suppose must sit all the summer.

I suppose you hear very often from Miss Patty, quoth Sir Charles. Not one line, quoth I, to the best of my memory, since the day I left Bath.

I sadly miss poor Lady Middleton. The country is very backward, not an elm out ; and though I long to see the flowers, I dare not yet go into the garden, but intend doing so to-morrow. I purpose staying here till towards the middle of the month, as I dread London. I shall not write again till I have more to say. Mrs. Bouverie sends many compliments.

To Miss H. More.

Stafford Row, 24 Avril, 1793.

MADemoisELLE,

J'allois prendre la plume pour vous écrire à Bath quand j'ai appris que vous étiez à Londres. Le plaisir que j'en éprouvai fut bien troublé lorsqu'on ajouta que votre santé n'étoit nullement affermie et vous empêchoit de sortir. J'espère cependant qu'elle ne vous empêcheroit pas de me recevoir, et si j'avois l'avantage d'y être encouragée par un mot de votre part, je me rendrois chez vous, Mademoiselle, avec le plus grand empressement. Ce n'est pas pour vous exprimer combien je vous aime, et vous vénere, que j'aspire à vous voir ; cela me seroit difficile, surtout à la première vue ; et comme vous n'êtes pas obligée de savoir que je suis très sincère je ferai bien de ne pas vous parler de tous les sentimens que vous m'avez inspirés. Mais je voudrois vous consulter, Mademoiselle, sur une entreprise, qui, j'espère, sera honorée de votre approbation. J'ai commencé à traduire votre dernière publication en faveur des Emigrés, et si

elle s'imprime, elle aura la même destination que la vôtre. 'Je n'ai ni or, ni argent, mais ce que j'ai je le donne au nom du Seigneur.' Mais trouverai-je un Libraire dans ce pays que veuille se charger de la *traduction* d'un original si universellement répandu? Je n'ai fait encore aucune démarche à cet égard, et n'en ferai point jusqu'à ce que je sache votre opinion. L'absence des Princesses me permet de disposer de mon temps durant toutes les matinées de Vendredi et Samedi prochain. Les jours suivans, je dois me rendre avant deux heures au Palais de la Reine.

Agréez, Mademoiselle, l'assurance des sentimens les plus distingués de la part de

Votre très dévouée,

M. E. DE LA FITE.

From Mrs. Montagu to Miss H. More.

Sandleford, Oct. 15, 1793.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I had flattered myself that before this time, I should have enjoyed the pleasure of your conversation at Sandleford, but that hope not being yet fulfilled, I will take the opportunity of Mrs. Boscawen's passing from hence through Bristol, to seize on what I value next to your company,—your correspondence; and get her to convey my thanks to you for your most charming and obliging letter. I hope your next will inform me when you will come and settle in the quiet regions of Sandleford. I envied Mrs. K—— the pleasure and advantage of

accompanying you in your excursions, and wished I could have gathered up the observations and reflections, wise and witty, which you would scatter on the road. Experience has taught me that more of the information and pleasure one receives from a survey of places, depends on the character of one's fellow-traveller, than on that of the country one passes through. In order to give variety to the same landscape, I have known perspective glasses of different colours applied to it ; but the different dispositions, and different intellectual powers of the beholder, not only change the colour, but also the forms of the objects, and group them in various orders. I speak more feelingly on this subject, having in the course of different summers at Tonbridge, rambled over the same places with the late Lord Chatham, Mr. Gilbert West, Dr. Young, and our dear imaginative Vesey. If in our excursion the stately Gothic castle presented itself to our view, in the statesman's mind it occasioned reflections on the political condition of a subject, in the rude age in which its proud towers and battlements were raised, and when the moat which rendered it less accessible, improved it as an habitation. In beholding the same edifice. Dr. Young's mind was engaged in considerations on the ruins of the stately structure ; on the triumphs of time over the strongest works of man, and the brevity and vanity of all sublunary things. Mr. West, little interested in any work of human pride and ambition, bestowed his attention on the landscape around the castle. The works of nature he beheld with the enthusiastic

delight of a poet, and the pious veneration of the philosopher who ‘looks through nature up to nature’s God.’ Our dear Vesey, if she passed some little recess under a hedge, where gypsies had roasted the pilfered goose, or in their kettle boiled the slaughtered lamb, conceived it to be the retreat of Oberon, where he and his Elfin train kept their gay and harmless revels,

And pearly drops of dew did drink,
In horn cups filled to the brink.

But probably you begin to be weary of my Tonbridge rambles ;

And my heart it does well nigh despair,
When I think of the days I have seen.

Alas ! most of the best guides, and pleasantest companions, even on my journey through life, have left me, and are gone to that country, *from whose bourne no traveller returns*. Indeed, gratitude for the many undeserved blessings I still enjoy, should wipe away the tear of regret especially at this time, when my dear Mrs. M. Montagu is just recovering, after having brought forth another fine boy. The dear little fellow whom they left under my care, knows no interruption of health or happiness, and no regret for the days that are past, or anxieties for those which are to come.

I had the pleasure of half an hour’s conversation with Dr. Stonehouse, who came to the Pelican while I was making a visit there to my Lord Primate

of Ireland. The Doctor told him he was going into Oxfordshire to visit his grandchildren, which I much approved ; for I find by experience, that age wants playthings as much as infancy. I take infinite pleasure in my grandson, and though I have been alone here several weeks, I have not had one melancholy hour. I hope Dr. Ford makes a good report of the Primate's health. Pray do you ever meet his Grace and his agreeable friend Dr. Hamilton ? Adieu, my dear friend ! remember how much and how often you are wished for at Sandford, and let me know when I may have the pleasure of sending my post-chaise to bring you from Marlborough. My best compliments attend all your amiable and respectable family, from

Your most affectionate
and faithful humble Servant,
ELIZABETH MONTAGU.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Cowslip Green, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

I wrote to my two afflicted countesses the instant I received your letter. Lady H——, though timid and frightened at the idea of a stranger, is, I hope, by this time, profiting from Mr. B——'s conversation. By return of post, I received a long letter, not from Lady Waldegrave, but from the Duchess of Gloucester, expressed in such terms of respect and kindness, that you would have thought I had been the Princess, and she the Cowslip Green woman,

She is pleased to say she seizes this sad occasion to begin an acquaintance which she has long desired. She thankfully accepts my offer of coming to her broken-hearted daughter, and writes with a becoming submission to the divine will. Alas! she forms great hopes of the comfort Lady W—— will receive from *me*, and I feel so little equal to the work! I have put off my journey till near the end of this month. We have really just now so much to do with our concerns, that Patty, who was at work many weeks by herself, before I came down, would be overwhelmed if I did not give her help at this time; and I thought a week or two would make little difference, as the object of my solicitude is not going to plunge into the world when her sorrow is subsided: had that been the case, I should have felt that not ■ moment was to be lost, but that the heart was to be hammered while it was soft and impressible. All things considered, I think it would be better that nature should have her first gush of anguish over. *Her* heart does not heal in a minute; she mourns her lord as she mourned him the first month. If any hints or books occur to you, you will strengthen my hands, for they are very weak.

We were much pleased with your account of Portsmouth, and of Captain Bedford. I wish you had opportunities to throw in a few religious hints to him. He has a fine mind. I saw, last night, a letter from his father, a good old clergyman, full of gratitude to God for giving him such a child, who has allowed him a third part of his income

ever since he has been a lieutenant, and sent him, just before the great engagement, twenty-five guineas, when he had not a shilling in the world left to provide him for a single night on shore.

Mr. B—— returns many thanks for his book ; I think he is going on well, for he is dismissed from one of his curacies for being a methodist, by an unworthy rector, who last week treated forty, the poorest wretches he could find, to a shilling play, because B—— had preached against plays the Sunday before. This rector is our chief magistrate ! Do we not stand in need of a little visit from the French ?

My venerable friend, Sir J. Stonehouse, is preaching, on the verge of fourscore, with the vigour of five-and-twenty !

I know not where this will find you : flown from Battersea Rise, I suppose. Mrs. Clarke's letter was unusually cheerful, thank God !

Your's, my dear Sir,

Most thankfully,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to the Duchess of Gloucester.

1794.

MADAM,

The very distinguished honour your Royal Highness has done me, by your very condescending letter, demanded much earlier acknowledgments than the delay of our uncertain post has allowed me to offer.

The respect and veneration which I entertain for your Royal Highness's character, and for those sentiments of piety you are not ashamed to avow, afford me a gratification, in the present instance, of the purest kind, and such as it is not in the power of mere rank and station to confer.

Lady Waldegrave has deeply interested my feelings, and excited my respect, ever since the affecting account I received, in an incomparable letter from Lord Orford, of her exemplary piety under a former most severe dispensation, when I remember your Royal Highness (as now) flew to her, like a Christian parent, to partake, and by partaking, to mitigate her sorrows. The little I lately saw of her has convinced me of the soundness of her principles; that her religion flows from an internal principle of divine grace, and was not a transient impression excited by the heavy pressure of some mere casual feeling.

From the little I saw of Lady Euston, and what I have heard of those amiable and illustrious young persons who are equally near to you, I take the liberty to congratulate your Royal Highness on the cheering prospect you have, in your own family, of diffusing examples of sober-mindedness in practice, and seriousness in principle, at a period of time, and a condition of life, not very remarkable for either. May the Almighty confirm your hopes, and hear your prayers for their continued progress in purity of heart and life, surrounded as some of them are with peculiar snares and temptations.

I am obliged to defer, till the end of the month,

my visit to Navestock. The instant my hurry of business subsides, I will trouble Lady Waldegrave with a line, naming the day I hope to be with her.

Accept, Madam, of my repeated thanks for the honour you have done me, and for the opportunity it has furnished me with, of assuring your Royal Highness with what sincerity and respect, I am, Madam,

Your most obedient and
most devoted humble servant,
HANNAH MORE.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Miss H. More.

1794.

MY DEAR MADAM,

How many things could I say to you if I had you here? but perhaps I must wait till we meet in a better world, and see by a better light; then perhaps it may be a part of our pleasing employment, to talk over with our friends the scenes we passed through while here. Eternity, (if I may so speak) will give us time enough for this purpose. Though I rather think we shall see all intuitively, and by a glance of thought take in the whole at once.

In the mean time I often contemplate a pleasing landscape, which is strongly drawn on my memory. In the back ground lofty Mendip extends his long arms, and I seem to stand in a certain garden not far from his foot. Many an ideal walk I take in that spot, and many an ideal converse I hold with

the inhabitants of it. On a Sunday morning my imagination trots to Shipham, or over the hills and far away to Cheddar, or some of your other haunts, and I seem to find you, without certainly knowing the road you have taken.

Sometimes I watch your path and progress, as astronomers watch the motion of a comet. I lately perceived you, if I mistake not, in the hemisphere of Essex. I had heard from my brother Stillingfleet something of Lady Waldegrave which prepared me to feel for her, when I heard of her great trial. I rejoiced when Mr. Grant told me that you had visited her upon that mournful occasion. Faith can satisfy the *spirit* that the Lord does all things, and all things well; but I know by painful experience of what stuff the flesh is made. But the best thought is, that he who loves us, knows our frame, and considers that we are but dust. He is all-sufficient, and faithful to strengthen us to any assignable degree that our situation requires: whether our path may be through the floods or through the flames, makes no difference provided he be with us. The cases of the young men in the furnace, and of Daniel in the den, were different; both were apparently dangerous in the extreme, but the certain safety was exactly equal in both. The health, peace, and composure I was favoured with when at Cowslip Vale, I called a halcyon season after a heavy storm; but such is the Lord's wonderful goodness to me, that my halcyon season is prolonged to this day. During almost four years, I have scarcely met with any thing (excepting this

inward warfare,) that deserves the name of a trial. My health and spirits are as good as ever; my family life is very comfortable, my congregation peaceful and attentive, my friends very kind, my wants are well supplied, and I can think of nothing of a temporal kind that seems worth wishing for, if a wish could procure it. But I feel enough within to convince me, that this is not my rest. Blessed be the Lord for the hope of a better! I still feel, and not much less severely than at first, that I am a widower. In this respect I compare myself to the ladies who look through their black veils. I see every thing that I saw before, but there is something that overshadows them, and damps the glow of earthly objects. I trust this is no real disadvantage; upon the whole I am well satisfied that all is just as it should be. I know you are very busy, and I am not quite idle. Though, as I have said, I can make shift to *feed* upon the idea of an absent friend, yet if you could find an hour of health and leisure to favour me with a letter, I should have a *feast*. If you fully knew what a feast your letter afforded me, I think your benevolence would not let you be easy till you had indulged me. Do, my dear Madam, try. The stock of my imaginary pleasures has been increased by the settlement of dear Mr. Serle in London, but it chiefly consists in knowing that he is within about three miles of me, for it is possible that our respective engagements may not permit us to meet much more frequently than if he still lived at Lichfield, and my mind could travel thither as quickly

as to Buckingham Gate. With such a man I could like to pass a day every week.

I take the liberty to enclose a letter, not for the elegance of the style or the composition, but because it comes from a person whom I greatly esteem, and who, I suppose, is in much distress. Permit me to recommend her to the notice of the Miss Mores. During a visit she made to a relation at Olney in the year 1774, it pleased the Lord to open her heart and her eyes under my ministry; and soon after she became servant or housekeeper to Dr. Fothergill, and lived with him at Northampton, London, and Bath, near twenty years, and it seems, has lately been discarded for illness. I have sent her a £5. bank note, so that she is in no immediate want, nor do I wish to burden you with expence upon her account, but it may lie in your way, or in the way of your good ladies, to procure her some kind offices; and if you condescend to call on her when you are in Bath, I hope you will not repent it. Unless she is much altered since I called on her in the year 1790, I can venture to propose her as a striking exemplification of what the Gospel can do for a sinner, even in the present state of infirmity. From my knowledge of her spirit, temper, and conduct, though she is in a low estate, I have long considered her in the rank of the first-rate Christians I am acquainted with. Such are the persons whom the Lord often puts in the post of honour—in the forefront of the battle; exposes them to grievous pains and sickness, to poverty and neglect, that the power of his grace may be magnified in them. Like the

bush, which engaged the admiration of Moses, they are burning in the fire, yet are not consumed, because God is there. The sphere of Sarah Langley's knowledge in temporal things is very narrow; but she knows the Lord, and the life that she lives in the flesh is by faith in the Son of God.

Please to give my respects and love, with Miss Catlett's, to Miss More, Miss Betty, Miss Sally, and Miss Patty. Your names are all at my fingers ends, and your persons and welfare are very near my heart. I pray the Lord to bless you in body, soul, and spirit, in all your undertakings for his sake; that he may make you as a watered garden in yourself, and as a spring whose waters fail not, for the benefit of others.

I am, my dear Madam,
Your affectionate and obliged servant,
JOHN NEWTON.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Cowslip Green, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your kind long letter. Your good account of Mrs. Clarke's health gave me great comfort. I regret sometimes that the current of life carries us such different ways, and that she and I are likely to meet so seldom in this world. I rejoice that this prorogation will lengthen your country residence, quiet and leisure; though I am a little disposed to quarrel with you, that you have not

turned the past summer to some account, as I expected. I grumbled excessively to find that the work was not finished. However, I believe, one cannot be too careful about any work *before* it reaches the irrevocable press, nor too indifferent *afterwards*. The direct contrary practice to this is, I suppose, the reason why we see so many careless trumpery books. This prorogation too fills us with another faint hope which we hardly dare cherish,—that of peace; and this leads me to answer the question in your letter, as to the general opinion of the people who fall in my way respecting peace. I can truly say there begins to be but one opinion, at least I am assured that at Bristol and in this whole country, it is rating it low to say that there are ninety out of a hundred who are growing very impatient. I do not mean violent party people, or even those who from losses in trade, are particularly suffering from the war, but moderate and reasonable persons: and even those who six months ago were decidedly of another opinion. I had a letter last night from a sensible merchant at Bristol, who says, all ranks of people (save the enemies to our government) are deeply depressed, and dread the sequel of the war, and wish for peace, with whatever evils may attend it, as the preferable alternative to hazarding by war the blessings which yet remain to us.

I anticipated in my own mind how painful your feelings would become should there be no change of measures. I hope I need not say that I shall be most religiously secret on the subject of your opinions.

The Bishop of Lincoln has just sent me his charge. It is sensible, and, as far as it goes, good, but I wish bishops had not got a trick of considering Christianity like statesmen, as a good popular thing. I am however much pleased with the spirit of moderation and temperance in this charge. Some of the fierce champions on the government side, by way of enhancing the horrors of anarchy, represent despotism as rather a desirable thing ; but why, to prove that Scylla is a destructive rock, must it be implied that Charybdis is a safe shore ?

After Christmas I must trespass on you for about fifty pounds. Floods and impracticable roads without, and a severe cough within, begin to warn me of the necessity of closing the campaign. I shall push it however to the utmost. Who knows when I shall return to these interesting scenes ? Bath is to me an exile.

Your's most truly,

H. MORE.

The words '*interesting scenes*' put me in mind to-day that I could not help wishing for you and your friend Henry on Sunday evening at Shipham. Two poor women came up with many tears and courtesies, and pointing to two of their children, pretty girls of ten years old, assured me that the piety of those children would not let them rest till they had taught their mothers to read the Bible ; that a year ago neither of them could tell a letter, and both parents, with no more instruction, can now read a chapter

very well. Just as we were going to read the sermon, in walked ten poor soldiers who were resting on their march, and who behaved with the most edifying decency. Poor fellows ! it may be the last sermon they will ever hear. I wonder there is no clause in the war prayers for those who are about to hazard their lives in battle !

From the same to the same.

Cowslip Green, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

I think you would have had a melancholy pleasure, had you passed yesterday with us ; it was spent entirely in the new parish ; the youngest child having (as is just) the largest share of the mother's care and pains. What gave a solemnity to our day, was, that several of the wretched parents of our poor disciples are in the county prison, and were to be tried for their lives the next day ; so we were not obliged to invent subjects to touch our audience. It was upon a woman's being condemned to be hanged that we took up this parish this time twelvemonth.

Many of the young people are, I trust, already under very serious impressions. We have the school open every evening to persons of different descriptions, and, what I think would please you, several young day-labourers, when they come home now late at night from harvest, so tired that they can hardly stand, will not go to rest their weary

limbs, till they have been up to school for a chapter and a prayer.

One evening in the week some better sort of people,—farmers, attend. Among a little society of these we hope there are about twenty, including their wives, who begin earnestly to inquire “What they must do to be saved?”

The weather sadly impedes our operations, which are mostly at a distance from home, so that I seldom escape a good wetting. I could not get on without my zealous colleague. When my heart faints and fails, I am afraid I take more refuge in the shortness of life (which I labour to keep before my eyes) than in the prospect to which you so encouragingly direct my thoughts, and which cheered me a little.

If you see Mrs. Clarke soon, do say something affectionate for me. I hope she and I shall meet in a better world, for we do not seem to meet much in a bad one.

May God prosper your book, cordially prays,

Your's faithfully,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to the Duchess of Gloucester.

Bath, 1794.

MADAM,

I beg leave to offer my most grateful thanks for the honour your Royal Highness has conferred on me by your patronage of my plan, and by the very

condescending letter which conveys to me such agreeable information.

I speak with the frankness you command, when I say that five guineas will not be unworthily subscribed by your Royal Highness ; and as to myself, the money is of so little comparative value with the illustrious name and character of the subscriber, that had it been the smallest sum, I should have been equally gratified.

I shall not fail to obey your Royal Highness's commands, to wait on you when I come to town for a short time in the spring. You then will have the goodness to be more explicit on the idea you mention of a Sunday Concert. I would not venture a criticism on a proposition of which I do not know the full force. But I am inclined to think, that no *amusement*, however modified, can be made consistent with the Christian observance of that day ; for though the act itself might, to a religious mind, be made even an act of piety, yet, as your Royal Highness observes, many difficulties respecting performers, &c. would attend such a plan.

I hazard this remark, in the full confidence I have, that truth and candour are more pleasing and acceptable to your Royal Highness than any thing of a more accommodating or flattering complaisance.

I have the honour to be, Madam,

With every sentiment of respect,

Your Royal Highness's most obedient,
and most devoted Servant,

H. MORE.

From Miss H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

Cowslip Green, 1794.

I am too much affected, my dear Sir, with your very kind attention to my spiritual wants, to be quite silent. I can truly give you the only thanks you will think worth having, namely, that I believe and hope I shall be the better for it. You have hit on the disease, and I am persuaded have pointed out the only remedy. I know, too, that your authority will give weight to your suggestions, as my mind is from its make, peculiarly liable to be acted upon by the hints and counsels of an able and discerning friend—more than from books—more than from meditation.

I thank God I feel somewhat less of this distress, but I fear it is because my animal spirits are rather less depressed, and not because my heart is more right. I trust my faith is sound, but it is not lively; I have not a full and vigorous confidence in those promises, which I, however, fully believe; and I am sure there must be something amiss in my heart, which I do not know of, (though I know so much of its defects,) because I have little sensible joy. I do not, I think, *at all* lean on my own wretched performances; yet I have a coldness in doing, and a servile anxiety in omitting them. I have a stronger sense of sin, than of pardon and acceptance; though I have the firmest belief of both on the gospel terms: but it is not an operative principle. Of my own sinful estate I do not lose sight, but God's

mercy in Christ Jesus, though my acknowledged trust, I am obliged to *seek* for,—it does not, like the other, readily *present* itself; it is not an *ever-ready active* principle,—but here I suspect my natural temper comes in; doubt and fear being my governing principles in common life. My very desire after that perfection, for which I trust I am labouring, proceeds too much from impatience and self-love. My right actions have but poor motives. I want the satisfactions and complacencies of a perfect state, before I have got rid of the corruptions of a depraved nature.

I had set my heart on seeing Mrs. Clarke, and am sadly disappointed. Pray for me, dear Sir, that I may begin to set my heart on that one thing which will never disappoint.

I am truly your ever obliged,

H. MORE.

From the Rev. J. Newton to Miss H. More.

1794.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I suppose it is some time since you broke up your camp, and retired into winter quarters. Now you have left poor Mendip, I shall not so often traverse it, till the return of summer; yet I shall not wholly forsake a spot, where you have so many flocks and folds. The sheep and lambs in your pasture, are worth more than all that ever nibbled the grass of Arcadia or Thessaly; and if I could be a poet but for one day, I would sing, O how I would

sing to the praise of him who committed them to your care. I would praise the Great Shepherd, and pray for the tender shepherdesses, in right gentle lyric strains.

I was sure you would be pleased with Mr. Fuller's book. It is an extraordinary performance in itself, and the more so, considering that the author had not the advantage of a college, or an academy, or even of a grammar school; when he first began to preach he was not only *unlearned*, but quite *illiterate*; however, he knew the Saviour, and he devoted himself to his service. Having a good natural capacity, a right end in view, and a dependance on the Great Teacher, he employed his leisure hours in studying with good success. He has a clear head, a fund of knowledge, is a good preacher, and I think he may be deemed a good writer. The Socinian Goliath has not received so heavy a blow from all the learned doctors taken together, (though cased in Greek and Latin armour,) as from the sling and stone of this stripling.

I give you full credit, Madam, that you are not an enemy to the Calvinists; I believe you are one yourself, though you are not aware of it. There are schemes of Calvinism so called, which you disapprove of, and so do I. The talk of some reputed Calvinists is no more musical in my ear, than the mewling of a cat. A sermon in "Messiah," from John i. 29, in vol. 1, contains a summary of my thoughts on these high subjects, and I am mistaken if they are different from your's. If the world so pleased, I had rather be called a Petrist or a Paulist, than a

Calvinist; but reproachful as the last term is deemed by fashionable folks, I must not be ashamed of it, because I believe Calvin to have been an eminent servant of God, and his writings, especially his latter writings, to be scriptural, judicious, and accurate. As a Latin writer, I think he deserves a place among the best modern classics. This is indeed a matter of no great importance, but it is much more easy to pity or despise Calvin, than to equal or even to emulate him. However, I thought as you did of the obnoxious word, in Fuller's title-page, when I first saw it, but it was already in print, and could not be altered. But even had *orthodox* been substituted, there are many things in the book itself which I fear are not much suited to the general taste of great folks, though I rank it among the most important and valuable publications of the present age. Fuller's Answer to Priestley, Mr. Serle's Christian Remembrancer, and Mr. Scott's volume of Essays, are three books which I hope will, by the blessing of God, prove extensively and permanently useful. I *could* mention a fourth, but I will leave you to guess it.

I inclose you a few copies of my Fourth Anniversary. I think it is more distant from poetry than the three former; but it is *true*, too true. I hope I am resigned to the Lord's will, and satisfied that his appointments are wise and good, but I feel too much for her, and too little for Him to whom my all is due.

Could I make verses on Mendip or Cowslip Green, they must be in the elegiac strain. I have

no reason to expect that I shall see them again ! yet here likewise I have a pleasure in thinking I *have been* there. My chief earthly pleasures are of the social kind ; few others, when they are past, are pleasing in the retrospect ; but friendship, founded in grace, is always delightful. An interchange of hearts, and even of looks, with those who have joint communion in the objects and blessings of the gospel, is worth more than all the glittering things the whole earth can offer.

Should I live till you return to London, I shall be very glad if you can contrive your plans so as to afford me one day of your company at No. 6. I shrink from the boldness of my request. My only plea and encouragement is from a persuasion, that there can be no house in the kingdom where you would be more cordially received than at mine.

Dear Betsy joins me in old love and new thanks to you and all the ladies. The Lord bless you all.

Your affectionate and obliged

JOHN NEWTON.

We find only one letter written by Mrs. Hannah More to her family, during a short absence in the year 1794, the greater part of that year having been dedicated to her schools, and other schemes of benevolence.

From Mrs. H. More to her Sister.

London, 1794.

Last Saturday I dined with Mrs. Montagu. It

was almost two years since I had found myself in such *grande monde*, so I told them if I should be caught doing any thing vulgar, they must give me a jog. We were fourteen at dinner, and many more were added afterwards, most of them my old and intimate friends, who seemed to receive me with great kindness. I told them to make much of me, for their opportunities of seeing such a rarity would be few. Mrs. Montagu is well, bright, and in full song, and had spread far and wide the fame of Cowslip Green, and the day she passed there. In the midst of all the splendour of lights, and grandeur, and luxury, word was brought in of the death of poor Lady E——. It was a tremendous warning; she was an amiable, generous, and charitable woman, but was immersed in luxury and splendour.

I went to Mrs. Boscawen, with whom I shall make a point to pass all the time I can spare. We have had many hours of quiet discussion. She is better, but is I fear breaking up.

Three o'Clock.—Called down to Mr. Henry Thornton, just arrived from Clapham, where he, Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. Elliott, have been quietly enjoying themselves several days. We have had two or three hours prate, but our spirits were not exhausted; he is, however, not in very stout health. Yesterday I went to hear Mr. Cecil, on Naaman the Syrian—very excellent. He has been much afflicted in his family—his children in the small pox; and he had sat up all night with them. I afterwards went to the Grants, whom I also found in trouble: they had just heard of the death of Mr. Chambers,

(brother to Sir Robert,) to whom Mrs. Grant's sister was married; there are four young children left.

Tell Mr. R—— I have just heard a good story of his French favourites. A poor woman had planted some lucerne in her field, which it seems was not the grass quite native to the spot. She was guillotined, and no one could assign a reason for it, *que parce qu'elle avoit dénaturé la terre*.

Remember me kindly to Lady Haddington. I am truly grieved at your account of her.

H. M.

The Reader must have observed the rapid and unequivocal advancement of religious determination manifesting itself in the correspondence and communications of this humble scholar of the gospel about this period of her life; and will, if he feel an inspired relish for these disclosures of the work of the Spirit, be sensibly touched by the perusal of a portion of her journal, wherein the thoughts which have relation principally to the transactions of the year 1794, were laid up in their silent custody for her future help and direction. What has seemed to belong to the more private recesses of the bosom, with which no stranger should be allowed to intermeddle, I have thought it my duty reverently to suppress; but enough may be laid before the public to give to the portrait of her mind its full expression and character.

Sunday, Jan. 19, 1794.—Heard of the death of Mr. Gibbon the historian, the calumniator of the despised Nazarene, the derider of Christianity. Awful dispensation! He too was my acquaintance. Lord, I bless thee, considering how much infidel acquaintance I have had, that my soul never came into their secret! How many souls have his writings polluted! Lord, preserve others from their contagion!

Sunday, Feb. 9.—This has been a hurrying week to me, in trying to raise money for the militia shoes; so much writing and talking, that there has been little leisure for reading—little disposition for communion with God.—When shall I gain more self-possession? when shall I be able to do business with the world, without catching the spirit of the world? Another friend dead, Richard Burke! witty, eloquent!—but how vain those talents without the one thing needful? I thank God that He has shewn me the vanity of genius, and given me a comparative deadness to reputation. Lord! do thou increase it, till I become quite mortified to the world. A fresh subject for praise this night—my dear friend Wilberforce carried one clause of the Slave Bill. Lord! hasten the time when true liberty, light, and knowledge, shall be diffused over the whole earth.

March 12.—Dined with friends at Mrs. ——. What doest thou here, Elijah? Felt too much pleased at the pleasure expressed by so many accomplished friends on seeing me again. Keep me from contagion!

Sunday, 23.—Had a comfortable religious day.

I see the need of doing the duty of every day in its day ; by not noting down the texts, I have forgotten them. When I look back on the past week, I see cause for mourning over my vanity and folly. Escaped from hurry, vexation, gaiety, and temptation, to peace, leisure, and retirement. Where I had planned much progress to my own mind,—I find a langour, a drowsiness, and deadness,—sloth and self-love getting strong dominion, and much time wasted which I had devoted to improvement. Let these continual discoveries make me humble. All has been peace and quiet without, and that has induced carelessness within—the calm of prosperity is not good for the soul.

Sunday, April 20.—Passed this week in hurry—neither read nor prayed with fervour.

Sunday, May 4.—Mr. Cecil,—on “ the good shepherd who layeth down his life for the sheep ; ” —Oh ! blessed Shepherd ! receive me, thy erring and straying sheep, into thy fold !

May 6.—Came to Fulham to my dear Bishop—much kindness—literary and elegant society ; but the habits of polished life, even of virtuous and pious people, are too relaxing. Much serious reading, but not a serious spirit ; good health, with increased relaxation of mind ; thus are the blessings of God turned against himself.

Sunday, July 13.—Went to Shipham and Cheddar—very full schools at each : had much comfort in the improvement of most, and the growing piety of many. We were both enabled to speak and instruct with spirit, and seemed to make an impression.

Read a sermon to the aged. Came home very late and much tired, but I hope full of gratitude.

July 13.—Prayed with some comfort; but my mind was too much in other concerns. Have much business on my hands at this time; and though it is all of a charitable and religious nature, (for I humbly design never to have any other,) yet still the details of it draw away my soul and thoughts from God. When shall I be purified?

Wednesday, July 23.—Gave our annual feast on Mendip to our poor children, near one thousand. Conjured by the Bishop to answer Paine's atheistical book, with a solemnity which made me grieve to refuse. Lord! do thou send abler defenders of thy holy cause! Heard of the death of Mr. W——, an awful death! Profane, worldly, unawakened, in the extremest old age!

Sunday, August 10.—Talked earnestly to sweet Mrs. F——;—gave her Witherspoon. Have read and conversed for many days with her and lady W——. Lord! enable me with equal prudence and zeal to labour to impress thy great doctrines on her heart, and at the same time let me in all humility copy her resignation. Heard of the death of young Burke. Lord! bless this heavy loss to his broken-hearted father. Oh! do thou now show him the vanity of ambition, and the worthlessness of the noblest talents, except as they are used to promote thy glory. Lord Chancellor Bathurst is gone, one of my oldest, kindest friends: I had very many obligations to him. How warnings multiply! this week I have not made the most of my time; vain thoughts and

old besetting sins begin to resume their power. Lord! enable me to pray more, to struggle more, to live in closer communion with thee. Spoke boldly to Miss B——: made her promise to read some of the Evidences of Christianity, and the New Testament. O Lord! do thou follow with thy blessing her resolves, and shew her the truth “as it is in Jesus.” Open the blind eyes! Spent two mornings with Lord Orford, for him I offer the same fervent petition. Went to Sandford, Banwell school, and Church Shipham school. Patty read Walker on “If any man be in Christ he is a new creature.” Very impressive. A large and attentive audience. She laboured diligently; expounded scripture at four schools. She greatly eclipses me. Lord! be thou her exceeding great reward. Another month has now ended; before it closed, I heard of the death of ten old friends; *all* taken—I left—will nothing quicken my diligence?

September.—Confined this week with four days head-ache: an unprofitable time—thoughts wandering—little communion with God. I see by every fresh trial that the time of sickness is seldom the season for religious improvement. This great work should be done in health, or it will seldom be well done. Oh! for better preparation for sickness and death.

Sunday, September 14.—Cheddar—a very blessed day; between three and four hundred young and old; many seriously impressed. This has revived my hopes, that God will enable us to carry on this very extensive work, notwithstanding the heavy loss

of our dear school-mistress. May we be deeply humbled under a sense of our own unworthiness for this work! May thy glory, and the good of souls, be our only end—we *are* nothing, *have* nothing, and of ourselves can *do* nothing.

Sunday, September 21.—Staid at home on account of the weather. Read and prayed with some degree of comfort, which was invaded by the reflection that we might have been doing good at the schools. For some days have found more comfort in prayer, more warmth and spirit; but still lamentably defective—above all in *family prayer*. What is read by others makes little impression on me—not so in extemporary prayer. Yet I have a fear that it is novelty, or curiosity, that catches me. Lord, let my heart, and not my ear be seized upon!

Mr. Hughes spent a day with us: his prayer very impressive. I suggested a plan for substituting something better for ballad-singing. Prayed for the success of this scheme—Lord, bless every, even the meanest attempt to spread the knowledge of thyself.

Sunday, September 28.—Nailsea church and Yatton,—had a painful trying day. Much enmity against religious schemes—opposition, labour, and bodily fatigue! Yet what is this to what the Apostles and their blessed Master endured! Lord, strengthen my faith, enable me to have patience with these ignorant opposers of thy law. Encouraged by seeing many of our young men seriously affected; unwilling on that account to throw up this one school, which I think we

should have done, had our motives been merely human.

When will my heart be a fit tabernacle for the Spirit of purity? Have lately had much communion with God in the night. I grow, I hope, more disposed to convert silence and solitude into seasons of prayer. I think also I fear death less. I am much tried by the temper of others. Lord, subdue my *own* evil tempers. Let me constantly think of him, "who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself."

I endeavour to convert my retirements to holy purposes at this time. I find much pleasure and profit in a course of Henry's Exposition of St. Luke. It is now, I think, five or six years since I have been enabled by the grace of God, in a good degree to give up all human studies. I have not allowed myself to read any classic or pagan author for many years—I mean by myself; yet these are but small sacrifices that I am called to make. Give me grace, O God! for greater, if thou callest me to them! I desire to ascribe it to thy grace, that I have long since had much pleasure in serious books. I now willingly read little of which religion is not the subject. I do not glory in this, but am humbled by reflecting that constant use of the means has not made me more devout, and that my thoughts at other times are not more holy.

Sunday, October 19.—Being hindered by heavy rains from visiting our schools, to our great concern, I resolve by thy grace to devote myself this day, O Lord! in an especial manner to thy service.

I have seldom a Sabbath to spend on myself. Let me not trifle away this precious opportunity, but pass it in extraordinary prayer, reading, and meditation. Enable me to make conversation one of my pious exercises.

I desire to remember with particular gratitude in my devotions, that on this day five years, my colleague and myself set up our first religious institution at Cheddar. Bless the Lord! O my soul, for the seed which was that day sown! Bless the Lord for the great progress of Christianity in that region of darkness, where many have been brought to "know the truth as it is in Jesus." Do thou daily turn more hearts from darkness to light, and preserve them from falling back again. O Lord! I desire to bless thy holy name for so many means of doing good, and that when I visit the poor, I am enabled to mitigate some of their miseries. I bless thee, that thou hast called me to this employment, which, in addition to many other advantages, contributes to keep my heart tender. I thank thee also, that by thus being enabled to assist the outward wants of the body, I have better means of making myself heard and attended to in speaking to them of their spiritual wants. Let me never separate temporal from spiritual charity, but act in humble imitation of my blessed Lord and his Apostles, whose healing of the sick was often made the instrument of bringing them to repentance; yet, while I desire to keep alive a tender compassion for worldly want, I desire also to remember that sin is a greater evil than poverty, and to be still more zealous in

teaching their souls, than in administering to their bodies.

Sunday, November 9.—I have lately been negligent in self-examination. I resolve by thy grace to be more diligent. My faithful colleague has gone to our schools. I wish to acknowledge her superiority to myself in many principal parts of our joint concern, particularly in familiarizing Scripture to untutored minds.

Sunday, Nov. 16.—A fatiguing day—visited five schools—many difficulties surrounded me—Lord! increase our faith!—let the discoveries of faith be more clear, the desires of faith more strong, the dependencies of faith more firm and fixed, the dedications of faith more ardent and resolute, and the delights of faith more elevating and durable.

Sunday, Nov. 23.—Detained at home by a severe cough and head-ache. Grieved to find that when I have this last complaint to a great degree, I have seldom any strong religious feelings. I would have hoped it is because its acuteness almost destroys the power of thinking, did I not feel, to my great sorrow, that my mind rambles through a thousand vain, trifling, and worldly thoughts, even sometimes in extremity of pain; but seldom sticks close to God and holy things. It seems a just punishment for my sinfulness, in having suffered my thoughts to roam too much in easier and happier hours, that I am deprived of the consolations of pious reflections in those moments of keen suffering, when nothing else can support the soul under the pains of the body. Lord, enable me to keep closer to thee at

other times, and then I humbly trust thou wilt not desert me by withdrawing the comforts of thy Holy Spirit at these trying times. Enable me to fix my thoughts more intensely, more frequently, on death and dying scenes.

Dec. 15.—Went to Bath. I have now entered a new scene of life. O Lord! fit me for the duties and keep me from all the temptations of it. I thank thee that the vain and unprofitable company with which this place abounds, is a burden to me. Give me a holy discretion on the one hand, and zeal not to be drawn off from better practices on the other. As my conversation will be less useful, let me be careful that my thoughts are more holy, and that I look more after the state of my heart. Give me a submissive spirit to bear all the wounding words I may be obliged to hear against religion. And do thou remove those prejudices which obstruct the growth of some of my friends in divine things.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE institution of Sunday Schools, which originated with the benevolent Mr. Raikes, had enabled multitudes of the lower classes to read ; and no one more rejoiced at this improvement of their condition, nor, to the extent of her power, more laboriously contributed to it than Mrs. H. More. But she began to fear that without some extraordinary efforts their very advantages might become a source of much evil. The multiplication of mischievous tracts, which were dispersed with incredible industry, called aloud for some permanent antidote. To teach the poor to read, she now saw, was putting a dangerous engine into their hands, unless safe and salutary reading was also provided. The friends of insurrection, infidelity and vice, carried their exertions so far as to load asses with their pernicious pamphlets, and to get them dropped, not only in cottages, and in high-ways, but into mines and coal-pits.

The success of ‘ Village Politics ’ encouraged her to venture on a more extensive undertaking. This

was to produce regularly every month, three tracts, consisting of stories, ballads, and Sunday readings, written in a lively and popular manner. By these means she hoped to circulate religious knowledge as well as innocent entertainment, and to counteract the poison which was continually flowing through the channels of corruption.

When she considered the multitudes whose sole reading was limited to those vicious performances; and that the temptation was obtruded upon them in the streets, or invitingly hung out upon the walls, or from the windows, she thought the evil was so diffused as to justify her in employing such remedial methods as were likely to become effectual by their simplicity and brevity, and their accommodation to vulgar minds.

As the school of Paine had been labouring to undermine, not only religious establishments, but good government, by the alluring vehicles of novels, stories, and songs, she thought it right to encounter them with their own weapons; and having observed that to bring dignities into contempt, and to render the clerical character odious, was a favourite object with the enemy, her aim was to oppose it in the way that seemed most likely to defeat the mischief. She therefore scarcely ever produced a tract in which it was not a part of her plan to introduce an exemplary parish priest.

As she proposed to undersell the trash she meant to oppose, she found that the expense would prevent the possibility of her carrying on the scheme without a subscription, and she no sooner published pro-

posals of her plan, than it was warmly taken up by the wisest and best characters in the country.

The success surpassed her most sanguine expectations. Two millions of these publications were sold in the first year—a circumstance perhaps new in the annals of printing. The exertion it required to organize the plan,—to produce, or to procure from others (for two or three friends and one of her sisters occasionally assisted her) three tracts every month, for three years,—and to keep up a correspondence with the various committees formed in almost every part of the kingdom,—materially undermined her health; nor was this the only sacrifice she made to her country and to humanity; she devoted to these labours that time which she might have employed in writings that would have greatly increased her yearly income—an increase which her large disbursements for her schools must have rendered expedient. Perceiving that her tracts they had not only made their way into kitchens and nurseries, but even into drawing rooms, she at length judged it expedient to have them handsomely printed in three volumes.

From Bishop Porteus to Miss H. More.

1794.

Your plan, my dear Mrs. More, seems admirably well calculated to do very substantial and very extreme good. I have no doubt but you will meet with many supporters and coadjutors, especially after you have tried your experiment in your own

district. I am myself perfectly well aware, not only of the real existence, but of the magnitude and extent of the evil you mean to combat: and you will perceive from the note in my charge, page 22, that your plan entirely coincides with my idea of the danger to be apprehended from the dispersion of small tracts of infidelity and immorality amongst us, and the necessity of counteracting them in the same way. I shall therefore probably be a large customer at your shop, and shall endeavour to establish something of the same sort in some part of my own diocese, and perhaps, even in London itself. There is a central set of booksellers, that are to the full as mischievous as your hawkers, pedlars, and match-women, in vending the vilest penny pamphlets to the poor people, and I am told it is incredible what fortunes they raise by this sort of traffic, and what multitudes of the lowest rabble flock to their shops to purchase their execrable tracts. If therefore we gain any of these miscreants to our side, we shall have a most respectable set of *booksellers*, to dispose of our works in town and country, from the most eminent dealer in small wares in Paternoster-Row, to the vender of cards and matches at Cowslip Green. It would be a most edifying spectacle to see this ragged regiment all drawn up there together, and chanting forth our admirable compositions to the astonished villages, with their ballads and last dying words. I should also be much gratified with the sight of those invaluable original productions, both in prose and verse, which you have collected together from your friends the

village hawkers and pedlars ; they would form the best *sans culotte* library in Europe, and will, I dare say, some day or other be visited by travellers, as we now do the Vatican or the Museum.—As to materials, you will be at no loss ; you will yourself ‘ spin a thousand such a day : ’—then consider such a tribe of auxiliaries you will have in the numerous and illustrious race of the *chips* ; and if more should be wanted, we must try to raise recruits in the populous and learned villages of Chelsea and Fulham. But we wish to know first how many authors you mean to take into your pay, and what wages you will allow, and whether you will afford them a decent garret, clean linen three times a week, and a hot dinner on Sundays. At all events, we hope you will treat them better than the booksellers did Milton and Johnson. *Badinage* apart—the sooner you publish your circular letter the better. Your name would certainly give it *éclat* ; but even without that, I have no doubt of its being well received.

Mrs. Kennicott is here. She and the whole domestic circle unite in the most cordial good wishes for the success of this new effort of your active and benevolent mind.

Ever your’s very sincerely,

B. LONDON.

From Mrs. H. More to the Rev. J. Newton.

Bath, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

I hope Mr. Grant has communicated to you something of the inclosed plan. I thought I had counted the cost before I began, but I find the labour very great; and here lies one of my difficulties. The religious poor, whether in the church, or among Methodists or Dissenters, little need this sort of help; but it is the profligate multitude that want to be drawn off from that pernicious trash, the corruption of which is incalculable. I have, therefore, thought it lawful to write a few moral stories, the main circumstances of which have occurred within my own knowledge, but altered and improved as I thought would best advance my plan, carefully observing to found all goodness on religious principle. Some strict people, perhaps, will think that invention should have been entirely excluded; but, alas! I know with whom I have to deal, and I hope I may thus allure these thoughtless creatures on to higher things. Add to this, my great and *worldly* friends are terribly afraid I shall be too methodistical, (a term now applied to all vital Christianity,) and will watch me so narrowly, that it will require more prudence than some of my *religious* friends would think it right to employ.

Will you allow me to make extracts from your good woman's diary for a penny paper? or, per-

haps, you might have the goodness at your leisure to do it yourself; or a hymn, or any thing that would suit.

Love to Miss Catlett. Having a hundred letters to write, I can only say that I am,

Yours faithfully,

H. MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to her sister.

London, 1795.

I forgot to tell you one thing which diverted me vastly. When the proposals for the tracts was shewn to the Duke of ———, he said that though he admired the scheme exceedingly, and had a high respect for me, he should not subscribe, because he took it for granted, knowing the character of the lady, that all the doctrines would be on one side. I desired my friend to tell his grace that they certainly would! I wonder if I shall ever have time again to sit down and write a quiet orderly letter;—I have always so many things to say, and never any time to say them. The Repository Tracts engage my whole thoughts. I have written a new ballad called the ‘Newcastle Collier,’ with which the Bishop of Durham is much pleased. Newcastle is in his diocese, and he hopes to spread the plan much there. We had Lord and Lady Harcourt, and a number of such-like fine people to-day at dinner. I am afraid we shall be ruined by the very success of our Tracts. Cadell says, he would not stand in my shoes at the end of the year, for five hundred

pounds over and above the subscription; nay, according to another calculation, a *thousand* pounds would not do it at any rate.

My compliments to the poor emigrant priests who are so much with you; do not tell them that the French nobles and bishops now in this country are mentioned with dislike by some of our high people. My constant answer is, ‘You should have found out their vices before they wanted a dinner; they had no sins when they were able to give you magnificent fêtes in their own country. Our bounties are not meant to reward their virtues, but to supply their necessities.’ I went to London House yesterday, and found the Bishop with his table full of our penny literature. Above a thousand, I suppose; some of which he gives to every hawker that passes; and he kindly says that by letting them stand always on his library table, he cannot forget to make them the subject of conversation with all comers. I stayed some hours with the Bishop, till we were driven out of the drawing-room to make room for the Committee of Association for reforming, &c. The Repository subject was introduced, when it was proposed and seconded, and voted *nem. con.* that the thanks of the Association for the Reformation of Manners, should be voted to Hannah More, and a small subscription in testimony of high approbation.

From the same to the same.

London, 1795.

Mr. Mason has sent me half a dozen ballads for the Repository. I was obliged to reject three, because they had too much of politics, and another because there was too much of love. But two, one of which was called the ‘Ploughboy’s Dream,’ will do very well. I know not what so great a man will say at having any of his offerings rejected. The Bishop has written him word that I am very nice, and hard to please, so that he must not wonder if I do not take every thing *even* of *his*. Two highly respectable Committees are formed, one in the city, and the other in Westminster, members of parliament, &c. for the regular circulation of our Repository Tracts. The Bishop of Dromore has been with me, to put me on a good plan about hawkers. The Bishop of London received the enclosed note to-day from the Archbishop of Canterbury; it would make Sally, who has such a veneration for dignitaries and cathedrals, smile to see how much the heads of the church condescend to deal in our small wares.

I found two very agreeable presents last night waiting my arrival. The works of Soame Jenyns, from the editor, my good friend Mr. Cole; and Mr. Bryant’s new work, magnificently bound in morocco—a present from the learned and pious author, with a letter friendly and flattering to the last degree. I observe every year an increase of piety in this

good man. Tell Patty I have a present, too, for her memorandum book, a piece of laurel gathered at Virgil's tomb, thirty years ago.

I have been writing a ballad for the 'Cheap Repository,' called 'Turn the Carpet.' The object of it is to vindicate the justice of God in the apparently unequal distribution of good in this world, by pointing to another. I shewed it to the Bishop, who laughing said—'Here you have Bishop Butler's Analogy, all for a halfpenny.' I have been so ill, that my friends have sent Dr. Warren to me. He is a most agreeable, as well as able man; pays me every attention, but will never take a fee. This is uniformly the case whatever physician I consult, and I have consulted all that are eminent. I have surely reason to speak highly of the liberality of the profession.

H. MORE.

We find among her loose papers, an extract from a letter from the late Lady Waldegrave to a friend on the subject of the tracts, without date, which seems proper for this place.

'I received a letter by the last ships from India, from Mrs. Torriano. She was then at Chittoon, about one hundred and thirty miles west of Madras. She mentions having seen at Madras a missionary of the name of Gerické, who visited her very frequently, and in whose society she found great comfort. He told her that the Rajah of Tanjore had been for a short time under his care, and that he

was fond of English books. Mr. Gerické put into his hands Mrs. H. More's tracts. The Rajah preferred them to the *Rambler*, which somebody had given him, and declared he liked Mrs. More's works better than any of the English books he had ever read. Mr. Gerické wishes that Mrs. More should be made acquainted with this, that she may know how extensively useful her writings are. He told Mrs. Torriano there were few things he desired so much, as to see and converse with Mrs. H. More and Mr. Wilberforce; that from the 'Estimate of the Religion of the fashionable world,' he had often taken sermons, but did not know, till she told him, who was the author of it.'

From Mrs. H. More to her sister.

London, 1795.

I paid my visit to Gloucester House yesterday. Lady Waldegrave presented me to the Duchess. We had two hours of solid, rational, religious conversation. It would be too little to say, that the Duchess's behaviour is gracious in the extreme. She behaved to me with the affectionate familiarity of an equal; and though I took the opportunity of saying stronger things of a religious kind than perhaps she had ever heard, she bore it better than any great person I ever conversed with, and seemed not offended at the strictness of the gospel. I was resolved to preserve the simplicity of my own character, and conversed with the greatest ease. It was Thursday, the great court day on the royal

marriage. The duchess presented me to Princess Sophia, and Prince William.

The manners of these two young personages were very agreeable. They found many kind things to say to me, and conversed with the greatest sweetness and familiarity. I strongly recommended Mr. Gisborne's book. The Duchess quoted the 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain' two or three times, and told me of a little adventure she had had. She desired Lady Mary Mordaunt (one of her ladies of the bed-chamber) to stop an orange-woman and ask her, if she ever sold ballads? 'No! indeed,' said the woman, 'I don't do any thing so mean, I don't even sell *apples*!' This diverted them, as they did not know there were so many ranks and gradations in life. With some difficulty, however, they prevailed on her to condescend to sell some of our little books, and in a few hours she came back, shewing them two shillings she had cleared by her new trade.

Lord Orford rallied me yesterday, for what he called the ill-natured strictness of my tracts; and talked foolishly enough of the cruelty of making the poor spend so much time in reading books, and depriving them of their pleasure on Sundays. In return, I recommended him and the ladies present, to read 'Law's Serious Call.' I told them it was a book that their favourite Mr. Gibbon had highly praised; and, moreover, that Law had been Gibbon's tutor early in life. Both are true, but was there ever such a contrast between preceptor and pupil? They have, however, promised

to read it; and I know they will be less afraid of Gibbon's recommendation than of mine.

Poor Lord Orford has been very seriously ill, and is far from recovered. I was told that, as he lay on his bed, he cried out, 'I wish I had not scolded poor Hannah More, for being so religious! I hope she forgives me.' So I sent him word that I forgave him, and would pray for him.

My kind friend, Mrs. Garrick, is very angry that I so much curtail my visits to her, but I feel that I have no right to steal time from occupations by which I hope I may be made an instrument of some little usefulness.

From the same to the same.

Fulham Palace, 1795.

Coulthurst tells me it was a famous speech that Mr. Wilberforce made at York about the Sedition Bills, which has established his own popularity, and the cause of government in that county. Mrs. Kennicott is here, and Mr. Jacob Bryant is expected. We dined yesterday at Chelsea, at Lord Cremorne's. To-day we visit Mr. Ormerod, at his new residence at Kensington.

Since writing the above, Lady Euston has been here to spend the morning. She tells me that her lord and Pitt were returned yesterday for Cambridge. I suppose Sally is quite wild at the budget. Such national wealth! Such a minister! £600,000. in the treasury; and then he thanks *Divine Providence*, too, for the flourishing state of

the nation! I hope this view of the nation's dependence will open more and more upon him.

No one can duly appreciate the worth and agreeableness of the delightful owners of this house, who have not, like me, had the privilege of being an inmate, for some weeks, every year. Mrs. Porteus always puts me in mind of an expression of Sir Philip Sidney; her whole demeanour and conduct is the 'measure of propriety.' I never knew a woman more discreet and judicious, or who more properly selected topics for conversation. As to the Bishop, his life is a tissue of good actions. His industry is incredible; he still rises at five, and the end of one useful employment is only the beginning of another. His mind is always alive when any project of public good or private benevolence is on foot. His sweetness of temper, his playful wit, his innocent cheerfulness, embellish and delight our little society. My visits here are rendered perfectly agreeable, now that I am so little in town, by their kindness in inviting my particular friends to meet me here.

Lord Orford has presented me with Bishop Wilson's edition of the Bible, in three vols. quarto, superbly bound in morocco, (oh! that he would himself study this blessed book), to which in a most flattering inscription (a copy of which I inclose,) he attributes my having done far more good than is true. Alas! when I receive these undue compliments, I am ready to answer with my old friend Johnson—'Sir, I am a miserable sinner.'

To his excellent Friend
MISS HANNAH MORE,
this Book,
which he knows to be the dearest object of her study,
and by which,
to the great comfort and relief
of numberless afflicted and distressed individuals,
she has profited beyond any person with whom he is acquainted,
is offered
as a mark of his esteem and gratitude,
by her sincere
and obliged humble Servant,
HORACE, EARL OF ORFORD,
1795.

A little previous to this time, Hannah More received from her sister Martha, who was vigorously engaged in the instruction and superintendence of their schools, an account of the funeral of one of the school-mistresses whom they had for some years employed. It affords at once such a proof of providential direction in the choice of the teachers they engaged, and of the respect which sincere piety and useful talents may procure to those who are in very humble life, that I think its intrinsic worth will justify its insertion. It deserves a place, too, as a specimen of the fervent spirit and simple piety of the warm-hearted writer; a woman whose frame was the weak and languid vehicle of a strong and warm heart, directing its affections first to her God and Saviour, and then expanding them over the whole human race in labours of love.

From Martha to Hannah More.

Monday, August 18, 1795.

I took my letter yesterday to finish it at Cheddar ; but, alas ! hurry, grief, and agitation, render it almost impossible for me to write a word ; however, I will endeavour to convey to you, that we have just deposited the remains of our excellent Mrs. Baber, to mingle with her kindred dust. Who else has ever been so attended, so followed to the grave ? Of the hundreds who were assembled, all had some token of mourning in their dress. All the black gowns in the village were exhibited, and those who had none had *some* broad, *some* little bits of narrow black ribbon, such as their few spare pence could provide. The house, the garden, and place before the door was full. But how shall I describe it—not one single voice or step was heard—their very silence was dreadful ;—but it was not the least affecting part to see their poor little ragged pocket-handkerchiefs, not half sufficient to dry their tears—some had none, and those tears that did not fall to the ground, they wiped off with some part of their dress. When the procession moved off, Mr. Boak, who was so good as to come to the very house, preceded the corpse, with his hat-band and gown on, which, as being unusual, added somewhat to the scene ;—then the *body* ;—then her sister and myself as chief mourners ; a presumptuous title amidst such a weeping multitude—then the gentry two and two—next, her children, near two

hundred—then all the parish in the same order—and though the stones were rugged, you did not hear one single footstep.

When we came to the outer gate of the church-yard, where all the people used to wait to pay their duty to her by bows and courtesies, we were obliged to halt, for Mr. Boak to go in and get his surplice on, to receive the corpse with the usual texts. This was almost too much for every creature, and Mr. Boak's voice was nearly lost; when he came to 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' he could scarcely *utter* it; but to *feel* it, was a better thing. On our entrance into the church, the little remaining sight we had left discovered to us that it was almost full. How we were to be disposed of, I could not tell. I took my old seat with the children, and close by her place. Mr. Boak gave us a discourse of thirty-five minutes *entirely* upon the subject. His text was from St. John, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be." He said he chose it, because it was the last she had made use of to him, (I was sitting on her bed at the same time,)—he added, she looked round her, and observed 'it was comfortable to have kind friends, but much better to have God with one.' His sermon was affecting and bold: as a proof of the latter, though Mr. — the Vicar was there, and he himself was Curate, he said with an emphasis in his voice, and a firmness in his look, 'This eminent Christian first taught *salvation* in Cheddar.' He spoke of Betsy in high terms, besought all to look to her, and very sweetly put up a prayer, that a

double portion of the mother's spirit might descend upon the daughter. He was very tender in his address to the children, exceedingly solemn in that to the young men and women, and concluded with a fervent and suitable prayer.

When we drew near to the grave, and the last solemn rite was performed, and 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust' was pronounced, every body threw in their nosegays. I was almost choked, When Robert Reeves, John Marshall, and the six favourites let down the coffin: they stood over it in an attitude never to be described, and exhibited a grief never to be forgotten. They feared at one time Mr. Gilling must have been taken out of the church. If you could for a moment doubt my account, I would add, that the undertaker from Bristol wept like a child, and confessed, that without emolument, it was worth going a hundred miles to see such a sight. I forgot to mention, the children sobbed a suitable hymn over the grave. There was no boisterous hysterical grief, for the departed had taught them how to select suitable texts for such occasions, and when to apply the promises of Scripture, but I think almost tears enough were shed to lay the dust. We returned as we went, save that we had left this "mother in Israel" behind. When we got the children into the great room, and missed her lively sprightly figure and movements, every heart sunk.

I said a great deal to them all, as well as I could, and wrung their little hearts; for I knew but too well, that the world and young blood would make

an excellent sponge to wipe out, full soon, the awful lessons of that day. My rough nature generally directs me rather to *probe* than *heal* a wound: the natural man loves to patch, but the new piece will tear the old garment. Mr. Boak was very kind, and assisted me a good deal in talking to them; and said all now hung upon their own good conduct, whether the school should be continued or not, but he hoped we should try it at least a twelvemonth. Excellent laborious Betsy has hitherto all her life been an indefatigable slave. She will now suddenly be called into great power, and Satan, I presume, will be more active about her than ever; therefore the truest tenderness will be, to keep a tight rein ourselves, and let her out gradually; as we have not that exalted opinion of the dignity of human nature which some gentlemen and ladies have. I have promised to go next Sunday to open the school, and talk to the people, if I am able. I think I shall go on horseback. Mrs. Baber seemed for the last six months to have been particularly preparing for death. She had been very bilious, and slept but little. Betsy would speak, and inquire how she did? her answer was, I lie awake, and in pain, but eternity is revealed to me in a manner I cannot, dare not tell! She had ceased speaking to the people after the sermon for some time, and made Betsy do all the *important* parts of the business; the *laborious* part she always did.

I should have thought it no crime to have given a considerable sum to have had you, Mr. W——, and Mr. T—— present. Perhaps such a sight has

seldom been exhibited. Oh, that the rich and great would so live as to be so mourned! So passeth this world away, and so we go on sinning, and take no warning. Never, never had I such a difficulty to restrain my tongue, as at the moment the last office was performed: the people! the children! the solemnity of the whole! the spirit within seemed struggling to speak; and I was in a sort of agony, but I recollected that I had heard somewhere a woman must not speak in the church. Oh! had she been interred in the church-yard, a messenger from Mr. Pitt should not have restrained me, for I seemed to have received a message from a higher master within; and I have long been convinced that Satan is as often dressed in the garb of prudence as in any other, and as often succeeds in it. How many pious people prayed for her; Mr. Serle too! yet all did not prevail. She seemed indeed to have done her work. I am sure, Mr. N—— especially, will lament her, because he had seen her so often. How this Cheddar work will now go on, no human being can tell; but of this we are certain, it is in the same *hands* now that it was before.

MARTHA MORE.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

1795.

MY DEAR SIR,

I need not bespeak your sympathy—poor Mrs. Baber has finished her course. She has fought the

good fight—she is gone to possess her crown of glory. The greatness of this loss quite subdues my mind, and I cannot get it into a good frame; being, besides, quite stupified with two days' intense head-ache—but I must answer your letter. I think you may properly enough make a *small* present, in money, to the young women only; as to the *weighty* considerations of your rations of beef and mutton, I will write your *pièce justificative* to Mrs. Bouverie, as soon as my hand is a little stronger. Though there are few things I am more anxious about, than the completion of your important work, yet I do not advise you to write, when you feel utterly indisposed to it. Somebody says the reason why we feel tired at some parts of a book is, 'because the author writes when he should have rested.' Lord T—— gave a grand ball to the camp just by us, (this a time for balls!)—and on Tuesday or Wednesday he heard his son was dead of the yellow fever in the West Indies. This poor nobleman had been continually in my mind all the week before I heard this, considering how he could be got at, as your friend H. T—— will tell you. Surely now would be a proper time. Our peaceful *têtes-à-têtes* have been interrupted since yesterday by another Marquess, a man of war, Lord Cornwallis. A gentle sort of character he seems. Last night I was earnest with him on the politics of France and Flanders, but to-day Cheddar has driven Robespierre out of my head—"Why art thou cast down, O my soul, hope thou in God." If Lord Cornwallis knows that it was only the death of the poor mistress

of a charity school which prevents my going down to take leave of him, how cheap must he hold me ! but how little in my estimation are the most brilliant heroes when compared with this dear woman, who has turned many,—I had almost said, who has turned hundreds—to righteousness !

Yours most truly,

H. MORE.

Poor Lord Bathurst ! he was one of my earliest friends.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Hoare.¹

August 17, 1795.

My visit to Mitcham proved on the whole a very satisfactory one. It leads me to admire and adore the free grace of God that lady Waldegrave should have been awakened to a sense of divine things, under circumstances seemingly the most unfavourable to religion, for such I must reckon youth, beauty, high-birth, prosperity, and splendid connections. Indeed I should say, that it pleased the Almighty to bring her nearer to himself by desolating losses. She is much weaned from the world, and has quite an aversion to all those delights, falsely so called, after which others of her age, beauty, and station, are running mad. As she has four children to educate, it is a comfort to believe that she will bring them up in the fear of God. If

¹ Henry Hoare, Esq. of Mitcham.

we live till next year, she is to come to my cottage. I am sure Mrs. Hoare will sympathize with us on the heavy loss we have sustained by the death of Mrs. Baber, our incomparable Cheddar mistress. My sister Patty attended her day and night, to the prejudice of her own health. It is pleasing to reflect that she bore her dying testimony to the truths she had so assiduously and so successfully taught. She declared for some weeks before, that her views of eternity were quite surprising: her continual prayer was, that if God saw fit to restore her to her usefulness, she might be submissive to his will, otherwise she had rather depart and be with Christ. It was very moving to us to catch her young disciples by dozens in corners praying for her. And it is a pleasing proof of the power of true religion, that some principal people in the place, who had persecuted her, and even thrown stones at her on her first coming, attended her to the grave in deep mourning, self-invited, as did five or six hundred other persons. I mention this to the honour of Christianity, for silver and gold she had none, but such as she had, prayers, reproof, and instruction, she gave them in the name of the Lord. I think it is to the credit of the curate, who, we hope, is growing serious, that in her funeral sermon, the Vicar present, he had courage enough to say—‘This eminent Christian first taught the way to salvation by Jesus Christ, in Cheddar.’ His exhortation to the young people to persevere in the ways of holiness, which this mother in Israel had taught them, was very affecting.

From Mrs. H. More to Mr. Wilberforce.

1795.

I joyfully accept the honourable office of your almoner, on condition that you will find fault with and direct me with as little scruple, as I shall have in disposing of your money. Patty is very proud of being admitted into the confederacy, and being appointed superintendant of Cheddar; a title, however, she will only hold by delegation in my too long absences, for I like my dignity too well, to allow her to be more than *vice-queen*.

What a comfort I feel, in looking round on these starving and half-naked multitudes, to think that by your liberality many of them may be fed and clothed: and Oh, if but one soul is rescued from eternal misery, how may we rejoice over it in another state, where perhaps it may not be one of our smallest felicities, that our friendship was turned to some useful account, in advancing the good of others, and, as I humbly presume to hope, in preparing ourselves for that life which shall have no end.

Mr. H. T. — I think, belongs to the Society of Sunday Schools in London, for assisting necessitous villages with books, &c. There cannot be a fairer claim on them than the present. If you and he approve of it, perhaps we may apply for a quantity of New Testaments, Prayer Books, and little Sunday School books, with a few Bibles. The sooner we get them the better, otherwise you or he will be so good as to order a supply from the

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, to which I do not belong, or I would send for them. They may be directed to Park Street.

I am terribly afraid of lying under the slander of being *sentimental* and *prosing*, but indeed I hope you will never have such another long letter from me; you know, however, it is your *own* business.

I hope the waters agree with you, and that Miss W. is not too much oppressed by multitudes. Pray assure her of the sincere affection of her and your ever obliged,

H. MORE.

From the same to the same.

Cowslip Green, 1795.

DEAR SIR,

With my usual bias in favour of this world, I have been diligent about the manufactory, and negligent of the mission; indeed, I have some hope of the one, and but little of the other, at least in the cold way of regular practice. I find that spinning *linen* is a starving employment: a woman must add great skill to great industry, to get one shilling and sixpence per week; whereas the same exertions will enable her to get near three shillings by spinning wool. Now it strikes me that it would be profitable and pleasant, if they could be taught to spin the worsted for their own knitting; and I have found out a manufacturer whom I hope I shall prevail upon to buy the stockings; but as they will probably spin a great deal more material than

they can use, I must find another who will take the yarn when spun. My hasty undigested notion, which you will correct, is this, that we must provide a house for a school, and (what will be still harder to get) a knowing, industrious, religious woman. If she should have a husband with the same qualities, so much the better: as in that case he may teach the boys, and the woman may teach the girls. Now I should humbly propose to give these people (the master and mistress) house-rent, coals, candles, and a certain salary, to instruct both men, women, and children at the school; but as soon as the *women* are instructed, that *they* should then have the wheels in their own houses, where they can be more useful; the children still continuing at the school. I think if we give them the wheels, their instruction, and a certain proportion of yarn to waste till they have acquired the art perfectly,—then the manufacturer should be the employer; I mean that he should find the wool, pay for the spinning, and take the yarn or stockings at a certain price. Having the profits of their own labour will encourage them; and being obliged to produce so much, will keep them in order. I can get wheels for spinning wool for about four shillings and sixpence each; and if that is somewhat dearer than in Yorkshire, perhaps the difference of carriage may make it nearly equal.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your most obliged,

H. MORE.

From the same to the same.

Cowslip Green, Oct. 14, 1795.

MY DEAR SIR,

I should not trouble you so soon with a line in answer to yours, if it were not to save you more trouble. I take very kindly your friendly sympathy and attention, in proposing to look out for an assistant to us in our operations, but I write on purpose to beg you not to think of it. An ordinary person would be of no use; one of a superior cast, who might be able to enter into our views and further them, would occasion an expense equal to the support of one or two more schools. At present we rub on pretty well. It will be time enough to think of your scheme when I am quite laid by. This hot weather makes me suffer terribly, yet I have now and then a good day, and on Sunday was enabled to open the school. It was an affecting sight. Several of the grown-up youths had been tried at the last assizes; three were the children of a person lately condemned to be hanged;—many thieves! all ignorant, profane, and vicious beyond belief! Of this banditti we have enlisted one hundred and seventy; and when the clergyman, a hard man, who is also the magistrate, saw these creatures kneeling round us, whom he had seldom seen but to commit or punish in some way, he burst into tears. I can do them little good, I fear, but the grace of God can do all. Your friend, Henry T——, thought we ought to try.

I have just had a letter from the Bishop of London, expressing the most gloomy apprehensions as to our public prospects. Captain Bedford writes me there is scarcely an officer in the fleet who does not reprobate the Quiberon attempt, and all subsequent attempts on the coast.

Yours, dear Sir,

Most sincerely,

H. MORE.

P. S. Have you never found your mind, when it has been weak, now and then touched and raised by some very trifling circumstance? So I felt on Sunday. The principal people from many parishes came to the opening of this scheme for the instruction of this place, which is considered a sort of Botany Bay. Some musical gentlemen, drawn from a distance by curiosity (just as I was coming out of church with my ragged regiment, much depressed to think how little good I could do them) quite unexpectedly struck up that beautiful and animating anthem, "Inasmuch as you have done it to one of the least of these, you have done it unto me." It was well performed, and had a striking effect.

Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. H. More.

1795.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Following your example, when I can, I will begin my letter with Plutarch, and say, that if he had come after you he would certainly have written

your life: not that I remember any females in his list, but I remember Lycurgus and Solon; and, I am sure, as a lawgiver he would have preferred you, had he been at all acquainted with the county of Somerset, or the diocese of Bath and Wells, where, in your new institutions, you give such laws as benefit your happy young proselytes beyond the duration of their present existence. I shall conclude then this mention of Plutarch with his oracle, '*Sieds toi au milieu de la poupe du vaisseau, et prends en main le gouvernail,*' and may God grant you health for his service.

I have so often intended to thank you over and over for the charming *rouleau* of cheap repository poetry which you bestowed upon me, that at length I have almost persuaded myself I have done it. However, as franking is about to cease, I may as well make use of the interval which remains to send you my gratitude and my admiration gratis. Indeed nothing can equal your poetry but your prose, nor the 'carpenter,' but the 'shoemaker.' All have marched to Richmond, and Miss Sayer disposes of them in rewards to our Sunday scholars: and as I sent her also the prospectus, I think it will attract some subscribers among our ladies there. There are a Mr. and Mrs. D——, who live on the hill, magnificent people, who entertain the Duke of C——, and give balls during every week in autumn, (*chose peu necessaire*), but they did also give to our subscription for the poor, no less than one hundred pounds; which I was particularly pleased with, as their munificence to the rich, in

splendid dinners, is so unbounded. This great gift has caused our poor to suffer less than they used to do, even in the mildest winters; and the other subscribers paid their quota in pains and care to dispose of it well, and by degrees; so that it will be lasting. It would be well if the ‘Manners of the Great’ were in all respects as conformable to your instructions as they are in the article of almsgiving.

I do not wonder that Lord Cornwallis is your favourite hero, ‘For, trust me, fame is fond of Massinissa—wise, valiant, good; with every praise, with every laurel crowned.’ (You know I am bound to quote Thomson.) I am very glad you had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with him so much at Lady Waldegrave’s; I could almost have envied you; but I do not, for *you are worthy!*

Our dear Lady Charlotte Wentworth has given to ladies Murray and me two dinner visits; but she will not come and reside with us while her nieces, Ladies Fitzwilliam, are in town. Mr. Cambridge still *walks* to see me. Mrs. Montagu is well at Sandleford, surrounded by her charming family. Lord and Lady Cremorne are going to Tunbridge next week. Thus you have many private histories, dear Madam, but as to the public, all I can say is, remember it in your prayers; and oh! may the prayers of a whole people, poured forth in unison to-morrow, avail, that mercy may succeed to judgment. I would that all were as earnest as your’s will be! I hope your sisters are all well; God

bless you together, my dear friend, and prosper all your good works.

Your's very affectionately,
F. B.

I am glad you have visited your ancient diocesan, for I am sure it gave him pleasure to receive you as his most excellent suffragan; but, my dear friend, must you not now quit your diocese, and your pious cares, and repair to your quarters at Bath?

Mrs. H. More to a Friend.

Cowslip Green, 1795.

MY DEAR SIR,

I will answer your question, 'whether I think it is or is not your duty to indulge the gaiety of your temper among strangers?' with the plainest sincerity and truth, according to my judgment. I have no doubt that it is a part of Christianity to convert every natural talent to a religious use, and, therefore, I declare I think you are serving God by making yourself agreeable, upon your own views and principles (for the motive is the act,) to worldly but well-disposed people, who would never be attracted to religion by grave and severe divines, even if such ever fell in their way. Those who can adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour by cheerful manners, defeat the end of the Giver by assuming a contrary character. It is an honest

bait by which they will at last be attracted to like you for some better part of you. I do not mean that their liking *you* much signifies, except in so far as, through your medium, they be brought to relish religion. How many have been induced to read Cowper's 'Task,' by 'John Gilpin,'—'Pascal's Thoughts' by his 'Provincial Letters,' and Doddridge's Works by his Letters. By the bye, Doddridge is a case in point—I have heard Sir James Stonehouse say he never knew a man of so gay a temper as Doddridge. One great use that may follow your carrying this cheerfulness into worldly company is this—if they have sense and reflection, they will discern what sacrifices you must make, and what conquests religion enables you to achieve over yourself, when they find that gaiety does not seduce you from the rigour of your principles, and the severity of your morality. They will find out that you are not driven to religion because you have no taste for that wit and elegance which they rate so highly; and that your nonconformity to the world does not spring from your having no taste for its enjoyments, but because you know that the friendship of the world is enmity with God. Dead and buried as they are in luxury and indulgence, it is only by such casual discoveries as these that they can ever get the smallest glimpse of the meaning of "plucking out right eyes, and cutting off right hands." To such people, religion must be made as it were tangible, palatable, visible; else they are apt to think it but an idle speculation.

On the other hand, I have told Lady S. that

there is this danger attending the society of religious people who are gay and pleasant—that it is apt to indispose worldly minds towards other religious persons, who may be equally good, though they have a severer cast of temper; and I have desired her not to suspect the next religious man she meets of being either a drone or a hypocrite, because he may be either constitutionally grave, or may think it right to assume an exterior of greater strictness.

Since writing the above, I have just got a letter from my old friend Lady S. on other business. You are named in it. I have a great mind to send you that part, as it will shew you that your conduct made no wrong impression. Little as she says, however, I am half afraid of sending it, as I am in disgrace with your sage friend H. from a parallel conduct, when I thought, as now, I was doing a mighty wise thing. If I am wrong, tell me so, for I am wrong upon system. I have not myself any vain curiosity to know what people at large think of me; but if there is any one over whom their good opinion may give me useful influence, I think it of importance. I intend this letter to convince you of my sincere friendship, if not of my wisdom. Of all compliments, I abhor religious compliments; and in writing to you on this subject, I have tried to speak as if it were of another person, and not of yourself. And now in return what shall *I* do? These people come to me; that I cannot help—but I do not go to them. My neighbour the Duchess of —— is not well, and

wants me; but I can do her no good. Here I do but *little*, but a little is something. I think I have done with the aristocracy. I am no longer a debtor to the Greeks, but I am so to my poor barbarians.

God bless you, my dear Sir, prays,

Your obliged and affectionate,

HANNAH MORE.

From Bishop Porteus to Mrs. H. More.

London, 1795.

I have now to thank you, my dear Mrs. More, for your letter of the 16th—for your printed papers, and the specimens of your village poetry, which are admirable. Your list of other intended publications is very tempting, and if they are all executed with the same elegance and felicity, and the same happy intermixture of little moral inuendos as the ‘Market-woman,’ your poetic sermons will do more good to your simple cottagers, than all our dull prosaic compositions put together. Pray send me a few more copies of your ‘Market-woman,’ and any thing else you may have ready, that I may send some with the proposals to my country friends; for the nature of these compositions will be a better recommendation of the plan, than any thing you or I can say in favour of it. I shall hope to see you, like Thespis, mounted on your cart, and singing your own ballads through all the villages in Somersetshire. By the way, there is one thing more

wanting to complete your plan. You must take a music-master into your pay, to set your ballads to easy, popular, vulgar tunes, adopting in preference to all others, the old favourite ones of 'Chevy Chase,' 'The Children in the Wood,' &c.

You may rest assured, that both the Bishop of Durham and myself, (and I hope many others of our brethren) will be in the number of your subscribers. And though the times are bad for raising new levies of money at present, yet if we can but keep the French out of England, and all things quiet at home, I hope there will be still both money and piety enough left in the country to keep you out of the King's Bench. It would, to be sure, be very pleasant to have you for so near a neighbour; but as they would only let you out on Sundays to St. James's Square, and not at all, I fear, to Fulham, I do not much relish the idea of your withdrawing yourself from the world, to that reputable and elegant retreat.

Mr. Cadell I have already seen, and can testify to his zeal in the cause. I held a conference with him on this magnificent and ambitious project of your's. You pretended at your onset, that you were extremely humble and modest, and should try your wild experiment first within the precincts of your own neighbourhood. But behold, like a true female adventurer, you dash at once without fear into the wide world, and will be content with nothing but a complete conquest over all the vulgar vices in Great Britain. I most devoutly wish success to your spiritual quixotism.

But to descend from these sublimities, be assured
of the esteem, regard, and affection with which,

I am, most devoutly your's,

B. LONDON.

From the same to the same.

Sundridge, Oct. 9, 1795.

I take a little bit of paper, my dear Mrs. More, because I have only a little bit of time to spare, just enough to say, how do you do? which I say with much meaning and more anxiety, because the last accounts I heard of you, were not such as I liked. Pray make us easy, if you can, on this subject.

We have been, as you probably know, great rambles. We have been to the ends of the world, and seen every body and every thing upon the face of the globe. Nothing could be more fortunate than we were in the weather, and every other requisite to comfort and delight. Yet we did not travel eight hundred miles for mere amusement. I should have been ashamed of such a frolic, and such an expence, at my time of life; but many important and beneficial purposes were answered by it, besides that of seeing (probably for the last time) many old friends whom I had not seen for half a century; and of visiting once more the places of my birth and my education; and reviving (with some sensations of delight,) the recollection of scenes in which I had passed some of the earliest and happiest days of my life.

But wherever I went, I heard of you and your *good works*. Some of them I saw in a

shop window at York, and stopped to talk with the mistress of it, a fine, fat, round-faced, well-looking quaker, who said she sold a great number of them, and gave many away to the poor people, who were very fond of them. She envied me much, when I told her I was a *little* acquainted with you ; and said she had not the happiness of knowing thee, but was sure thou must be a very good sort of woman. I told her I was rather inclined to be of that opinion myself, and so we parted very good friends.

After an absence of two months, notwithstanding all the recreations of our journey, we were glad to enter once more the gates of our old convent at Fulham, where we spent the finest September that was ever known, I believe in this country, in a very quiet way, with a pleasing little domestic circle, consisting of our own constant family party, with the addition of Mrs. Kennicott for one week, and of a young man who has just taken his degree at Cambridge with great credit, and has been unanimously chosen Fellow of his college at a very early time of life.

We came here about three weeks ago, to spend the short, very short interval, alas ! before the meeting of Parliament on the 29th of this month, whither we must go up to encounter altercations, angry words, and melancholy truths, which one can only grieve over, without the power, I fear, to remedy. We are in a tempest, in which it seems to be quite impossible for human power or human wisdom to guide the helm : it is in the hands

of a superior power, which must turn us whither-soever it will, and whether it will be to safety or destruction, God only can tell! I shut my eyes as much as I can to the future, and am thankful for every comfort I am permitted to enjoy for the present.

I am just sending out two heroic missionaries, one to Jamaica, the other to Barbadoes, and I have loaded both with a large packet of your great volumes. Your fame therefore will soon fly over the western world.

With our united best regards,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

B. LONDON.

From Mrs. H. More to Zachary Macaulay Esq.

Bath, Jan. 6, 1796.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We seem to be relapsing into our old habits of silence,—indolent habits I was going to say, but it would not be quite true, for I have really been so hard worked, that I have but little enjoyment of the dear delicious pleasures of laziness, for which I think privation only serves to increase my desire. What has hurried me so much lately, has been the taking up of a quite new parish, so surprisingly wicked and inconceivably ignorant, that I feel when there, as if I were queen of Botany Bay: however, as I have got near two hundred in training in this place, and as they receive instruction with more

alacrity than I have commonly witnessed, I am not without hope that they will at least improve a little. Several of my new pupils came to me from the county gaol; and the clergyman, who is also a magistrate, (at whose most earnest intreaty I set up this school) thinks that by instructing them more, he shall have occasion to *commit* them less.

Mrs. Hatsell was so good as to call on me yesterday; she gave me a good account of our dear friends at Fulham. She gave me also much pleasure by telling me that the successful zeal of Lady Howard in the cause of the Repository, had banished the vicious trash from six shops. This is doing the thing effectually, for though it is easy to furnish shops with our tracts, it requires great influence to expel the poison of the old sort. I am now hard at work in putting into practice the knowledge I have collected from near a year's experience, and am going to make a material alteration in the plan. I have tried to collect every objection, in order to obviate them; the two following are the principal. On the one hand the gentry, among whom I find they are quite as much read as by common people, wish to have them in a better form, for their children, for schools, &c. and complain that they do not bind well: on the other hand, we were mistaken in believing them cheap enough for the hawkers. I find they have been used to get three hundred per cent. on their old trash; of course they will not sell ours, but declare they have no objection to goodness, if it were but profitable. Mr. T—— and two or three others, have condescended to spend hours with the

hawkers, to learn the mysteries of their trade ; the result is, we purpose next month to begin to print two different editions of the same tract, one of a handsome appearance for the rich, the other on coarser paper, but so excessively cheap by wholesale, as fully to meet the hawkers on their own ground. Be so kind to spread this information as wide as you can, *en attendant* that our papers come out to explain it. I am more anxious than ever for the extension of the plan, as I have had sent down to me halfpenny papers, printed at the seditious shops, full of the most horrid blasphemy and profaneness. Vulgar and indecent penny books were always common, but speculative infidelity, brought down to the pockets and capacities of the poor, forms a new æra in our history. This requires strong counteraction ; I do not pretend that ours is very strong, but we must do what we can.

Our dear bishop dropped something, last year, of an idea of getting our little books given to the charity children of London. If such a scheme could be adopted, (as has been done at Manchester to a great extent,) it would perhaps cause the books to be known among the parents of these children, and we should thus get them introduced among a greater number of the lower class than we have yet been able to do.

Bath is fuller than I believe ever was known ; you cannot stir without treading on the heels of a peer, and it is some comfort to think that of the same murmuring people who pretend to grumble at the badness of the times, there were 1,700 at T——'s

ball last night. So you see things are not so bad as some gloomy folks think.

If you are still at Fulham, say every thing for me that conveys an idea of respect and affection : as well as to Lady Cremorne. Think of her being here, and my not seeing her !

The party of *moderates* is so small, that there was no such thing as issuing the enclosed ballad from the cheap repository. One copy is for the bishop, the other for your own eating. I have many other small things to say, but have no time to say them in. You may think it a small *thing*, though it is a great *truth*, that

I am your affectionate.

H. MORE.

From the same to the same.

Bath, Feb. 19, 1796.

DEAR SIR,

My sister Patty went to Bristol two days ago, when I desired she would beg Miss Mills to explain to you the cause of my seemingly very unkind, I had almost said, brutal behaviour to you, in never having taken the least notice of the many kind letters which your friendly zeal for me and for the cause I have so much at heart, has prompted you to write. I hope and believe you clearly understand that nothing but my firm persuasion that you had sailed would have caused me to behave with such seeming negligence and ingratitude ; for I have felt very sensibly your attentions ; and I own I so rarely

meet with persons who enter, with my own sort of keenness, into business of this sort, that I feel myself particularly drawn and attached to those who feel anxious and alive in the same sort of pursuits in which I myself am engaged.

Your accounts of your democratic visits at Portsmouth and its vicinity, amused me not a little. I can truly and thankfully say, I hear with little emotion such attacks on the supposed violence of my aristocratic principles: you know how much more I have had to sustain from my supposed attachment to democrats and dissenters. My episcopal and other *great* friends suspect me of leaning too strongly to that side, while I am supported by the consciousness of the moderation of my principles, both in what relates to politics and religion. I have received a most flaming letter from America, abusing me on the same ground. May you and I, my dear Sir, be tempted neither by abuse nor flattery to depart from that candour and that tolerating spirit, which make so necessary a part of the Christian character; and which I trust will stand us in stead, when all petty names of party and sect shall be done away, and charity shall be all in all! Oh that I could be so here!

I hardly know what I write, through haste. My sisters desire to be kindly remembered to you. Be assured of the best wishes, the kind regards, and the hearty prayers of,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful Friend,

H. MORE.

From the Rev. John Newton to Miss H. More.

Priestlands, September 8, 1796.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I am often at Cowslip Green in spirit, and traversing Mendip in all directions in quest of you and dear Miss Patty. And though I cannot be certain of the exact spot, I am with you still; for what is local distance to kindred minds? However, at the foot of the ladder I am sure to meet with you. Do you sometimes think of an old man at No. 6? Do you not, in the multiplicity of your engagements, at least now and then, offer a petition in his favour? Perhaps at that very moment I am praying for you and yours.

I think your case is almost as remarkable as my own, though in a different way. Indeed, Madam, you are a miracle of mercy:—how much had you to break through! how much to give up! All things are equally easy to Almighty power; but comparatively speaking, I think the conversion of a libertine much more hopeful than of those who, after having been applauded and caressed by the world, must give up their characters, and must be content to be thought fools by many who once looked up to them, before they can be truly wise. I cannot wonder that a sense of the love of Jesus to *you* should constrain you, as it does, to devote all your time, and talents, and influence, to his service. Nor do I wonder at the success and encouragement he gives you in your department. I believe for this very cause he singled

you out, and raised you up, to be eminently useful in your day; and that your example, if any thing can do it, might force conviction on the minds of infidels and gainsayers.

We, that is my dear Betsy and I, left London the 19th of August. We came hither on the 6th instant, and return to our head-quarters at Portswood Green to-morrow. They will not allow me a pulpit at Southampton. But my dear Mr. Taylor has fitted up a place for me in his house, which I suppose will hold near three hundred people. There I often preach to his poor neighbours, who seem ready to hear the gospel, but seldom have opportunity. If nothing unforeseen occurs, (for who can tell what a day may bring forth,) we shall stay till about the 29th, and then return to our beloved home, and friends, and people.

I am seventy one years, one month, and four days old. The probability of being soon laid aside, if I should not be suddenly called away, made me desirous of an assistant, who might supply my place to the satisfaction of my hearers. Such an one I hoped for in Buchanan, but he is gone. I had no doubt but that it was the Lord's will, and therefore I gave him up without reluctance. I then procured Mr. Benamor, who I have no doubt would have fully answered my wishes. But just as I was coming away he was suddenly taken ill, which I thought would have prevented my excursion. He finished his course last Friday; so that I am now destitute again. But this is the Lord's will likewise. He enables me to acquiesce. "I know he does all

things well." These were the last words Benamor spoke. He had considerable abilities as a preacher, and what I regard more, was eminent in grace beyond his years. He was upon the point of marriage with a very amiable lady; yet he said, "the Lord does all things well." We need not candles when the sun shines.

We unite in love, respects, and best wishes to you and to all the good ladies, with repeated acknowledgments of old kindnesses in the holiday week we spent at Cowslip Green.

May the great Shepherd bless all your sheep and lambs, and feed you that you may feed them! and while he makes you as a spring of water for the benefit of others, may your own soul be a watered garden, in which every plant of his grace may grow and flourish abundantly. Amen. You know that I love to hear from you, and you know that I do not expect it. I am aware of your more important engagements. But if a letter should come at any time, it will be very welcome.

I am, my dear Madam,
Your very affectionate and obliged,
JOHN NEWTON.

From Miss H. More to the Rev. J. Newton.

Cowslip Green, Sept. 15, 1796.

MY DEAR SIR,

If I had followed the impulse of my feelings, I should have sent you by return of post my warmest thanks for your kind, most undeservedly kind letter.

If you had treated me as I deserve, you would never have written to me again; but I am truly gratified whenever I find any one to whom I am truly attached, understanding me well enough not to make the punctuality of my correspondence a test of the sincerity of my friendship.

You cannot imagine, my dear Sir, how much comfort I derive from being assured that I and mine are frequently remembered by you at the throne of grace. I cannot express to you how much I stand in need of every support. Weak health, weak spirits, and weak faith, sometimes seem to concur in saying, “ye take too much upon you;” and yet I seem to be carried through difficulties that appear insuperable, in a way that often fills me with wonder and gratitude. God is sometimes pleased to work by the most unpromising and unworthy instruments; I suppose to take away every shadow of doubt that it is his own doing. It always gives me the idea (if not too low and familiar,) of a great author writing with a very bad pen. You will be glad to hear that our work rather increases. I think our various schools and societies consist of about sixteen or seventeen hundred. This would be comparatively little fatigue, if they lay near together, but our ten parishes lie at considerable distances, so that poor Patty and I have a diameter of above twenty miles to travel in order to get at them. In some of these parishes we dare not do all we wish, by reason of the worldly clergymen, who are now quiet and civil, but who would become hostile if we attempted in *their* parishes what we

do in some others. In some of the most profligate places, we have had the most success ; and where we chiefly fail, it is with your *pretty good kind of people*, who do not see how they can be better. I think it has pleased God to give us the most rapid progress in the parish we last took up, not above a year ago. This place has helped to people the county gaol and Botany Bay beyond any I know of. They seemed to have reached a sort of crisis of iniquity. Of nearly two hundred children, many of them grown up, hardly any had ever seen the inside of a church since they were christened. I cannot tell you the avidity with which the Scriptures were received by numbers of these poor creatures. Finding the heads of the parish, (farmers) quite as ignorant as their labourers, we devised a method, at the outset, of saving their pride, by setting apart one evening in the week on purpose for their instruction. Above twenty of them, including their wives, attend, and many seem to be brought under serious impressions.

One great benefit which I have found to result from our projects is, the removal of that great gulf which has divided the rich and poor in these country parishes ; by making them meet together ; whereas, before, they hardly thought they were children of one common father. Oh ! how glad should I be to get you to preach to a little colony of colliers we have raised up. We have placed at the head of it a young collier of uncommon gifts, and, as I am willing to hope, of uncommon graces also ; but as we have been sometimes disappointed

after very promising beginnings, I have learned to rejoice with trembling. Unfortunately, the road to this place is so extremely bad, that a carriage cannot get to it, so that we are not able to go half as often as we could wish and ought ; and when we do, it is through more fatigue than we can well bear, though Patty is far more heroic than I am.

I wish you could recommend us any fresh sermons, calculated for our sort of audience; they should be very awakening as to the matter, but simple and perspicuous as to the expression. Most even of the spirited and striking ones I meet with, have still this fault,—they pre-suppose too much knowledge and education in the readers or hearers; now we want some which teach and refer to first principles, and which suppose the audience to know nothing. The books, I think, to which we return the oftenest, are those of Rowland, Alleine, and Walker of Truro; but even of these we are obliged to lower the style as we read, and substitute familiar words for hard ones. I do not flatter myself that we do much good, but the folly, the prejudice, the ignorance, the opposition, and the various disappointments we sometimes meet with, serve at least to teach one a spirit of forbearance; and when we are coming home very tired at night, I often tell Patty that we ought to take comfort in thinking, that if we have done the people no good, we have, I trust, got some good ourselves by such wholesome exercises of our patience and toleration. I sometimes tremble to think, that while busy in looking after the vineyards of others, “ mine own

vineyard have I not kept." Pray for me, my dear Sir, that I may have a more lively faith, ■ deeper humility, a spirit of more complete self-renunciation; that I may be more dead to the world, and more alive unto God.

I rejoice in the good and agreeable accounts you give of yourself, and hope your valuable health and life will be spared many years, and that your useful services in the church may be prolonged and extended. Pray remember me to Miss Catlett. I sympathise with you in the loss of your dear assistant. All this family join in affectionate remembrances to you, with, dear Sir,

Your very faithful

and obliged friend,

H. MORE.

Pray tell Mr. Etty's Hermitage, I am very much obliged to it for exciting that association of ideas in your mind, which procured me the great gratification of your letter. These local combinations appear to me to be among the many mysteries of our being.

From the same to the same.

Cowslip Green, Oct. 20, 1796.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been so very shabby in my health ever since I received your last kind letter,—I am afraid I ought to say letters,—that I have not written a line

but upon absolute business. This, however, is not an appropriate apology for not having thanked you for the packet of excellent tracts you had the goodness to send me. My pain has been so much in my head, that I have not thoroughly looked them over, but have no doubt, from the judgment of the selector, and from the specimen I had last Sunday, when Patty read one of the sermons (an excellent one) to our little evening audience in one of the villages, that they are extremely well calculated to answer the end,—being at once awakening and intelligible.

You will think I take more interest in the things of this world than in those of the next, if I honestly confess that Mr. Cowper's letters did not wait so long, nor lie so quietly unopened as the sermons. They are extremely interesting, not only as they shew a bright and shining intellect, but as they let one more intimately into the mind of a man whose writings I have always greatly admired. But, alas! how dim is the brightness of human glory. My heart aches to see this fine spirit clouded by doubt, depression, and despair. This fresh instance, added to several others I have observed, in which the finest abilities bring no comfort to the possessors, makes me think that genius is only like a lamp at your door, very conducive to the public good, but which neither lights nor cheers the inhabitants of the house.

My sisters desire to be affectionately remembered to you and Miss Catlett. One or two of them talk of decamping soon to their warmer mansion at Bath, not much delighting in rural felicity and the soli-

tude of our quiet valley in the gloomy month of November. For me, however, the country, stripped of its foliage as it is, in naked majesty, has still many charms; and I shall not think of deserting it till I am absolutely starved out. I am still able to keep the field every fine day; it does good to my health and spirits; I have the comfort, too, of seeing how my little projects go on—and I have asses' milk to drink, and a horse to ride; advantages I could never have at Bath, without a great expence. When I do get thither, if I can leave my cough behind me, I know the waters will be very good for my head; so you see, go where I will, there are many blessings and comforts to be found, and perhaps the greatest blessing of all may be that very want of health which makes the others seem necessary or pleasant.

When you see our excellent friend Mrs. Gardiner, pray remember me to her most kindly, and when you write, do me the favour to mention how she does.

I have many things to say, but have used up my paper, and yet said nothing I intended. Adieu, my dear Sir, and when you offer your supplications at the throne of grace for those who most need light, strength, and direction, you will not, I trust, forget

Your faithful and sincere friend,

H. MORE.

From H. More to her Sister.

London, 1796.

I am reading the life of Gibbon ; it will disappoint two sorts of readers, for it is neither very wicked nor very entertaining, but rather dull, and on the whole rather harmless ; nay even instructive, as it shows the discomfort of his principles. I have paid my devoirs at Gloucester House, and was very cordially received ; I have also been with Lady Euston, Lady Waldegrave, &c. We had more company in the afternoon than usual ; among others, Mr. Morris, the American Ambassador to France ; but he disliked the French, and they him ; so, like a wise man, he came hither rather than remain with those virtuous republicans. I was introduced and had much conversation with him. He is a fine figure of a man, though one of his legs has been eaten up by a tiger. I also picked up a good *repository* friend, Archdeacon P——of Shrewsbury, to whom I gave large instructions. The Duchess of Gloucester told me Captain Bedford's story about the poor sailor, who refused two guineas for saving a man's life, because the *little books* told him he must not be paid for doing good, but must do it for the love of God. Mrs. Carter I find healthier and younger than usual. I took an opportunity of talking much to Bishop Watson on the subject of his book, (in answer to Tom Paine), when I lately passed an evening with him. I could tell him with great

truth that I much admired it ; but I told him also, that a shilling poison, like Paine's, should not have had a four shilling antidote. He admitted it, but said, What could a poor Bishop with eleven children do ? Besides, had it been cheaply printed, it would not have been so likely to be read by the great. I agreed with him that it was more calculated for the readers of Voltaire than those of Paine ; yet he said he was pleased that two butchers had been to his booksellers, and bought one each, and the next day one of them came and bought another. He told me that two impressions, one of a thousand, and another of fifteen hundred, had been sold. I asked him how he could in conscience treat Paine with respect, or like a sincere and honest man, and fairly told him I thought it wrong ; but I suppose he did not care to offend Paine's party in politics. Another Bishop (Percy) attacked me on the new spurious Shakespeare. I told him I had left off poetry, and had no curiosity about this great literary fraud. My want of taste shocked him. Mrs. H—— and I went the other day, and breakfasted with Mrs. Bouverie, and the old lady and the young one have struck up a friendship. I knew they would be pleased with each other, as I think there is some resemblance in their characters. Mrs. Garrick sends her love.

From H. More to her sister Martha.

Fulham Palace, 1796.

While you are labouring in your Sunday missions, I am idling my time with Lords and Commoners. Pitt and Wilberforce went together to Cambridge, whence the latter was to go on to Yorkshire. He declared his resolution not only to spend no money, but not even to canvass, on account of his weak state of health. I trust there will be no occasion. Our chief amusement here has been singing our new Repository Election Song. Ormerod set it to music, and it was performed one day for the amusement of two bishops; the performers were all grave divines at Lord Cremorne's.

Lady Waldegrave asked me to go and stay a night with her in town, but as I had a cold, I got her to come here instead, and we had a four hours *tête-à-tête* yesterday morning. Did I ever tell you of the satisfaction Pitt expressed one day about our tracts? He said he had just heard that forty thousand had been sent to America, and he had not met with anything a long time that had pleased him more, than that such sort of reading was gaining ground in that country.

H. MORE.

The two following letters may be properly introduced here, notwithstanding the interval between their dates, on account of other circumstances which connect them together.

From Mrs. H. More to the late Duchess of
Gloucester.

1796.

MADAM,

I feel too sensibly the privilege of being permitted to have some occasional intercourse with your Royal Highness, not to avail myself sometimes of the permission. You appear to me to enter so sincerely into those important points which involve the highest interests of mankind; and to be so earnest in your investigation of religious truths, that I venture, without apology, to put into your hands the little Essay which accompanies this letter. You will find the principles it inculcates strict, but I think the strictness is not carried further than the gospel rule imposes and enjoins; and it appears to me to be highly important, especially for young persons of very high rank, to be enabled and assisted properly to appreciate the real standard of moral truth, which Christianity has established; and that inferior, but more accommodating, and therefore more acceptable standard, which the world holds out to its votaries. In short it appears to me to be an object of no small importance, to get such a sound and fixed principle as shall remove that self-delusion which the world and all its pleasing blandishments are so calculated to excite in young and amiable hearts. However one may, for a time, be seduced by the manners and practices of gay society, it seems to me of the last importance, to preserve the

principle pure, and to keep the *standard* high. I would therefore be particularly sedulous in inspiring young persons with a right view and a sound judgment in religious matters, even though I were sure they would be drawn into perpetual errors by their mixing with the world ; because I never think any faults irreclaimable, or any dangers hopeless, while there is no perversion of principle, and no warp in the judgment. But when they cease to see things as they really are, to confound distinctions, to pervert principles, to call good evil, and evil good ; then I always feel that the corruption has spread very far, and has not only seduced the passions, but darkened the intellect also.

It may be some recommendation of the Essay I send, to say that it was not written by a grave divine, but by one who lives in the world, and has from youth and fortune all its pleasures at command, though his piety leads him to a very abstinent use of them.

I hope White sent your Royal Highness ‘ *The Riot,*’ and ‘ *Hints to all Ranks on the Present Scarcity,*’ as they were written with a particular reference to these alarming times. In a little time I shall bring out a piece which I hope will be useful ; it is called ‘ *The Way to Plenty ;*’ its object is to convince the common people that their extreme poverty is caused still more by their own total want of economy than by the badness of the times. I have even descended to the minute details of management, in the hope of being serviceable to the mass of the people, though at the hazard

of being blamed by my more polished and enlightened friends.

I have the honour to be, Madam,

Your Royal Highness's most obliged
and most obedient humble servant,

H. MORE.

From the same to the same.

Sept. 29, 1797.

MADAM,

I should not have been so tardy in expressing my acknowledgments for the very kind letter which I had the honour of receiving from your Royal Highness, but that it found me on a sick bed, to which I have lately been pretty much confined. But as I am persuaded that sickness comes from the same wise and merciful hand which also dispenses health, I wish to be enabled to receive both with an equal temper of mind, convinced that that which is bestowed on me is precisely that which is best for me,

I should not, Madam, have been so presuming as to set out with talking of my insignificant self, in preference to the very interesting subjects of your Royal Highness's letter, did I not feel it my duty to account for my seeming inattention. In a general way, I verily believe that the multiplied instances of that crime, against which it is a great happiness to see Lord Kenyon so solemnly set his face, are in no small degree owing to the greedy and depraved appetite for novels. That shameful fashion which our writers of this class

have adopted from the French, of choosing married persons for their heroes or heroines, adorning them with all the graces and accomplishments which can fascinate the fancy, bringing them into the most dangerous situations, embellished with the most pernicious descriptions, and making them commit the grossest crimes under the mask of sentiment, and with the apology of irresistible passion, or unsuitable alliance, or some other equally false and corrupt motive ; this, I doubt not, has been one grand and leading cause of the corruption of principle which has lately so peculiarly disgraced our courts of justice, and made it almost dangerous for a lady of delicacy to look over a newspaper, for fear of having her eyes offended with one of those disgusting trials. If your Royal Highness happens to have ‘Cowper’s Poems’ at hand, I would beg leave to refer to the ninety-fourth page of the second volume, where you will see his pious indignation on this subject beautifully expressed, with genuine good sense and truth.

The Bishop of London was so good as to shew me his improved Life of Archbishop Secker, in manuscript, when I was at Fulham. I warmly encouraged the publication, as containing a just refutation of Bishop Hurd’s reflections on Secker ; but chiefly for the reason your Royal Highness assigns, as a very important one, namely, that it will probably set many people to read the Archbishop’s works, who had either neglected or forgotten them. I have a great reverence for his talents and his virtues, and he appears to me to have possessed

one faculty of high and singular importance for a writer on religion and morals,—I mean an acute intuitive knowledge of the human heart. I think one grand defect in many of our preachers, and one reason, though not the primary one, why they do so little good, is, that they do not attentively and accurately study human nature. One very distinguishing attribute of the great and Divine Preacher was, as the Apostle remarks, that ‘he knew what was in man.’ I cannot dismiss this subject without taking the liberty your Royal Highness is so gracious as to allow me, by expatiating a little on your remark that ‘his sermons will do great good, because he is not too hard on the common run of good sort of people.’ I presume your Royal Highness does not mean that they will do *more* good, because of that. That it will cause them to be *more read*, I readily grant, but that it will cause them to do *more good*, I take the liberty to question. I have had the honour and the impertinence more than once, to hold some very lively and agreeable debates with your Royal Highness on this same *standard of right*, and on the difference (great and essential in the view of scripture) between *good sort of people and good people*. You, Madam, however, have always conceded to me that there is no real goodness where there is no religion, and that there is no true religion but that religion which the gospel exhibits. I do not mean that any human being (with all those frailties and imperfections which still impede the best) can act up to the perfect pattern there exhibited. Even the best

of the apostles, the saints and martyrs, fall short of it. But I must contend that every real Christian will endeavour to act on the *principle*, and in the *spirit* of the religion of Christ. He must labour after genuine piety and goodness, not for the praise of men, but for the glory of God. He must keep before his eyes, and labour after, a degree of perfection, which, however, he knows he shall never be able to attain. A continual sense of his many failings will serve to maintain him in humility,—the basis of all true religion. Such an one, I doubt not, who desires all he *can*, and renounces all merit in what he *does*, will most certainly be graciously accepted, in spite of the many weaknesses, imperfections, and even sins with which his best endeavours will be defiled. He knows that he himself is weak, but that his Redeemer is strong.

If I did not think it was pushing the subject too far for a letter, I would go on to remark that many persons in the New Testament, of whose future state we cannot entertain a very sanguine opinion, appear, in a worldly sense, to have been rather ‘good sort of people.’ The man at whose gate the beggar Lazarus lay, may be supposed to have been charitable as well as splendid. He who said, “Soul, take thine ease,” and pulled down his barns to build greater, is not said to have acquired his vast affluence unjustly; and the Pharisee who thanked God that he was not as other men are, would probably have been reckoned in the number of amiable and *good sort of people* in St. James’s Square; and

some of the most respectable in the fashionable world would have been very glad to have gone to his dinners or his parties. The young ruler *was a very good sort of man indeed*; but he seems to have loved the world better than his Saviour; and we are left to indulge no very assured hope of his eternal happiness.

It is a proof that I entertain a high opinion of your Royal Highness's piety, as well as condescension, when I venture to touch so seriously and so largely on subjects which are generally, (I know not for what reason) thought too solemn for letters. If, Madam, you should however have the goodness at your leisure to tell me I have not presumed too far, it will be a great gratification to me.

It is with very serious satisfaction I reflect on the happy disposition of ——. I have been delighted to see her enter with zeal, earnestness, and ability, into topics which would not be interesting to one of her age and rank, had she not cultivated sound principles with sound sense, and with a seriousness and discernment which fill my mind with the most flattering hopes, that through the Divine grace she may *go on unto perfection*. I always use that word in a very qualified sense, even of the best human beings while they continue on earth.

I rejoice to see that your Royal Highness has so strong an idea of the power of intercessory prayer. I meet with some people, who though they allow great weight to prayer in one's own case, do not feel its importance in the case of others. The Bible abounds with instances to the contrary.

of their opinion ; as in the case of Abraham, Moses, Elijah ; in short it is clearly a scriptural injunction. I am under great concern for the death of Mr. Elliott. I knew few young men at once so amiable, so elegant, so pious—he was a real Christian !

To apologize for the length of this letter, would only be to make it longer. I throw myself on your clemency to forgive it, and remain, with every sentiment of gratitude and respect,

Your Royal Highness's very obliged
and most obedient humble servant,

H. MORE.

END OF VOL. II.

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